

PRIVATE LIBRARY

—HOF—

EDWIN G. CONKLIN.

No. 203

Edwin G. Conklin
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey



P. A. AND P. I.



IN THE CROWD.

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

AS A

P. A.  P. I.

SAMANTHA AT THE CENTENNIAL.

DESIGNED AS
A BRIGHT AND SHINING LIGHT,
TO PIERCE THE FOGS OF ERROR AND INJUSTICE THAT SURROUND
SOCIETY AND JOSIAH,
AND TO BRING MORE CLEARLY TO VIEW THE PATH
THAT LEADS STRAIGHT ON TO
VIRTUE AND HAPPINESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"MY OPINIONS AND BETSEY BOBBET'S."

"What are you going to write now, Samantha?"

HARTFORD, CONN.:
AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1884.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by the
AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

To
MY JOSIAH'S CHILDREN BY HIS FIRST WIFE:
THOMAS JEFFERSON
AND
TIRZAH ANN,
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY ONE, WHO,
ALTHOUGH A STEP-MOTHER, IS STILL AS AFFECTIONATE AND
FRIENDLY TO 'EM AS CAN BE.

The above is the dedication I had lotted on; had wrote all out and calculated to have; pleasing, very, to Josiah, to the children, and to myself. But come to think it over, I changed my mind. I thought: *they* have friends, and eloquent tongues of their own, and happiness; are well off, and haint sufferin' for dedications, or any of the other comforts and necessities of life. And so, the above is hereby null and void; and this is what I now solemnly declare to be my last lawful will and dedication of this book:—

To
THOSE WHO HAVE NO ONE TO SPEAK FOR THEM;
TO
THOSE WHO ARE IN BONDS
(ANY KIND OF BONDS,)

TO
Those whose Hearts Ache, through Injustice and Oppression;
TO
THOSE WHOSE SAD EYES LOOK THOROUGH TEARS FOR THE
DAWNING OF A BRIGHTER, CLEARER DAY,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED, AND ALSO INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND AND WELL-WISHER,

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

MY REASONS TO THE KIND AND ALMOST GENTLE READER

WHY

I DON'T HAVE NO PREFACE TO THIS BOOK.

MY companion, Josiah, knew that my book was all finished and completed, and so one lovely day about half past four, P. M. in the afternoon, when he see me walk with a firm and even step up to the mantletry piece and take down my bottle of ink and my steel mounted pen, he says to me :

“What are you goin’ to writin’ on *now*, Samantha?”

Says I mildly, “I thought I’d lay to and write a preface to my book, Josiah. I thought I’d tell ’em that I had wrote it all down about you and I goin’ on a tower to Filadelfy village to see the Sentinel.”

“I guess after you have wrote it all out in black ink in a book, about our goin’ to the Sentimental, folks that read it will find out we have been there, without your writin’ a preface to *tell* ’em of it. They will unless they are dumb fools.”

He snapped out *awful* snappish. I couldn’t think what ailed him, and says I firmly :

“Stop swearin’ instantly and to *once*, Josiah Allen!” And I added again in mild axents: “I guess I’ll lay to and write my preface, Josiah; you know there has got to be one.”

“*Why* has there got to be one?”

Oh ! how fractious and sharp that “*why*” was. I never see a sharper, more worrisky “*why*” in my

hull life than that "why" was. But I kep' cool, and says I in calm tones:

"Because there *has*; Folks *always* have prefaces, Josiah."

"What *makes* 'em have 'em? there's the dumb of it. What *makes* 'em?"

Says I mekaniically,—for a stiddy follerin' of duty has made reprov'in' my pardner in times of need, a second or third nature to me—"stop swearin' to *once*, Josiah Allen! They have prefaces, Josiah, because"—again I paused half a moment in deep thought—"they have 'em, because they *do* have 'em, that's why."

But even this plain and almost lucid statement didn't seem to satisfy him, and he kep' a arguin' and sayin',—"I'd be hanged if *I'd* have 'em," and so on and so 4th. And I argued back again. Says I:

"You know folks are urged to publish books time and again, that wouldn't have had no idee of doin' it if they had been let alone." Says I,—“You know after they git their books all finished, they hang back and hate to have 'em published; hate to, like dogs; and are urged out of their way by relatives and friends, and have to give up, and have 'em published. They naturally want to tell the Public how it is, and that these things are so.”

"Oh wall," says he, "if the Public is any like me, he'd ruther hear the urgin' himself than to hear the author tell on it. What did they break their backs for a writin' fourteen or fifteen hundred pages if they laid out to hang back in the end. If they found their books all wrote out, a growin' on huckleberry bushes, or cewcumber vines, there would be some sense in talkin' about urgin' 'em out of their way."

And he sot his head on one side, and looked up at

the ceilin' with a dretful shrewd look onto his face, and went to kinder whistlin'. I can't bear hintin', and never could, I always despised hinters. And I says in almost cold tones, says I:

"Don't you believe they was urged, Josiah Allen?"

"I haint said they wuzn't, or they *wuz*. I said I had ruther see the hangin' back, and hear the urg'in' than to hear of it by-the-by, in prefaces and things. *That's* what I said."

But again that awful shrewd look come onto his face, and again he sot his head on one side and kinder went to whistlin'; no particular tune, but jest a plain sort of a promiscuous whistle. But I kep' considerable cool, and says I:

"Folks may be real dissatisfied with what they have wrote, and want to sort o' apologise, and run it down kinder."

Says Josiah,—“If folks don't write the best they know how to, it is a insult to the Public, and ort to be took by him as one.”

“That is so, Josiah,” says I. “I always thought so. But writers may try to do the very best they can; their minds may be well stabled, and their principles foundered on a rock; their motives as sound as brass, and soarin' and high-toned as anything can be, and still at the same time, they may have a realizin' sense that in spite of all their pains, there is faults in the book; lots of faults. And they may” says I, “feel it to be their duty to tell the Public of these faults. They may think it is wrong to conceal 'em, and the right way is to come out nobly and tell the Public of 'em.”

“Oh! wall!” says Josiah, “if *that* is what you are goin' to write a preface for, you may set your heart at rest about it. Anybody that reads *your* book will

find out the faults in it for themselves, without your tellin' 'em of 'em in a preface, or sayin' a word to help 'em on in the search. Don't you go to worryin' about that, Samantha; folks will see the faults jest as easy; wont have to put on no specks nor nothin' to find 'em; such things can't be hid."

My companion meant to chirk me up and comfort me. His will was good, but somehow, I s'pose I didn't look so chirked up and happy as he thought I ort to, and so to prove his words, and encourage me still more, he went on and told a story:

"Don't you remember the boy that was most a fool, and when he sot out for his first party, his father charged him not to say a word, or they would find him out. He sot perfectly speechless for more'n an hour; wouldn't answer back a word they said to him, till they begun to call him a fool right to his face. And then he opened his mouth for the first time, and hollered to his father,—'Father! father! they've found me out.'"

Josiah is a great case to tell stories. He takes all the most high-toned and popular almanacs of the day, and reads 'em clear through. He says he "will read 'em, every one of 'em, from beginnin' to Finy." He is fond of tellin' me anecdotes. And is also fond of tragedies—he reads the *World* stiddy. And I always make a practice of smilin' or groarin' at 'em as the case may be. (I sot out in married life with a firm determination to do my duty by this man.) But now, though I smiled a very little, there was sunthin' in the story, or the thoughts and forebodin's the story waked up in me, that made my heart sink from—I should judge from a careless estimate—an inch, to an inch and three-quarters. I didn't make

my feelin's known, however; puttin' my best foot forred has been my practice for years, and my theme. And my pardner went on in a real chirk tone:

"You see Samantha, jest how it is. You see there haint no kind o' need of your writin' any preface."

I was almost lost in sad and mournful thought, but I answered dreamily that "I guessed I'd write one, as I had seemed to sort o' lay out and calculate to."

Then my companion come out plain, and told me his mind, which if he had done in the first place, would have saved breath and argument. Says he:

"I *hate* prefaces. I hate 'em with almost a perfect hatred." And says he with a still more gloomy and morbid look,—“I have been hurt too much by prefaces to take to 'em, and foller 'em up.”

"Hurt by 'em?" says I.

"Yes," says he firmly. "That other preface of your'n hurt me as much as 7 cents in the eyes of the community. It was probable more'n that damage to me. I wouldn't"—says he, with as bitter a look onto him as I ever see,—“have had it got out that I had the Night Mair, for a silver 3 cent piece.”

"Why," says I mildly, "it wasn't nothin' ag'inst your *character*, Josiah."

"Oh no!" says he in a sarcastic tone. "You would want it talked over in prefaces and round, wouldn't you, that you had the Night Mair, and pranced round in your sleep?"

"I never mentioned the word prance," says I mildly, but firmly, "*never*."

"Oh wall," says he, "it is all the same thing."

"No it haint," says I firmly. "No it haint."

"Wall," says he, "you know jest how stories grow by tellin'. And by the time it got to New York,—I

dare presume to say before it got to that village,—the story run that I pranced round, and was wild as a hen-hawk. I have hated prefaces ever sense, and druther give *half a cent* than to have you write another one.”

“Don’t go beyond your means a tryin’ to bribe me,” says I, in a almost dry tone. Josiah is honest as a pulpit, but close, nearly tight. After a moment’s thought, I says,—“If you feel like that about it, Josiah, I wont have no preface in this book.”

“Wall,” says he, “it would take a load off’n my mind if you wouldn’t.” And he added in cheerful and tender tones,—“Shan’t I start up the fire for you, Samantha, and hang onto the teakettle?”

I told him he might, and then I rose up and put my bottle of ink on to the mantletry piece, and sot the table for supper. And this—generous and likely reader though I think a sight on you, and would have been glad of the chance to have told you so in a lawful way—is jest the reason why I have denied myself that privilege and don’t have no preface to this book. Further explanations are unnecessary. To the discernin’ mind my reasons are patented, for such well know that a husband’s wishes to a fond wife, are almost like takin’ the law to her. And knowin’ this, I hope and trust you will kindly overlook its loss. You will not call me shiftless, nor yet slack. You will heed not the dark report that may be started up that I was short on it for prefaces, or entirely run out of ’em, and couldn’t get holt of one. You will believe not that tale, knowin’ it false and-also untrue. You will regard its absence kindly and even tenderly, thinkin’ that what is my loss is your gain; thinkin’ that it is a delicate and self-sacrificin’ token of a wife’s almost wrapped devotion to a Josiah.

WHAT I HAVE WRIT ABOUT.

	PAGE.
WHY I DON'T HAVE NO PREFACE TO THIS BOOK, . . .	5
THE JONESVILLE DEBATIN'-SCHOOL,	19
THE WIDDER DOODLE,	54
A DEBATE ON INTEMPERANCE,	73
TIRZAH ANN AS A WIFE,	103
P. A. AND P. I.,	121
HOW I WENT TO 'LECTION,	144
SENATOR VISE AND HIS VICTIM,	161
HOW WE BOUGHT A SEWIN' MACHINE AND ORGAN, . . .	193
PREPARIN' FOR OUR TOWER,	211
THE WIDDER AND WIDOWER,	222
HOW SEREPTA CARRIED THE MEETIN' HOUSE, . . .	231
I AND JOSIAH VISIT PHILANDER SPICER'SES FOLKS, . .	270
MELANKTON SPICER AND HIS FAMILY,	294
UNCLE DEACON ZEBULON COFFIN,	316
HOW I MARRIED THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER,	353
THE GRAND EXHIBITION	370
GOOD LAND! GOOD LAND! AND GOOD LAND! . . .	383
PATRONIZIN' THE RAILROAD,	386
I ADVISE THE NATION THOUGH ITS GREAT MEN, . . .	400
INTERVIEW WITH GEN. HAWLEY,	406
DOIN' THE MAIN BUILDIN',	411

JOSIAH'S RIDE IN A CHAIR,	422
A TRIP THROUGH THE WORLD,	425
IN THE CHINESE DEPARTMENT,	440
I MEET OLD ACQUAINTANCES,	453
WIDDER DOODLE AS A BRIDE,	460
THE ARTEMUS GALLERY,	473
INTERVIEW WITH DOM PEDRO,	490
THE "CREATION SEARCHERS" AT THE SENTINAL,	506
MACHINERY HALL,	507
THE MARQUIS OF LORNE,	513
THE SPIRITUALIST,	522
THE WIMMEN'S PAVILION,	523
THE FEMALE LECTURER,	525
AMONG THE RELICS,	535
AMONG THE WILD BEASTS,	539
THE INDIAN QUESTION,	541
MY SUCCESS AS P. A. AND P. I.,	547
THE SENTINAL PROMISCUOUS,	550
THE "CREATION SEARCHERS" IN JAIL,	551
THE END OF OUR TOWER,	557
HOME AFFAIRS,	559
THE 14TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER,	561
A BRIDAL TOWER,	563
A GOOD TIME GENERALLY,	570
THE BABY,	574
ALL HAPPY,	580

WHAT THE KIND ARTIST HAS DONE

	PAGE
1. AS A P. A. AND P. I.....	<i>Frontispiece</i>
2. ALAS POOR BETSEY.....	21
3. THE EDITOR OF THE AUGER.....	24
4. A RIDE ON THE BOBS, (FULL PAGE).....	30
5. THE LYCEUM, (FULL PAGE).....	35
6. THE YOUNG NEPHEW.....	37
7. THE ONE GESTURE.....	39
8. A THRILLIN' MOMENT.....	45
9. SUNDAY SLUMBERS.....	43
10. EDITOR OF THE GIMLET.....	52
11. PLUCKY, (TAIL PIECE).....	53
12. DAVID DOODLE.....	56
13. WIDDER DOODLE.....	60
14. "THE VOYAGE OF LIFE".....	61
15. LOVE'S DREAM.....	64
16. PRETTY HANDS AND EYES, (FULL PAGE).....	68
17. HELPING CHURN.....	69
18. THE AFFIRMATIVE.....	77
19. NOT THE RIGHT KIND OF HORNS, (FULL PAGE).....	84
20. THE BLIMMER CAUGHT.....	93
21. FOUND DEAD, (FULL PAGE).....	96
22. THE NERVOUS WOMAN, (FULL PAGE).....	111
23. LEFT BEHIND, (FULL PAGE).....	118
24. COURTING, (TAIL PIECE).....	120
25. TESTING A MAN'S TEMPER, (FULL PAGE).....	123
26. THE THIEF AT HOME, (FULL PAGE).....	131
27. JOSIAH'S SECRET, (FULL PAGE).....	150
28. THE EDITOR'S WIFE.....	154
29. THE STRANGER.....	156
30. INTRODUCTION TO THE SENATOR, (FULL PAGE).....	163
31. YOUNG WOMANHOOD.....	168
32. FALLEN.....	170
33. THE LITTLE INNOCENT.....	172
34. GRIEF AND REMORSE.....	173
35. "TOOK TO DRINKIN'".....	174
36. ABOUT A FAIR THING.....	179
37. JOSIAH FINDS HIS SECRET IS KNOWN, (FULL PAGE).....	189
38. MATERNAL AFFECTION, (TAIL PIECE).....	192
39. AVOIDING A NUISANCE, [FULL PAGE].....	199
40. THE SEWIN' MACHINE AGENTS, [FULL PAGE].....	207
41. "IT HAIN'T ALWAYS BEST TO TELL REASONS.".....	213
42. THE WIDDER, [TAIL PIECE].....	221

43. "I LOVED THAT WOMAN".....	226
44. AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.....	235
45. SEREPTA SMITH.....	237
46. "NEEDS HEADIN' OFF," [FULL PAGE].....	239
47. MISS HOEN.....	245
48. A VISIT FROM THE CHURCH, [FULL PAGE].....	263
49. TOO MANY RUFFLES, [FULL PAGE].....	273
50. COVERED, [TAIL PIECE].....	293
51. "THAT DOOR WANTS MENDIN' BAD," [FULL PAGE].....	298
52. "APPARENTLY" STRONG.....	300
53. AN "APPARENTLY" WELCOME.....	303
54. "THE HOUSE OF MOUENIN'".....	305
55. GENTILITY.....	307
56. THE PET, [TAIL PIECE].....	315
57. CHEATED.....	319
58. COMPETIN' WITH THE BAR-ROOM.....	324
59. DEACON ZEBULON COFFIN.....	331
60. THE CONDEMNED FIDDLE, [FULL PAGE].....	334
61. FOOLIN' AWAY TIME.....	337
62. MEETIN' THE DEACON.....	343
63. MOLLY CONSOLIN' TOM PITKINS.....	347
64. DRESSED FOR THE BALL.....	350
65. EXTRAVAGANT WIMMEN.....	351
66. FRUGAL MEN.....	352
67. THE DEACON'S OLD GAME.....	355
68. HELPIN' THE WIDDER.....	360
69. "I HAIN'T A MORMON".....	367
70. "BUY A GUIDE?" [FULL PAGE].....	379
71. SAMANTHA ADDRESSES GEN. GRANT.....	400
72. INTERVIEW WITH GOV. HAWLEY, [FULL PAGE].....	407
73. ONE OF THE SMITHS [FULL PAGE].....	418
74. JOSIAH'S FIVE HOURS NAP.....	422
75. INTRODUCED TO JOHN ROGERS JR.....	432
76. THE CHINESE DEPARTMENT, [FULL PAGE].....	441
77. JOSIAH IN THE DRESSIN'-ROOM.....	458
78. POLITENESS TO A STRANGER.....	461
79. THE PHANTOM.....	467
80. SAMANTHA IN THE ART GALLERY, [FULL PAGE].....	477
81. SAMANTHA MEETS DOM PEDRO.....	491
82. IN TROUBLE.....	505
83. JOSIAH ADMIRIN' THE WATER.....	539
84. A SHORT ROLL.....	543
85. THE SENTINAL LICENSED.....	551
86. BRINGIN' HER TO.....	563
87. JUDGE SNOW'S SURPRISE, [FULL PAGE].....	574
88. UNDER THE MAPLES.....	579



THE JONESVILLE DEBATIN'-SCHOOL.

IT was to the Jonesville Debatin'-School, that we first thought on't. It was there that Josiah and me made up our 2 minds to go to Filadelfy village to see the Sentinal. They've had Debatin'-schools to Jonesville this winter, and as I was the only literary woman worth mentionin', they made a great pint of havin' me attend to 'em. I say the only literary woman,—Betsey Bobbet Slimpsey havin' to work out so much that she has entirely left off writin' poetry. She says she can't go out washin', and cleanin' house, and makin' soap, and write poetry at the same time, worth a cent. They have a awful hard time to git along. They both work out by the day, and they say that she has had to sell her tow frizzles and 'corneleun ring, and lots of her other nice things that she had to catch her husband with, in order to git along. Howsumever, I don't *know* this; you can hear *anything*, such a lyin' time, now-a-days—as I told Josiah, the other day. He says to me, says he:

"I won't believe *anything*, Samantha, till I see it with my own eyes."

And says I,—"*I* wont believe anything, Josiah Allen, till I have got holt of it." Says I, "mists and black arts are liable to be cast before your eyes; but if you lay holt of anything with your two hands, you are pretty certain it is there."

Never havin' laid holt of her tow curls and other ornaments, as they was bein' sold, I don't tell it for certain truth, but only what I have hearn; but that they have a dretful hard time on't to git along, *that* I *know*.

Besides poverty, the horrors lay holt of Slimpsey the worst kind. They shake him as a dog shakes a chipmunk. When he lived with his first wife he didn't have 'em more'n a few times a month, or so; but *now* he has 'em every day, stiddy, right along. He yells at Betsey; goes to bed with his boots on; throws his hat at her, hollers, and keeps a actin'. He drinks, too, when he can git anything to drink. He says he drinks to forget his trouble; but what a simple move that is, for when he gits over it, there his trouble is, right before his eyes. There Betsey stands. Trouble is as black and troublesome again looked at through the glass, and toppers find that it is; for they have the old trouble, all the same, besides shame and disgrace, and bodily ruination.

Considerin' what a dretful hard time Betsey has, it

would seem to a bystander to calmly think on't, that she didn't git much of any comfort from her marriage, except the dignity she told me of the other night, with her own tongue as she was goin' home from washin', at Miss Gowdey's. (Miss Gowdey had a felon and was disabled.) She had on a old hood, and one of her husband's old coats with brass buttons—for it was a rainin' and she didn't care for looks. She was all drabbled up, and looked tired enough to sink. She had a piece of pork to pay her for her washin', and a piller-case about half full of the second sort of flour a carryin' along, that Miss Gowdey had give her; and as I



ALAS! POOR BETSEY.

happenin' to be a standin' in the front door a lookin' for my companion, Josiah,—who had gone to Jonesville to mill—we got to talkin' about one thing and another, and she up and told me that she wouldn't part with the dignity she got by marryin', for 25 cents, much as she needed money. Though she said it was a worse trial than anybody had any idee of, for her to give up writin' poetry.

So, as I was a sayin', bein' the only literary woman of any account in Jonesville, they made a great handlin' of havin' me present at their meetin's, or at least, some of 'em did. Though as I will state and explain, the great question of my takin' part in 'em, rent Jonesville almost to its very twain. Some folks hate to see a woman set up high and honored; they hate to, like a dog. It was gallin' to some men's pride, to see themselves passed by, and a female woman invited to take a part in the great "Creation Searchin' Society," or "Jonesville Lyceum." I sometimes call it Debatin'-school, jest as I used to; but the childern have labored with me; they call it Lyceum, and so does Maggy Snow, and our son-in-law, Whitfield Minkley; (he and Tirzah Ann are married, and it is very agreeable to me and to Josiah, and to Brother and Sister Minkley; very!) Tirzah Ann told me it worked her up, to see me so old-fashioned as to call it Debatin'-school.

But says I calmly,—“Work up or not, I shall call it so when I forget the other name.”

And Thomas Jefferson labored with me, and jest as his way is, he went down into the reason and philosophy of things, knowin' well what a case his mother is for divin' deep into reason and first causes. That boy is dretful deep; he is comin' up awful well. He is a ornament to Jonesville, as Lawyer Snow—Maggy's father—told me, last fall. (That haint come off yet; but we are perfectly willin' and agreeable on both sides, and it will probable take place before long. Thomas J. fairly worships the ground she walks on, and so she does hisen.)

Says Thomas J. to me, says he, "I haint a word to say ag'inst your callin' it Debatin'-school, only I know you are so kinder scientific and philosophical, that I hate to see you usin' a word that haint got science to back it up. Now this word Lyceum," says he, "is derived from the dead languages, and from them that is most dead. It is from the Greek and Injun; a kind of a half-breed. Ly, is from the Greek, and signifies and means a big story, or, in other words, a falsehood; and ce-um is from the Injun; and it all means, 'see 'em lie.'"

That boy is dretful deep; admired as he is by everybody, there is but few indeed that realize what a mind he has got. He convinced me right on the spot, and I make a practice of callin' it so, every time I think of it. But as I told Tirzah Ann—work up or not, if they was mortified black as a coal, both of 'em, when

I forgot that name I should call it by the old one.

There has been a awful thorough study into things to the Debatin'-school, or Lyceum. It has almost skairt me sometimes, to see 'em go so deep into hard subjects. It has seemed almost like temptin' Providence,



THE EDITOR OF THE AUGER.

to know so much, and talk so wise and smart as some of 'em have.

I was in favor of their havin' 'em, from the very first on't, and said openly, that I laid out to attend 'em; but I thought my soul, I should have to stay to home, the very first one. It commenced on a

Tuesday night, and

I had got my mind all worked up about goin' to it; and I told the Widder Doodle, (Josiah's brother's wife, that is livin' with us at present,) I told her in the afternoon, it would be a dretful blow to me if anything should happen to keep me to home; and I got a early breakfast, a purpose to get a early dinner, so's to have a early supper, so's to be ready to go, you

know, sunthin' as the poem runs:—"The fire begun to burn the stick, the stick begun to lick the kid, and the kid begun to go."

Wall, before supper, I went up into the Widd Doodle'ses room to git my soap-stone, to put on the tank to have it a warmin' for the ride; (I let the Widder have the soap-stone, nights, she havin' no other companion, and bein' lonesome, and troubled with cold feet. I do well by the Widder.) As I come down with it, all boyed up in my mind about what a edifyin' and instructive time I was a goin' to have, the Widder spoke up and says she:

"Josiah has jest been in, and he don't know as he shall go to Jonesville, after all; he says the Editor of the Auger is sick." He was to make the openin' speech.

"What ails the Editor?" says I.

Says she,—“He has got the Zebra Spinner Magnetics.”

“Good land!” says I, “he wont never get over it, will he? I shouldn't never expect to get well if *I* had that distemper, and I don't know as I should want to. It must leave the system in a awful state.”

“Yes,” says Josiah, who had come in with an armful of wood, “the Editor is bad off; but Sister Doodle haint got it jest right; it is the Zebra Smilin' Marcus that has got a holt of him. Solomon Cypher told me about it when he went by on his saw log.”

“Wall,” says I coolly, “a few words, more or less, haint a goin’ to make or break a distemper. You both seem to be agreed and sot onto the Zebra, so s’posen we call it the Zebra, for short. Do you know whether he caught the Zebra, or whether it come onto him spontaneous, as it were? Anyway, I don’t believe he will ever git over it.”

And I sithed as I thought of the twins; he has had a sight of twins sense he married this woman; I never see such a case for twins, as the Editor is. And I sithed as I thought of every span of ’em; and the ma, and step-ma of ’em. I kep’ a sithin’, and says I:

“This distemper is a perfect stranger to me, Josiah Allen. Where does the Zebra take holt of anybody?”

Says he,—“The disease is in the backside of his neck, and the posterity part of his brain.”

And then I felt better. I felt well about the Editor of the Augers’ es wife, and the twins. Says I in a cheerful voice:

“If the disease is in his brain, Josiah, I know he will have it light. I know they can quell it down easy.”

I knew well that there could be a large, a *very large* and interestin’ book made out of what the Editor didn’t know. The minute he told me the Zebra was in his brain, I knew its stay there would be short, for it wouldn’t find anything to support itself on, for any length of time. I felt well; my heart felt several

pounds lighter than it had; for lightness of heart never seems so light, as it does after anybody has been carryin' a little jag of trouble. It takes the little streaks of shadow to set off the sunshine. Life is considerable like a rag carpet, if you only look on it with the eye of a weaver. It is made up of dark stripes and light stripes, and sometimes a considerable number of threads of hit or miss; and the dark stripes set off the light ones, and make 'em look first rate. But I am allegorin'.

As I said, I felt relieved and cheerful, and I got supper on the table in a few minutes—the tea-kettle was all biled. After supper, I said to Josiah in cheerful axents:

“I guess we had better go to Jonesville, anyway, for my mind seems to be sot onto that Debatin'-school, and I don't believe the Editor's havin' the Zebra will break it down at all; and I want to go to Tirzah Ann's a few minutes; and we are about out of tea—there haint enough for another drawin'.”

Josiah said it wasn't best to take the old mare out again that night, and he didn't believe there would be a Debatin'-school, now the Editor had got the Zebra; he thought that would flat it all out.

I didn't argue on that; I didn't stand on the Zebra, knowin' well, I had a keener arrer in my bow. I merely threw in this remark, in a awful dry tone:

“Very well, Josiah Allen; I can git along on sage

tea, if you can; or, I can make crust coffee for breakfast."

I calmly kep' a braidin' up my back hair, previous to doin' it up in a wad, for I knew what the end thereof would be. My companion, Josiah, is powerfully attached to his tea, and he sot for a number of minutes in perfect silence, meditatin'—I knew by the looks of his face—on sage tea. I kep' perfectly still and let him meditate, and wouldn't have interrupted him for the world, for I knew that sage tea, and crust coffee, taken internally of the mind, (as it were,) was what was good for him jest then. And so it proved, for in about three minutes and a half, he spoke out in tones as sharp as a meat axe; some like a simetar:

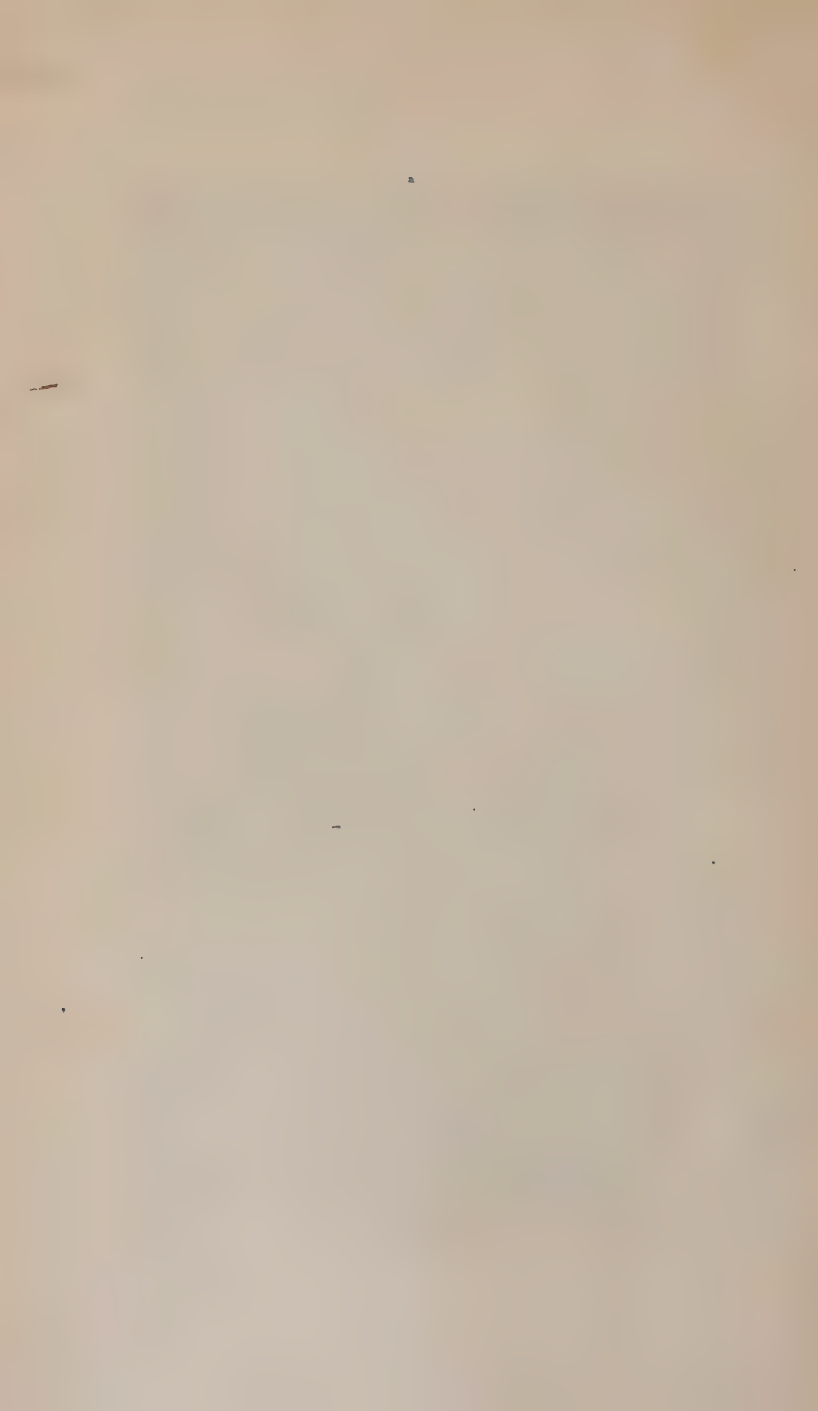
"Wall! do git *ready* if you are a goin'. I never did see such cases to be on the *go* all the time, as wimmen be. But I shall go with the Bobs, jest as I come from the woods; I haint a goin' to fuss to git out the sleigh to-night."

He acted cross, and worrysome, but I answered him calmly, and my mean looked first rate as I said it:

"There is a great literary treat in front of me, to-night, Josiah Allen, and a few Bobs, more or less, haint a goin' to overthrow my comfort, or my principles. No!" says I stoppin' at my bed-room door, and wavin' my right hand in a real eloquent wave; "no! no! Josiah Allen; the seekin' mind, bent on improvin' itself; and the earnest soul a plottin' after



A RIDE ON THE ROBS.



the good of the race, Bobs has no power over. Such minds cannot be turned round in their glorious career by Bobs."

"Wall! wall!" he snapped out again, "do git ready. I believe wimmen would stop to talk and visit on their way to the stake."

I didn't say nothin' back, but with a calm face I went into the bed-room and put on my brown alpaca dress; for I thought seein' I had my way, I'd let him have his say, knowin' by experience, that the last word would be dretful sort o' comfortin' to him. I had a soap-stone and plenty of Buffaloes, and I didn't care if we did go on the Bobs, (or Roberts, I s'pose would be more polite to call 'em.) There was a good floor to 'em, and so we sot off, and I didn't care a mite if I did feel strange and curious, and a good deal in the circus line; as if I was some first-class curiosity that my companion, Josiah, had discovered in a foreign land, and was carryin' round his native streets for a side-show.

When we got to Jonesville, we found they was a goin' to start the Debatin'-school, jest the same as if the Editor hadn't got the Zebra. We went into Tirzah Ann's a few minutes, and she give us a piece of fresh beef—Whitfield had jest bought a quarter—Josiah hadn't killed yet. Beef is Josiah's favorite refreshment, and I told him we would have it for dinner the next day. Josiah begun to look clever;

and he asked me in affectionate and almost tender axents, if apple dumplin's didn't go first rate with roast beef and vegetables. I told him yes, and I would make some for dinner, if nothin' happened. Josiah felt well; his worrysome feelin's all departed from him. The storekeeper had jest opened an uncommon nice chest of tea, too. I never see a man act and look cleverer than my pardner did; he was ready to go anywhere, at any time.

We got to the school-house where it was held, in good season, and got a good seat, and I loosened my bunnet strings and went to knittin'. But, as I said, they was determined (some on 'em) that I should hold up one of the sides of the arguments; but of course, as could be expected in such a interestin' and momentous affair, in which Jonesville and the world at large was so deeply interested, there was them that it galled, to see a woman git up so high in the world. There was them that said it would have a tendency to on-settle and break up the hull fabric of society for a woman to take part in such hefty matters as would be argued here. Some said it was a revolutionary idee, and not to be endured for half a moment of time; and they brought up arguments from the Auger—wrote by its Editor—to prove out that wimmen or'n't to have no such privileges and honors. They said, as sick as the Editor was now, it would kill him if he should hear that the "Creation Searchin' Society"—

that he had labored so for—had demeaned itself by lettin' a woman take part in it. They said as friends of the Editor, *they* wouldn't answer for the shock on his nervous and other system. Neither would they answer for the consequences to Jonesville and the world—the direful consequences, sure to flow from liftin' a female woman so far above her spear.

Their talk was scareful, very, and some was fearfully affected by it; but others was jest as rampant on the other side; they got up and defied 'em. They boldly brought forward my noble doin's on my tower; how I had stood face to face with that heaven-honored man of peace, Horace Greely—heaven-honored and heaven-blest now—how he had confided in me; how my spectacles had calmly gazed into hisen, as we argued in deep debate concernin' the welfare of the nation, and wimmen. How I had preserved Grant from perishin' by poetry; how I had labored with Victory and argued with Theodore. They said such doin's had rose me up above other wimmen; had lifted me so far up above her common spear, as to make me worthy of any honors the nation could heap onto me; made me worthy even to take a part in the "Jonesville Creation Searchin' and World Investigatin' Society."

"I let 'em fight it out, and didn't say a word. They fit, and they fit; and I sot calmly there on my seat a knittin' my Josiah's socks, and let 'em go on.

I knew where I stood in my own mind ; I knew I shouldn't git up and talk a word after they got through fightin'. Not that I think it is out of character for a woman to talk in public ; nay, verily. It is, in my opinion, no more wearin' on her throat, or her morals, to git up and talk to a audience for their amusement and edification, in a calm and collected voice, than it is for her to key up her voice and sing to 'em by the hour, for the same reason. But everybody has their particular fort, and they ort in my opinion to stick to their own forts and not try to git on to somebody else'es.

Now, influencin' men's souls, and keepin' their morals healthy by words of eloquence, is some men's forts. Nailin' on good leather soles to keep their body's healthy, is another man's fort. One is jest as honorable and worthy as the other, in my opinion, if done in the fear of God and for the good of mankind, and follerd as a fort ort to be follerd. But when folks leave their own lawful forts and try to git on to somebody else'es fort, that is what makes trouble, and makes crowded forts and weak ones, and mixes things. Too many a gettin' on to a fort at one time, is what breaks it down. My fort haint talkin' in public, and I foller it up from day to day, as a fort ort to be follerd. So I was jest as cool as a cewcumber, outside and inside, and jest as lives see 'em go on makin' consummit idiots of themselves as not, and ruther.



THE LYCEUM.



It was enough to make a dog snicker and laugh (if he hadn't deep principle to hold him back, as I had,) to see 'em go on. The President Cornelius Cork, and Solomon Cypher talked the most. They are both eloquent and almost finished speakers; but Solomon Cypher havin' had better advantages than the President, of course goes ahead of him as an oriter. A nephew of hisen, P. Cypher Bumpus, old Philander Bumpus'es only boy, (named after his father, and uncle Cypher,) has been there to his uncle's givin' him lessons all winter, in elocution and dramatic effects. Solomon has give him his board for tutorin' him.



THE YOUNG NEPHEW.

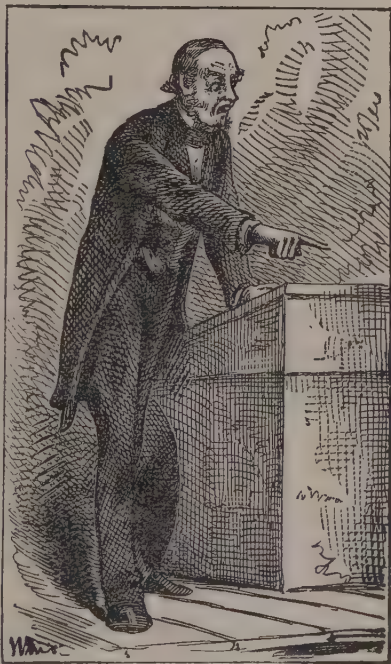
I s'pose P. Cypher Bumpus can't be beat on elocution; he's studied hard, and took lessons of some big elocutionists, and they say he can holler up as loud, and look as wild as the biggest of 'em, and dwindle

his voice down as low, and make as curious motions as the curiourest of 'em. Besides, he has took up lots in his own head. He is very smart, naturally, and has stood by his uncle Solomon all winter, like a Major. And considerin' Solomon's age, and his natural mind—which haint none of the best—and his lameness, I never see a man make such headway as Solomon Cypher has. He can make eloquent and impressive gestures, very.

Cornelius Cork, the President, they say has been a tryin to learn himself; has tried to take gestures and motions up in his own head; but bein' a poor man and not bein' able to hire a teacher, of course he don't make much headway; don't git along nigh so well. He haint got but one gesture broke in so he can handle it to any advantage, and that is: pointin' his forefinger at the audience, with the rest of his hand shet up; dartin' it out sometimes, as if it was a bayonet he was goin' to run through their hearts; and sometimes holdin' it back, and takin' a more distant and deliberate aim with it, as if it was a popgun he kep' by him to shoot down congregations with. That is all he has got at present; but truly, he does the best he can, with what he has to do with. It don't scare the audience so much I s'pose as he thinks it ort to, and he probable gits discouraged; but he ort to consider that he can't show off much in gestures, while Solomon Cypher is livin'. A kerosine lamp

can't show off to any advantage when the sun gits up. But the President done well as I said, with what he had to do with. He pinte that forefinger almost threatningly in every direction, from Zenith to Nathan, as he went on to say: he hadn't no personal objections to Josiah Allen's wife, "*fur frummit.*"

Cornelius Cork bein' a poor man, and shackled with the support of four maiden sisters of his own, and a mother-in-law and a grandmother-in-law of his wife's, besides a large family of childern of their own, haint never felt able to own a dictionary, and so



THE ONE GESTURE.

he pronounces by ear, and makes mistakes. But considerin' his circumstances and shackles, I don't think he ort to be run down for it. It makes it very bad, sometimes, for Solomon Cypher, for he bein' so took up with gestures and motions, and bein' one easy led

astray by them that are in high office, he follers on blindly after the President and uses lots of words he wouldn't drempt of usin', if he hadn't heerd the President use 'em. It makes it bad for Solomon, very.

The President repeated the words again, with dignity and emphasis: "*fur frummit.*" He trusted he realized too well whose tower it was, that bein' gone off on, had lifted Jonesville fur up above surroundin' nations; had lifted it high up on fame's towerin' pillow, and shed a lurid light on the housen thereof. He trusted he was too familiar with that noble book of hern, of which he had read the biggest heft, and was calculatin' to tackle the rest of it if he lived long enough. And he had said, and he said still, that such a book as that, was liable to live and go down to Posterity, if Posterity didn't git shiftless and hang off too long. And if anybody said it wasn't liable to, he called 'em "traitor, to the face; traitor to Jonesville; traitor to Josiah Allen's wife; traitor to Josiah."

His face got red as blood, and he sweat considerable, he talked so hard, and got so excited, and pointed that forefinger so powerful and frequent at the audience, as if he was—in spirit—shootin' 'em down like wild turkeys.

Jest as quick as he collected breath enough, he went on to say that though nobody could go ahead of him in honorin' that esteemable woman, still he sot principle up in his mind above any other female;

higher even than Josiah Allen's wife. It was solid principle he was upholdin'; the principle of the male sex not bein' infringed upon; that was his stand." Says he, "For a female woman to talk in public on such momentous and weighty subjects—subjects that weigh I don't know what they wont weigh but this I know: every one will be hefty;—for a female woman to talk on those deep and perhaps awful subjects as they are a bein' brung up, would have a dangerous tendency to make a woman feel as if she was equal to man. It would have a tendency to infringe on him; and if there is anything a man can't, nor wont stand, it is infringin'. And it would also bring her into too close contract with him; and so, on them grounds, as a Latin author observes in a similar case: 'I deny her the right *in tato toto*.'"

That was Latin, and I s'pose he thought it would scare me, but it didn't a mite; for I don't s'pose he knew what it meant no more'n I did. I bound off my heel with composure. But the excitement was fearful; no sooner would them on one side make a motion, than them on the other side would git up and make a different motion. You know when sheep go to jumpin' over the fence, if one goes, they all want to go. There was the awfulest sight of motions made, I ever see; everybody was jumpin' up and makin' 'em. Why, one spell, I had to lay holt of Josiah Allen and hold him down by main strength,

or he'd been up a makin' 'em; he wanted to, and tried to, but I laid holt of him and argued to him. Says I:

"Let 'em fight it out; don't you make a single motion, Josiah Allen."

And Josiah, feelin' clever, consented not to, and sot still, and I went to knittin' again. But it was a scene of almost fearful confusion, and excitement. No sooner had the President sot down, sayin' he denied me the right "*in tato toto*," than Simon Slimpsey got up (with difficulty) and says he, in a almost thick tone:

"I think taint best to give her the potato."

He had been a drinkin' and didn't know what he was sayin'. He sot down again right off—had to—for he couldn't stand up. But as he kinder fell back on his seat, he kep' a mutterin' that "she didn't ort to have the potato give her; she didn't know enough to plant the tater, or hoe it—she hadn't ort to have it."

Nobody minded him. But Solomon Cypher jumped up, and says he, smitin' his breast with his right hand:

"I motion she haint no right to talk." And again he smote his breast almost severely.

"I motion you tell on what grounds you make the motion!" says the Editor of the Gimlet, jumpin' up and throwin' his head back nobly.

"I motion you set down again," says the President,

—takin' aim at him as if he was a mushrat—"I motion you set down and give him a chance to git up and tell why he made the motion."

So the Editor of the Gimlet sot down, and Solomon Cypher riz up:

"I stand on this ground," (says he, stampin' down his right foot,) "and on this ground I make my motion:" (says he, stampin' down his left one, and smitin' himself a almost dangerous blow in the breast,) "that this society haint no place for wimmen. Her mind haint fit for it; '*fur frummit*,' as my honored friend, the President observes,—'*fur frummit*.' There is deep subjects a goin' to be brung up here, that is all *my* mind can do, to rastle with and throw 'em; and for a female woman's mind to tackle 'em, it would be like settin' a pismire to move a meetin' house. Wimmen's minds is weak."

Here he smote himself a fearful blow right in the pit of his stomach, and repeated the words slowly and impressively:

"Wimmen's minds is weak. But this haint the main reason why I make my motion. My main reason is, that I object, and I always will—while I have got a breath left in my body—object to the two sexes a comin'—as my honored friend the President says—'in such close contract with each other, as they would have to if wimmen took any part with men in such public affairs. Keep separate from each other!

that is my ground, and that is my motion. Keep wimmen off as fur as you can, if you would be safe and happy. Men has their place," says he,—stridin' forred a long step with his right foot, and stretchin' up his right arm nobly towards the sky as fur as he could with safety to his armpit—"and wimmen has hern!"—steppin' back a long step with his left foot, and pintin' down with his left hand, down through a hole in the floor, into the cellar—"and it is necessary for the public safety," says he,—a smitin' his breast, first with his right hand and then with his left—"that he keep hisen, and she hern. As the nation and individuals are a goin' on now, everything is safe." (Here he stopped and smiled.) "The nation is safe." (Another smile.) "And men and wimmen are safe, for they don't come in contract with each other." (Here he stopped and smiled three times.) "But if wimmen are ever permitted in the future to take any part in public affairs; if they are ever permitted to come in contract with man, and bring thereby ruin, deep, deadly ruin onto Jonesville and the world, I want Jonesville and the world to remember that I have cleared *my* coat-skirts in the matter. I lift 'em out of the fearful and hazardous enterprise."

He had an old-fashioned dress coat on, with long skirts, that come most to the floor, and as he said this, he lifted 'em up with a almost commandin' air, as if he was a liftin' 'em out of black mud. He lifted 'em

right up, and they stood out in front of his arms, some like wings; and, as he stood lookin' round the audience, in this commandin' and imposin' position, he repeated the words in a more lofty and majestic tone:

"I clear *my* coat-skirts of the hull matter. You see me clear 'em. None of the bloody ruin can be laid on-to *my* coat-skirts."

It was a thrillin' moment. It had a terribly depressin' effect on a great many lovers of justice and wimmen's votin', who was present. They see the dangers hedgin' in the enterprise, as they never see 'em before. They



A THRILLIN' MOMENT.

see the power of the foe they was fightin' ag'inst, and trembled and quailed before him. But though I realized well what was a goin' on before me, though I knew what a deadly blow he was a givin' to the cause, I held firm, and kep' a cool mean, and never thought for half a moment of givin' up my shield.

And then I knew it wasn't so much his words—although they was witherin'—as his lofty majesty of bearin', that influenced the almost breathless audience. He stood in that commandin' posture, I have described, for I should judge, nearly one moment and a half, and then he repeated the words :

“For I say unto you,”—and here he dropped his coat-skirts suddenly, and struck himself in the breast a sudden and violent blow with his thumb,—the fingers all standin' out straight, like the bones of a fan—“for I say unto you ; and if these are the last words you shall ever hear from my humble but perfectly honorable mouth,—remember, Jonesville and the world, that I died a sayin', beware of the female pole.”

I never in my hull life heerd a pole sound so faint and sickly as that pole did. It dwindled away almost to nothin', and he kinder shet his eyes up and sallied away, as if he was a goin to die off himself. It skairt some of the wimmen most to death, it was so impressive ; but I knew it was all the effect of high trainin' ; I knew he would come to in a minute, and he did. Pretty soon he kinder repeated the words, in a sickly tone :

“Remember, I died a sayin' : beware of the female pole. Beware ! beware !!”

And oh, how skairt them wimmen was again ; for he straightened right up and yelled out them

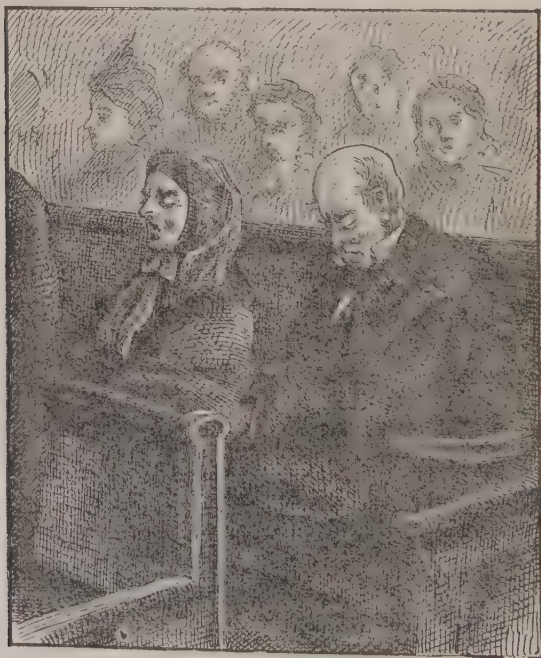
two bewares, like a couple of claps of thunder; and his eyes kep' a growin' bigger and bigger, and his voice grew louder and louder, till it seemed as if it would raise the very ruff—though it had jest been new shingled, (cost the deestrick 20 dollars,)—and he looked round the audience as wise as any owl I ever laid eyes on, and struck himself a very fearful blow with his thumb, right on his stomach, and says he:

“Beware of bein' infringed upon!”—and then followed another almost dangerous blow—“Beware of that terrible and fearful day, when men and wimmen shall come in contract with each other.”

He stopped perfectly still, looked all round the house with that wise and almost owl-like look on him, and then in a slow, impressive, and eloquent manner, he raised his hands and struck his breast bone with both thumbs and sot down. Some of the speakers seemed to be real envious of his gestures, but they ort to have considered that it was all in knowin' how; it was all in practice. He'd probably studied on every motion for days and days, and they hadn't ort to have begreched 'em so to him. But if he hadn't never studied on elocution and impressive gesturin'; if he hadn't looked a mite like an owl for solemnity and wisdom, his talk would have been dretful impressive and scareful to some, he painted it all out in such high colors, what a terrible and awful thing it would be for the two sects to ever come in

“contract with each other.” I s’pose he meant contact,—I haint a doubt of it.

Why, to have heerd him go on, if there had been a delegate present to the “Creation Searchin’ Society,” from the moon—or any other world adjacent to Jonesville—he wouldn’t have had any idee that men and wimmen had ever got any nearer to each other than from half to three-quarters of a mile. I s’pose I



SUNDAY SLUMBERS.

never could have made that foreigner believe, if I had talked myself blind, that, for all Solomon Cypher

showed such deadly fear of men comin' in "contract" with wimmen, he had lived with one forty years; dranked out of the same dipper; slept together Sundays in the same pew of the same meetin' house; and brought up a big family of childern together, which belonged to both on 'em.

Howsumever, them was the facts of the case; but I let him go on, for principle held me down, and made me want to know how it would end; whether freedom, and the principles of our 4 fathers would triumph, or whether they would be quirked up like caterpillars, and be trod on.

I knew in my mind I shouldn't git up and talk, not if they voted me in ten times over, for reasons that I give more formally; and besides them reasons, I was lame, and had ruther set and knit, for Josiah needed his socks; and I have always said, and I say still, that a woman ort to make her family comfortable, before she tackles the nation, or the heathen, or anything.

So they kep' on a fightin', and I kep' on a knittin'; and upheld by principle, I never let on but what I was dyin' to git up and talk. They got awful worked up on it; they got as mad as hens, every one on 'em, all but Josiah. He sot by me as happy as you please, a holdin' my ball of yarn. He acted cleverer than he had in some time; he was awful clever and happy; and so was I; we felt well in our 2 minds, as we sot

there side by side, while the fearful waves of confusion and excitement, and Cornelius Cork and Solomon Cypher, was a tostin' to and fro about us.

And oh, how happyfyin' and consolin' and satisfyin' to the mind it is, when the world is angry and almost mad at you, to set by the side of them you are attached to by links considerable stronger than cast iron. In the midst of the wildest tempests, you feel considerable safe, and some composed. No matter if you don't speak a word to them, nor they to you, their presence is sufficient; without 'em, though you may be surrounded by admirin' congregations, there is, as the poet says, "a goneness;" the biggest crowds are completely unsatisfactory, and dwindle down to the deepest lonesomeness. Though the hull world should be a holdin' you up, you would feel tottlin' and lonesome, but the presence of the one beloved, though he or she—as the case may be—may not be hefty at all, still is large enough to fill a meetin' house, or old space himself without 'em; and truly, when heart leans upon heart, (figgeratively speakin') there is a rest in it that feather beds cannot give, neither can they take away. My companion Josiah's face shines with that calm, reposeful happiness, when he is in my society, and I—although I know not why I do—experience the same emotions in hisen.

Finally, at half past eleven—and they was com-

pletely tuckered out on both sides—the enemies of wimmen's suffragin' and justice, kinder all put together and brought in a motion, Solomon Cypher bein' chief bearer and spokesman of the procession. They raised him up to this prominent position, because he was such a finished speaker. The motion was clothed upon in eloquent and imaginative language. Solomon Cypher never got it up alone. Cornelius Cork, and the Editor of the Auger, and probable two or three others had a hand in it, and helped git it up. It had a almost thrillin' effect on the audience; though, by jest readin' it over, nobody can git any clear idee how it sounded to hear Solomon Cypher declaim it forth with appropriate and impressive gestures, and a lofty and majestic expression onto him. This was the motion:

“Be it resolved over, and motioned at, and acted upon by us, ‘Creation Searchers and World Investigators,’ that wimmen’s body and mind, are both of ’em, as much too weak and feeble to tackle the subjects that will be brung up here, as a span of pismires are, to lay to and move a meetin’ house.”

After he had finished makin’ the motion, he stood a moment and a half lookin’ round on the audience with a smile on his lips, while such is the perfect control he has got by hard practice over his features, that at the same time his mouth was a smilin’, there was a severe and even gloomy expression on the upper part

of his face, and an empty and vacant look in his eyes. Then he smote himself meaningly and impressively in the pit of his stomach, and sot down. And then, as



EDITOR OF THE GIMLET.

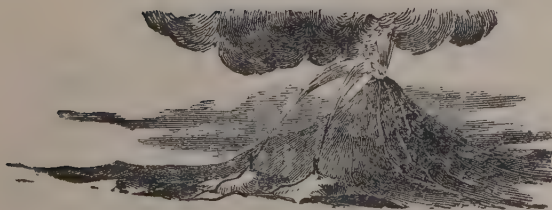
it was considerable still for a moment, I spoke calmly out of my seat to the Editor of the Gimlet, who happened to be a standin' near, and thanked him and the others on his side, for their labors in my behalf, and told 'em I hadn't no idee of takin' part in their Debatin'-school, (I called it so before I thought,) and hadn't had, none of the

time. And then, with a calm and collected mean onto me, I knit in the middle of my needle, and Josiah wound up my ball of yarn, and we started for home.

But I wasn't goin' to stay away from the Debatin'-school because they looked down on the female sect and felt awful kinder contemptible towards 'em. Other folks'es opinions of us hadn't ort to influence us ag'inst them. Because a person is prejudiced ag'inst me, and don't like me, that haint no reason why I shouldn't honor what good qualities she has,

and respect what is respectable in him. (I don't know jest how to git the sect down, to git it right. I calculate to be very exact, as strict and scientific as a yard-stick, even in the time of allegorin'; but havin' so much work, and the Widder Doodle on my hands, I haint studied into it so deep as I had ort to, whether a Debatin'-school, in the times of allegorin', should be called a he, or a she.)

But howsumever, as I said, I laid out to be present at 'em, jest the same. And it was to this Debatin'-scho—I mean Lyceum, that the idee first entered my head, of goin' to Filadelfy village to see the Sentinal; of which, more hereafter, and anon.





THE WIDDER DOODLE.

AS I mentioned, more formally Josiah's brother's wife had come to live with us. My opinion is she is most a natural fool; howsumever, bein' one of the relations on his side, I haint told her what I think of her, but bear with her as I would wish the relations on my side to be bore with by Josiah. How long she will live with us, that I don't know. But she haint no place to go to, and we can't turn her out of doors; so it looks dark to me, for it is a considerable sized tribulation, that I don't deny; fools was always dretful wearin' to me. But I don't ort to call her a fool, and wouldn't say it where it would git out, for the world. But she don't know no more'n the law'l allow, that I will contend for boldly with my last breath.

But if her principles was as hefty as cast-iron, and her intellect as bright as it is t'other way—if it was bright as day—she would be a sort of a drawback to

happiness—anybody would, whether it was a he or a she. Home is a Eden jest large enough to hold Adam and Eve and the family, and when a stranger enters its gate to camp down therein for life with you, a sort of a cold chill comes in with 'em. You may like 'em, and wish 'em well, and do the best you can with 'em, but you feel kinder choked up, and bound down; there is a sort of a tightness to it; you can't for your life feel so loose and soarin' as you did when you was alone with Josiah and the childern.

But I am determined to put up with her and do the best I can. She hadn't no home, and was a comin' on the town, so Josiah thought for the sake of Tim—that was his brother—it was our duty to take her in and do for her. And truly Duty's apron strings are the only ones we can cling to with perfect safety. Inclination sometimes wears a far more shining apron, and her glitterin' strings flutter down before you invitngly, and you feel as if you must leggo of Duty, and lay holt of 'em. But my friends, safety is not there; her strings are thin, and slazy, and liable to fall to pieces any minute. But hang on to Duty's apron strings boldly and blindly, get a good holt and have no fear; let her draw you over rough pathways, through dark valleys, up the mounting side, and through the deep waters; don't 'be afraid, but hang on. The string won't break with you, and the country she will lead you into is one that can't be bettered.

Her first husband was Josiah's only brother. He died a few years after they were married, and then she married to another man, David Doodle by name and a shiftless creeter by nater—but good lookin', so I



DAVID DOODLE.

hearn. Howsum-ever, I don't know nothin' about it only by hearsay, for I never laid eyes on none of the lot till she come on to us for a home. They lived out to the Ohio. But she fairly worships that Doodle to this day, talks about him day and night. I haint heerd her say a dozen words about Josiah's brother

Timothy, though they say he was a likely man, and a good provider, and did well by her. Left her a good farm, all paid for, and Doodle run through it; and five cows and two horses; and Doodle run through them, and a colt.

But she don't seem to remember that she ever had no such husband as Timothy Allen, which I know makes it the more wearin' onto Josiah, though he

don't complain. But he thought a sight of Tim—they used to sleep together when they was children, and heads that lay on the same mother' bosom, can't git so fur apart but what memory will unite 'em. They got separated when they grew up; Tim went to the Ohio to live, as I say, but still, when Josiah's thoughts git to travelin', as thoughts will,—I never see such critters to be on the go all the time—they take him back to the old trundle-bed, and Tim.

But she don't mention brother Timothy only when Josiah asks her about him. But Doodle! I can truly say without lyin' that if ever a human bein' got sick of any thing on earth, I got sick of Doodle, sick enough of him. Bein' shet up in the house with her I sense it more than Josiah does. It is Doodle in the morning, and Doodle at noon, and Doodle at night, and Doodle between meals; and if she talks in her sleep—which she is quite a case to—it is about Doodle. I don't complain to Josiah much, knowin' it will only make his road the harder; but I told Thomas Jefferson one day, after she had jest finished a story about her and Doodle that took her the biggest part of the forenoon, for the particulars that she will put in about nothin', is enough to make any body sweat in the middle of winter. She had went and lay down in her room after she got through; and good land! I should think she would want to—I should think she would have felt tuckered out. And I says to Thomas Jefferson—and I sithed as I said it;

"It does seem as if Doodle will be the death of me." And I sithed again several times.

"Wall," says he, "if he should, I will write a handsome piece of poetry on it;" says he, "Alf Tennyson and Shakespeare have written some pretty fair pieces, but mine shall

"Beat the hull caboodle,
And the burden of the him shall be,
That mother died of Doodle."

I stopped sithin' then, and I says to him in real severe tones, "You needn't laugh Thomas J., I'd love to see *you* try it one day." Says I, "You and your father bein' outdoors all day, when you come in for a few minutes to your meals, her stiddy stream of talk is as good as a circus to you, sunthin' on the plan of a side show. But you be shet up with it all day long, day after day, and week after week, and then see how you would feel in your mind; then see how the name of Doodle would sound in your ear."

But I try to do the best I can with her. As I said, how long she will stay with us I don't know. But I don't s'pose there is any hopes of her marryin' again. When she first came to live with us, I did think—to tell the plain truth—that she would marry again if she got a chance. I thought I see symptoms of it. But it wasn't but a few days after that that I give up the hope, for she told me that it wasn't no ways likely that she should ever marry again. She talks a sight about Doodle's face, always calls it his 'line-

ment', says it is printed on her heart, and it haint no ways likely that she will ever see another linement, that will look to her as good as Mr. Doodle's linement.

I declare for't, sometimes when she is goin' on, I have to call on the martyrs in my own mind almost wildy, call on every one I ever heerd of, to keep my principles stiddy, and keep me from sayin' sunthin' I should be sorry for. Sometimes when she is goin' on for hours about "Doodle and his linement" and so forth, I set opposite to her with my knittin' work in my hand, with no trace on the outside, of the almost fearful tempest goin' on inside of me. There I'll be, a bindin' off my heel, or seamin' two and one, or toein' off, as the case may be; calm as a summer mornin' on the outside, but on the inside I am a sayin' over to myself in silent but almost piercin' tones of soul agony :

"John Rogers! Smithfield! nine children, one at the breast! Grid-irons! thum-screws! and so 4th, and so 4th!" It has a dretful good effect on me, I think over what these men endured for principle, and I will say to myself:

"Josiah Allen's wife, has not your heart almost burnt up within you a thinkin' of these martyrs? Have you not in rapped moments had longin's of the sole to be a martyr also? Lofty principle may boy the soul up triumphant, but there can't be anybody burnt up without smartin', and fire was jest as hot in them days as it is now, and no hotter. If David

Doodle is the stake on which you are to be offered up, be calm Samantha—be calm.”

So I would be a talkin’ to myself, and so she would be a goin’ on, and though I have suffered pangs that can’t be expressed about, my principles have grown more hefty from day to day. I begun to look more lofty in mean, and sometimes I have been that boyed up by hard principle, that jest to see what heights a human mind could git up on to, while the body was yet on the ground, I would begin myself about



WIDDER DOODLE.

Doodle. And so, speakin’ in a martyr way, the Widder Doodle was not made in vain.

She is a small boned woman, dretful softly lookin’; and truly, her looks don’t belie her, for she seems to me *that* soft, that if she should bump her head, I don’t see what is to hinder it

from flattin’ right out like a piece of putty. I guess she was pretty good lookin’ in her day; on no other grounds can I account for it, that two men ever took

after her. Her eyes are round as blue beads, and sort of surprised lookin', she is light complected, and her mouth is dretful puckered up and drawed down. Josiah can't bear her looks—he has told me so in confidence a number of times—but I told him I have seen wimmen that looked worse; and I have.

"I have seen them that looked far better," says he.

"Who Josiah?" says I.

Says he, "Father Smith's daughter, Samantha."

Josiah thinks a sight of me, it seems to grow on him; and with me also, it is ditto and the same.

When two souls set out in married life, a sailin'



"THE VOYAGE OF LIFE."

out on the sea of True Love, they must expect to
steer at first through rocks, and get tangled in the

sea weed, the rocks of opposing wills, and the sea weed of selfishness. And before they get the hang of the boat it will go contrary, squalls will rise and most upset it, and they'll hist up the wrong sails and tighten the wrong ropes and act like fools generally. And they'll be sick, very; and, will sometimes look back with regret to the lonesome, but peaceful shores they have left, and wish they hadn't never sot out.

But if they'll be patient and steer their boat straight and wise, a calmer sea is ahead, deeper waters of trust and calm affection, in which their boat will sail on-wards first rate. They'll git past the biggest heft of the rocks, and git the nack of sailin' round the ones that are left so's not to hit 'em nigh so often, and the sea weed, unbeknown to them, will kinder drizzle out, and disappear mostly.

I don't have to correct Josiah near so much as I used to, though occasionally, when I know I am in the right, I set up my authority, and *will* be minded; and he hisen. I never see a couple yet, whether they'd own it or not, but what would have their little spats; but good land! if they love each other they git right over it, and it is all fair weather again. The little breeze clears the air, and the sun will shine out again clear as pure water, and bright as a dollar.

Sister Doodle, (Josiah thought it was best to call her so some of the time, he thought it would seem more friendly) she says, the widder does, that she never see a couple live together any happier and

agreabler than me and Josiah live together. She told me it reminded her dretfully of her married life with Doodle. (Josiah had cooed at me a very little that mornin'—not much, for he knows I don't encourage it in him.)

Truly Doodle is her theme, but I hold firm.

She was a helpin' me wash my dishes, and she begun: how much Josiah and I reminded her of her and Doodle.

Says she—"Nobody knows how much that man thought of me; he would say sometimes in the winter when we would wake up in the mornin': 'My dear Dolly,'—he used to call me that, though my name is Nabby, but he said I put him in mind so of a doll, that he couldn't help callin' me so—'My dear Dolly,' he'd say, 'I have been a dreamin' about you.'

"'Have you Mr. Doodle?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he, 'I have been a dreamin' how much I love you, and how pretty you are—jest as pretty as a pink posy.' Them was Mr. Doodle'ses very words: 'a pink posy.'

"I'd say,—'Oh shaw, Mr. Doodle, I guess you are tryin' to foolish me.'

"Says he—'I haint, I drempt it.' And then there would come such a sweet smile all over his linement, and he would say:

"'Dolly, I love to dream about you.'

"'Do you, Mr. Doodle?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he, 'and it seems jest as if I want to

go to sleep and have another nap, jest a purpose to dream about you.'

"And so I would git up and cut the kindlin' wood, and build the fire, and feed the cows, and go round the house a gettin' breakfast, as still as a mice so's not to disturb him, and he'd lay and sleep till I got the coffee



LOVE'S DREAM.

turned out, then he'd git up and tell me his dream. It would be all about how pretty I was, and how much he loved me and how he would die for my sake any time to keep the wind from blowin' too hard onto me. And he would eat jest as hearty and enjoy himself dret-

fully. Oh! we took a sight of comfort together, me and Mr. Doodle did. And I can't never forget him; I can't never marry again, his linement is so stamped onto my memory. Oh, no, I can't never forgit his linement; no other man's linement can be to me what his linement was."

She stopped a minute to ask me where she should set the dishes she had wiped, and I was glad of the

respit, though I knew it would be but a short one. And I was right, for in settin' up the dishes, she see a little milk pitcher that belonged to my first set of dishes; there was a woman painted onto it, and that set her to goin' again. Truly, there is nothin' on the face of the earth, or in the sky above, but what reminds her, in some way, of Doodle. I have known the risin' sun to set her to goin', and the fire-shovel, and the dust-pan. She held the pitcher pensively in her hand a minute or two, and then she says:

"This picture looks as I did, when I married Mr. Doodle. I was dretful pretty, so he used to tell me; too pretty to have any hardships put onto me, so he used to say. There was considerable talk about wimmen's votin', about that time, and he said there wasn't money enough in the world to tempt him to let his Dolly vote. Anything so wearin' as that, he said he should protect me from as long as he had a breath left in his body. He used to git dretful excited about it, he thought so much of me. He said it would 'wear a woman right out; and how should I feel,' says he, 'to see my Dolly wore out.'

"He couldn't use to bear to have me go a visitin', either. He said talkin' with neighborin' wimmen' was wearin' too, and to have to come home and git supper for him after dark; he said he couldn't bear to see me do it. He never was no hand to pick up a supper, and I always had to come home and git his supper by candle light—meat vittles; he always

had to have jest what he wanted to eat, or it made him sick, he was one of that kind—give him the palsy. He never *had* the palsy, but he always said that all that kep' him from it, was havin' jest what he wanted to eat, jest at the time he wanted it; and so he would lay down on the lounge while I got his supper ready. I'd have to begin at the very beginning, for he never was one of the men that could hang over the tea-kettle, or git up potatoes, or anything of that sort; and I'd most always have to build up the fire, for he thought it wasn't a man's place to do such things. He was a dretful hand to want everybody to keep their place; that was one reason why he felt so strong about wimmen's votin'. He had a deep, sound mind, my Doodle did. But, as I said, he'd lay on the lounge and worry so about its bein' too much for me; that, ruther than make him feel so bad, I give up visitin' almost entirely. But he never worried about that, so much as he did about votin'; it seemed as if the thought of that almost killed him. He said that with my health, (I didn't enjoy very good health then) I wouldn't stand it a year; I would wilt right down under it. Oh! how much that man did think of me!

"When I would be a workin' in the garden, (I took all the care of the garden,) or when I would be a pickin' up chips—we was kinder bothered for wood—he'd set out on the back piazza with his paper, the Evenin' Grippler—awful strong paper against wimmen's rights—and as I would be a bringin' my chips



PRETTY HANDS AND EYES.

in, (we had a old bushel basket that I used,) he would look up from his paper and say to me,—‘Oh, them pretty little hands, how cunning they look, a quirling round the basket handles; and oh, them pretty little eyes; what should I do if it wasn’t for my Dolly? And how should I feel if them pretty little eyes was a lookin’ at the pole?’ Says he, ‘It would kill me Dolly; it would use me right up.’

“And then, when I would be a churnin’—we had a good deal of cream, and the butter come awful hard; sometimes it would take me most all day and lame my



HELPING CHURN.

back for a week—and when I would be a churnin’, he would be so good to me to help me pass away the time. He would set in his rockin’ chair—I cushioned

it a purpose for him—and he would set and read the Evenin' Grippher to me; sometimes he would read it clear through before I would fetch the butter; beautiful arguments there would be in it ag'inst wimmen's rights. I used to know the Editor was jest another such a man as my Mr. Doodle was, and I would wonder how any livin' woman could stand out ag'inst such arguments, they proved right out so strong that votin' would be too much for the weaker sect, and that men wouldn't feel nigh so tender and reverential towards 'em, as they did now.

“We wasn't very well off in them days, for Mr. Doodle was obliged to mortgage the farm I brought him when we was married, and it was all we could do to keep up the money due on the mortgage, and father wouldn't help us much; he said we must work for a livin', jest as he did; and the farm kinder run down, for Mr. Doodle said he couldn't go out to work and leave me for a hull day, he worshiped me so; so we let out the place on shares, and I took in work a good deal. When I was a workin', Mr. Doodle would set and look at me for hours and hours, with a sweet smile on his linement, and tell me how delicate and pretty I was and how much he thought of me, and how he would die and be skinned—have his hide took completely off of him—before he'd let me vote, or have any other hardship put on me. Oh! what a sight of comfort me and Mr. Doodle did take together; and when I think how he died, and was a

corpse—and he was a corpse jest as quick as he was dead, Mr. Doodle was—oh how I do feel. I can't never forget him, his linement is so stamped onto my memory. I never can forget his linement, never."

And so she'll go on from hour to hour, and from day to day, about Doodle and Wimmen's Rights—Wimmen's Rights and Doodle; drivin' ahead of her a drove of particulars, far, far more numerous than was ever heerd of in Jonesville, or the world; and I—inwardly callin' on the name of John Rogers—hear her go on, and don't call Doodle all to nothin', or argue with her on Wimmen's Rights. My mean is calm and noble; I am nerved almost completely up by principle; and then, it is dretful wrenchin' to the arm to hit hard blows ag'inst nothin'.

Truly, if anybody don't know anything, you can't git any sense out of 'em. You might jest as well go to reckonin' up a hull row of orts, expectin' to have 'em amount to sunthin'. Ort times ort is ort, and nothin' else; and ort from ort leaves nothin' every time, and nothin' to carry; and you may add up ort after ort, all day, and you wont have nothin' but a ort to fall back on. And so with the Widder Doodle, you may pump her mind till the day of pancakes, (as a profane poet observes,) and you wont git anything but a ort out of it,—speakin' in a 'rithmetic way.

Not that she is to blame for it, come to look at it in a reasonable and scientific sense. All figgers in life can't count up the same way. There's them that

count one,—made so ; got a little common sense unbeknown to them. Then there's some that double on that, and count two,—more sense, and can't help it; and all the way up to nine; and then there is the orts—made orts entirely unbeknown to them; and so, why should figgers seven, or eight, or even nine, boast themselves over the orts.

Truly, we all have abundant reason to be humble, and feel a humiliatin' feelin'. The biggest figgers in this life don't count up any too high, don't know any too much. And all the figgers put together, big and little mingled in with orts, all make up a curious sum that our heads haint strong enough to figger out straight. It is a sum that is bein' worked out by a strong mind above our'n, and we can't see the answer yet, none on us.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0 \\
 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0 \\
 \hline
 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0\ 0
 \end{array}$$



A DEBATE ON INTEMPERANCE.

LAST Tuesday evenin' the "Creation Searchin' Society" argued on this question.

"Resolved ; It is right to licence intemperance."

Cornelius Cork, the President, got up and give the question out, and then a stern majestic look swept over his face, some like a thunder cloud, and says he, pintin' out his forefinger nobly :

"Brother 'Creation Searchers,' and friends and neighbors promiscuous. Before we tackle this momentous subject to-night, I have got a little act of justice to preform, which if I shirked out of doin' of it, would send my name down to posterity as a coward, a rank traitor, and almost a impostor. The public mind is outraged at the present time, by officers in high places provin' traitors to their trust: traitors to the confidin' public that have raised 'em up to their high stations. The public of Jonesville will find that *I* am not one of that kind, that *I* am not to be trifled with,

nor will *I* be seduced by flattery or gifts, to permit them that have raised me up to the height I now stand on, to be trifled with."

Here he paused a moment, and laid his forefinger on his heart and looked round on us, as if he was invitin' us all to take our lanterns and walk through it, and behold its purity. That gesture took dretful well with the audience. The President realized it, he see what he had done, and he kep' the same position as he proceeded and went on.

"Every one who was present at the last meetin' of our 'Creation Searchin' Society' knows there was a disturbance there. They know and I know that right in the midst of our most searchin' investigations, some unprincipled villain in the disguise of humanity outraged us, and insulted us, and defied us by blimmin'; in other words by yellin' out 'Blim! Blim!' every few minutes. And now I publicly state and proclaim to that blimmer, that if he blims here to night, I will put the papers onto him. I will set the law at him. I'll see what Blackstone and Coke has to say about blimmin'."

He hadn't no more'n got the words out of his mouth, when "Blim!" came from one side of the house, and "Blim! Blim!" came from the other side. Nobody couldn't tell who it was, there was such a crowd. Cornelius Cork's face turned as red as a root-a-bagy beet, and he yelled out in the awfulest tone I had ever heerd him use—and if we had all

been polar bears right from the pole, he couldn't have took a more deadly aim at us with that awful fore-finger :

“Stop that blimmin' instantly !”

His tone was so loud and awful, and his gesture so fearfully commandin' and threatenin', that the house was still as a mice. You could hear a clothes-pin drop in any part of it.

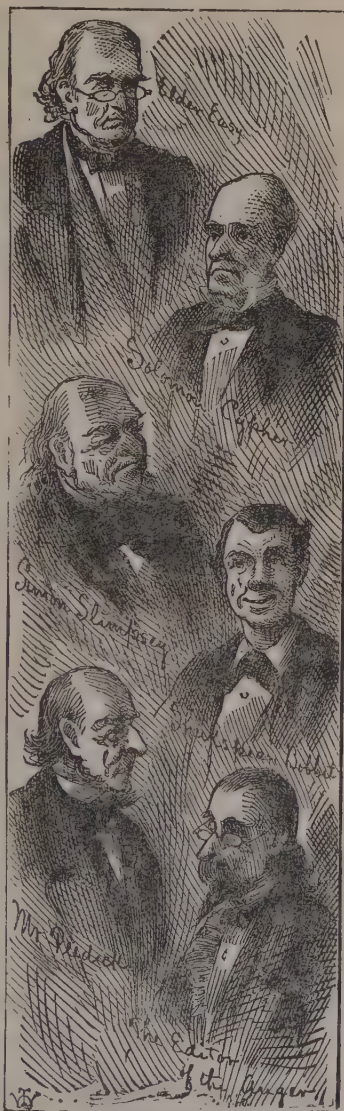
Here he set down, and the meetin' begun. Elder Easy was on the affirmative, and Thomas J. on the negative, as they call it.

Elder Easy is a first-rate man, and a good provider, but awful conservative. He believes in doin' jest as his 4 fathers did every time round. If anybody should offer to let him look at the other side of the moon, he would say gently but sweetly : “No, I thank you, my 4 fathers never see it, and so I would rather be excused from beholdin' it if you please.” He is polite as a basket of chips, and well meanin' ; I haint a doubt of it in my own mind. But he and Samantha Allen, late Smith, differs ; that female loves to look on every side of a heavenly idee. I respect my 4 fathers, I think a sight of the old men. They did a good work in cuttin' down stumps and so 4th. I honor 'em ; respect their memory. But cities stand now where they had loggin' bees. Times change, and we change with 'em. They had to rastle with stumps and brush-heaps, it was their duty ; they did it, and conquered. And it is for us now, who

dwel on the smooth places they cleared for us, to rastle with principle and idees. Have loggin' bees to pile up old rusty brushwood of unjust laws and customs, and set fire to 'em and burn 'em up root and branch, and plant in their ashes the seeds of truth and right, that shall yet wave in a golden harvest, under happier skies than ourn. If we don't, shall we be doin' for posterity what they did for us? For we too are posterity, though mebbly we don't realize it, as we ort to.

But Elder Easy, although he lives in the present time, is in spirit a 4 father, (though I don't say it in a runnin' way at all, for I like 'em, have swappd hens with him and her, and neighbored with 'em considerable.) He was on the likker side, not that he wants to get drunk, or thinks anything particular of likker himself, but he believes in moderate drinkin' because his 4 fathers drank moderate. He believes in licensin' intemperance because his 4 fathers was licensed. And Shakespear Bobbet was on his side, and old Mr. Peedick, and the Editor of the Auger, (he is a democrat and went for slavery strong, felt like death when the slaves was set free, and now he wants folks to drink all they can, goes for intemperance strong. He drinks, so they say, though I wouldn't have it go from Josiah or me for the world.) And Solomon Cypher was on that side. He drinks. And Simon Slimpsey; howsumever, he haint of much account anyway, he has almost ruined himself with the horrors.

He has 'em every day stiddy, and sometimes two and three times a day. He told a neighborin' woman that he hadn't been out of 'em sense the day he was married to Betsey, she was so uncommon mean to him. I told her when she was a tellin' me about it (she is a real news-bearer, and I didn't want to say anything she could carry back) I merely observed in a cool way: "I have always had my opinion about clingers, and wimmen that didn't want no rights, I have kep' my eye on 'em, I have kep' my eye on their husbands, and my mind haint moved a inch concernin' them from the place it stood in more formally." I didn't say no more, not wantin' to run Betsey to her



THE AFFIRMATIVE.

back, and then truly, as a deep thinker observes in one of his orations, "a dog that will fetch a bone, will carry one."

On Thomas Jefferson's side was himself, the Editor of the Gimlet, Lawyer Nugent, Doctor Bombus, Elder Morton, and Whitfield Minkley—six on each side. Thomas Jefferson spoke first, and he spoke well, that I know. I turned right round and give sister Minkley a proud happy look several times while Thomas J. was a talkin'; she sot right behind me. I felt well. And I hunched Josiah several times when he said his best things, and he me, for we both felt noble in mind to hear him go on.

His first speech was what they call an easy, or sunthin' considerable like that; Josiah said when we was a goin' home that they called it an essence, but I told him I knew better than that. He contended, and I told him I would leave it to Thomas J. but it slipped my mind. Howsumever it haint no matter; it is the thing itself that Josiah Allen's wife looks at, and not the name of it. The easy—or sunthin' like it,—run as follows: I believe my soul I can git the exact words down, for I listened to it with every ear I had, and upheld by the thoughts of the future generations, and the cause of Right, I kinder took it out of his overcoat pocket the next day, and read it over seven times from beginnin' to end. I should have read it eight times, if I had had time.

He seemed to be a pryin' into what the chief

glory and pleasure of gettin' drunk consisted in; he said the shame, the despair, and the ruin of intemperance anyone could see. And he pictured out the agony of a drunkard's home, till there wasn't a dry eye in my head, nor Josiah's nuther. And he said in windin' up, (I shàn't put down the hull on't, for it would be too long) but the closin' up of it was:

"I don't believe there is a sadder sight for men or angels, than to see a man made in the image of God willfully casting aside his heritage of noble and true manhood; slipping the handcuffs over his own wrists; and offering himself a willing captive to the mighty but **invisible** wine spirit.

"No slave bound to the chariot wheels of a conqueror is so deplorable a sight as the captive of wine. His face does not shine like the face of an angel, as did a captive in the old time—but with so vacant and foolish an expression, that you can see at once that he is hopelessly bound, body, mind and soul to his conqueror's chariot. And a wonderful conqueror is he, so weak in seeming as to hide beneath the ruby glitter of a wine cup, and yet so mighty as to fill our prisons with criminals, our asylums with lunatics—and our grave-yards with graves. Mightier than Time or Death, for outstripping time, he ploughs premature furrows on the brow of manhood and alienates affection Death has no power over.

"I have often marvelled where the chief glory of dissipation came in. Its evil effects were always too

hideously palpable to be misunderstood; but in what consists the gloating pleasure for which a man is willing to break the hearts of those who love him, bring himself to beggary, endow his children with an undeserved heritage of shame, destroy his intellect, ruin his body, and imperil his soul, is a mystery.

“I have wondered whether its chief bliss consisted in the taste of the cup; if so, it must be indeed a delicious enjoyment, transitory as it is, for which a man would be willing to loose earth and heaven. Or if it were in that intermediate stage, before the diviner nature is entirely merged in the animal—the foolish stage, when a man is so affectionately desirous of doing his full duty by his hearers, that he repeats his commonest remarks incessantly, with a thick tongue and thicker meaning, and if sentimentally inclined, smiles, oh how feebly, and sheds such very foolish tears. In looking upon such a scene, another wonder awakens in me, whether Satan, who with all his faults is uncommonly intelligent, is not ashamed of his maudlin friend. Or is the consummation of glory in the next stage, where with oaths and curses a man dashes his clenched fists into the faces of his best friends, pursues imaginary serpents and fiends, thrusts his wife and children out into the cold night of mid-winter, and bars against them the doors of home. And home! what a desecration of that word which should be the synonym of rest, peace and consolation, is a drunkard’s home. Or is the full measure of pleasure attained

when he, the noblest work of God, is stretched out at his full six feet length of unconsciousness, stupidity and degradation.

“If there be a lonely woman amid the multitude of lonely and sorrowful women, more to be pitied than another, I think it is a wife lookin’ upon the one she has promised to honor, lying upon the bed with his hat and boots on. Her comforter, who swore at her as long as he could speak at all. Her protector, utterly unable to brush a fly from his own face. Her companion, lying in all the stupor of death, with none of its solemn dignity. As he is entirely unconscious of her acts, I wonder if she never employs the slowly passing moments in taking down her old idol, her ideal, from its place in her memory, and comparing it with its broken and defaced image before her. Of all the poor broken idols, shattered into fragments for the divine patience of womanhood to gather together and cement with tears, such a ruin as this seems the most impossible to mould anew into any form of comeliness. And if there is a commandment seemingly impossible to obey, it is for a woman to love a man she is in deadly fear of, honor a man she can’t help bein’ ashamed of, and obey a man who cannot speak his commands intelligibly.”

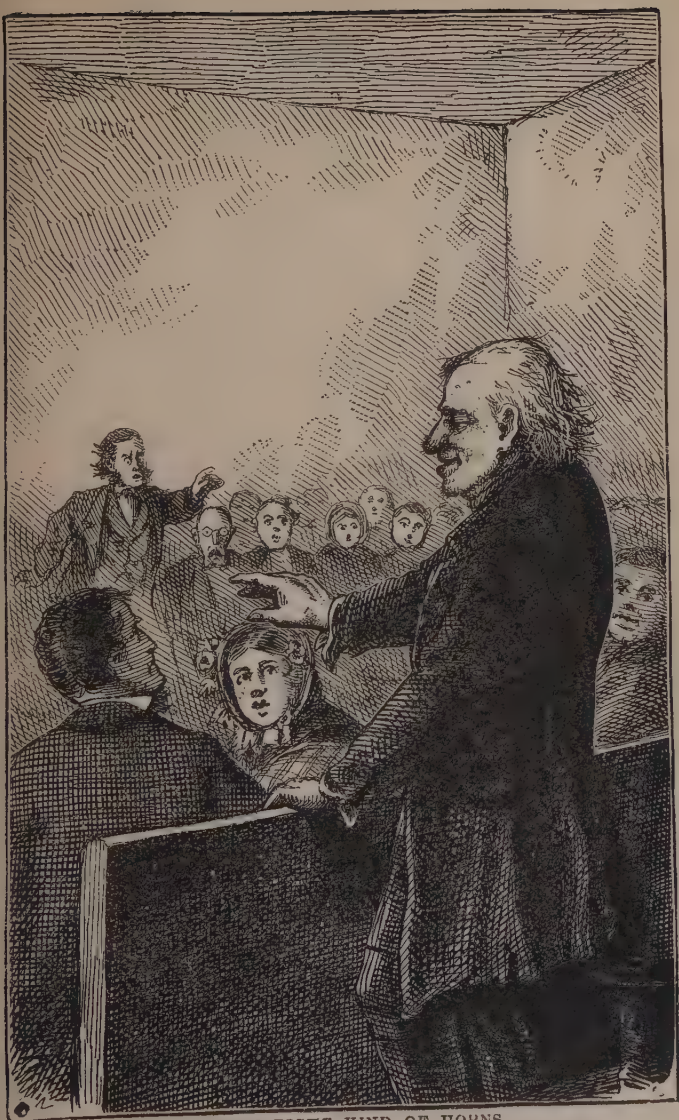
It was a proud moment for Josiah Allen and me, to hear Thomas J. go on; and to have the hull house so still, while he was makin’ his eloquent speech, that you could hear a clothes-pin drop in any part

of the room. And though my companion, perfectly carried away by his glad emotions, hunched me several time harder than he had any idee of, and almost gored my ribs with his elbo, I didn't, as you may say, seem to sense it at all. And though in hunchin' and bein' hunched, I dropped more'n 20 stitches in Josiah's socks, I didn't care for that a mite; I had plenty of time to pick 'em up durin' the next speech, which was the Editor of the Auger'es, (he has got over the zebra, so's to be out.)

I have said, and I say still, that I never see a man that would spread a idee out thinner than he will,—cover more ground with it. Talk about Ingy Rubber stretchin',—why that man will take one small thought and pull it out and string on enough big words to sink it, seemin'ly.

Howsumever, his talk did jest about as much good on Thomas J's side, as on hisen, for he didn't seem to pay any attention to the subject, but give his hull mind to stringin' big words onto his idees, and then stretchin' 'em out as fur as human strength can go. That, truly, was his strong pint. But jest as he bent his knees and begun to set down, he kinder straightened up again and said the only thing that amounted to a thing. He said,—“Keepin' folks from 'sellin' likker, is takin' away their rights.”

“Rights!” says Thomas Jefferson, ‘jumpin’ upon his feet the minute he set down. “Rights! The first right and law of our nature, is self-preservation,



NOT THE RIGHT KIND OF HORNS.

and what safety has any man while the streets are filled with men turned into crazed brutes by this traffic you are upholdin'? Every one knows that a drunken man entirely loses for the time his reasoning faculties, his morality and his conscience, and is made ripe for any crime. That he is jest as ready to rob and murder innocent citizens as to smoke his pipe. So if you and I lend our influence and our votes to make intemperance legal, we make arson, burglary, rape, robbery, murder, legal. Tell me a man has a right to thus plant the seeds of crime and murder in a man's soul, and imperil the safety of the whole community. Why, the Bible says, that if a man let loose a wild ox, and it gored men with its horns and killed them, the men that let it go loose should surely be put to death."

Here Simon Slimpsey got up, kinder hangin' on to the bench, and made a dretful simple sort of a wink with one eye, and says he:

"Them haint the kind o' horns we are a talkin' about, we are talkin' about takin' a horn of whisky now and then."

"Yes," said Thomas J. "there was never a more appropriate name; for if there ever were horns that gored, and stabbed, and killed, it is these."

Elder Easy spoke out, and says he,—“The Bible says: ‘take a little wine for the stomach sake.’”

But Elder Morton jumped up, and says he,—“There was two kinds of likker in earlier times; one

that was unfermented and harmless, and contained no alcohol or any principle of intoxication, and another that contained this raging mocker."

Then old Peedick spoke up. Says he,—“Likker would be all right if it wasn't for the adultery in it: poison stuff, wormwood, and etcetery."

But Dr. Bombus jumped up, and says he,—“Nothing that can be put into it, can be worse poison than the pure alcohol itself, for that is a rank poison for which no antidote has ever been found; useful for medical purposes, like some other poisons: arsenic, opium, laudanum, and so 4th."

But old Peedick kep' a mutterin',—“I know there's adultery in it;” and kep' a goin' on till Cornelius Cork, the President, sot him down, and choked him off.

Solomon Cypher spoke up, and says he:

“No! licence bills don't do no good; there is more likker drunk when there haint no licence, than when there is. If you hinder one man from sellin' it, another will."

I declare, that excited me so, that entirely unbeknown to myself, I spoke right out loud to Josiah:

“Good land! of all the poor excuses I ever heerd, that is the poorest. If I don't kill my grandmother, somebody else will; or she'll die herself, of old age, or sunthin'; good land!"

The sound of my voice kinder brought my mind back, and Josiah lunched me hard, and I went to knittin' dretful fast. Whitfield looked round to me

and kinder smiled, and says he, right out in meetin' :

“ That's so, Mother Allen ! ”

I declare for't, I didn't know whether I was seam-in' two and one, or towin' off, or in the narrowins. I was agitated.

But Whitfield went right on, for it was his turn. His speech was about licencing wrong: admitting a thing was wrong, evil in itself and evil in its effects, and then allowin' folks to carry on the iniquity, if they'd pay enough for it. It was about givin' folks the privilege of bein' mean, for money; about a nation sellin' the right to do wrong, and so 4th.

Whitfield done well; I know it, and Tirzah Ann knows it. Jest as quick as he sot down, Solomon Cypher got up and says he—with an air as if the argument he was about to bring forred, would bring down the school-house, convince everybody, and set the question to rest forever:

“ The way I look at it, is this : ” said he, (smitin' his breast as hard as I ever see a breast smote,) “ if there haint no licence, if a man treats me, and I want to treat him back again, where— ” (and again he smote his breast almost fearfully,) “ *where* will I git my likker to do it with.”

“ That's so ; ” said Simon Slimpsey, “ there he has got you ; you can't git round that.”

Then Thomas J. spoke and brought up facts and figgers that nobody couldn't git over, or crawl round ; proved it right out, that intemperance caused more

deaths than war, pestilence, and famine; that more than half the crimes committed in the United States could be traced back to drink; and eighty out of every hundred was helped on by it. And then he went on to tell how they transmitted the curse to their children, and how, through its effects, infant babes was born drunkards, idiots, and criminals, entirely unknown to them; that the influence of our free schools is destroyed by the influence of the other free schools the nation allows for the children of the people—the dram shops, and other legalized places of ruin—that while the cries of the starving and naked were filling our ears from all sides, seven hundred millions of dollars were annually spent for intoxicating drink. Instead of spending these millions for food and clothing for the perishing, we spent them for ignorance, beastliness, taxation, crime, despair, madness and death.” Says he:

“The cost of likker-drinkin’, from 1861 to 1870, was six thousand millions of dollars. Add to that, the labor in raising the grain to make it; all the labor of distilling it; all the loss of labor the drinking of it entailed; the sickness, deaths and crimes that resulted from its use; the ships that went down in mid-ocean, through the drunkenness of their crews—engulfing thousands of lives; the ghastly railroad accidents that fill our newspapers with long death-lists; the suicides and thousands of fatal accidents, all over the land, caused by it; the robberies and murders, and the cost

of tryin' the criminals, buildin' the prisons, penitentiaries and jails, and supportin' them therein; the alms-houses for the paupers made by it; the asylums for the insane, and the hirin' of officers and attendants to take care of them. Imagine the sum-total if you can, and add to it, the six thousand millions of dollars,—and all spent for that which is not only useless, but ruinous. And honest, sober citizens consent to have their property taxed to support this system.

“What if this enormous amount of money was spent by our government, for the compulsory education of the children of the poor; takin' them from their wretched haunts and dens—schools of infamy, where they are bein' educated in criminality—and teachin' them to be honest and self-supportin'. What a marvelous decrease of crime there would be; what a marvelous increase of the national wealth and respectability.”

He said he had been lookin' upon the subject in a financial point of view, for its moral effects could not be reduced to statistics. Says he:

“Now, with our boasted civilization, we support four drinkin' saloons to one church. Which exerts the widest influence? In one of the finest cities of New England, there are to-day, ten drinkin' saloons to one church, and a buildin' owned by the Governor of the state has two drinkin' saloons in it, the rum-sellers hiring directly of him. The Indians, Buddhists, and Brahmins, the savage and heathen races,

whom we look down upon with our wise and lofty pity, are our superiors in this matter, for they know nothin' of drunkenness still we teach them. How will it be looked upon by the Righteous Judge above, that with all our efforts to evangelize the heathen; our money offerin's of millions of dollars; our life offerin's of teachers and missionaries; our loud talkin', and our long prayers; after all the efforts of the Christian world, the facts face us: that for one heathen who is converted to Christ by the preachin' of the tongue of our civilized race, one thousand sober heathen are made drunkards by the louder preachin' of our example; are made by us—if we believe the Bible—unfit for ever enterin' the heaven we make such powerful efforts to tell them of."

"And" says he, "the sufferin' intemperance has caused cannot possibly be reckoned up by figgers,—the shame, disgrace, and desolation, wretchedness to the guiltless, as well as the guilty. The blackness of despair that is dark enough to veil the very heavens from innocent eyes, and make them doubt the existence of a God—who can permit a nation to make such a traffic respectable and protect it with the shadow of the law."

Says he, "When you have licenced a man to sell likker, and protected him by the law you have helped to make, he sells a pint of likker to a drunkard; do you know what you and he are sellin'? You know you are sellin' poverty, and bodily ruin, and

wretchedness; this you know. But you may be sellin' a murder, a coffin and a windin'-sheet; sellin' broken hearts, and a desolate hearth-stone; sufferin' to the innocent, that will outlast a life-time; ruin, disgrace despair, and the everlastin' doom of a deathless soul. Tell me any one has a right to do this? Men in their greed and self interest may make their wretched laws to sanction this crime, but God's laws are mightier and will yet prevail."

Every word Thomas J. said went right to my heart. You see, a heart where a child's head has laid—asleep or awake—till it has printed itself completely onto it, that heart seems to be a holdin' it still when the head's got too large to lay there bodily (as it were.) Their wrong acts pierce it right through, and their noble doin's cause it to swell up with proud happiness.

Dr. Bombus bein' dretful excited riz right up, and says he, "How any good man can sanction this infamous traffic, how any minister of the Gospel——" But here the President made the Dr. set down, for it was Elder Easy's turn.

And the Elder got up. I see he was kinder touched up by what the Dr. had said, and he made a long speech about what he thought it was a minister's place to do. He thought it wasn't their place to meddle in political matters. I kinder got it into my head from what he said, though he didn't say it right out, that he thought there was bad men enough to make our laws without good men meddlin' with 'em. And in

windin' up he said he thought ministers took too active a part in the Temperance move; he heerd of ministers preachin' sermons about it on Sunday, and though he had no doubt they meant well, still, he must say he thought there was other subjects that was better fitted for good men to hold forth and improve upon. He thought the cross of Christ, warnin' sinners to keep out of a future hell, was better subjects for 'em, and then he said the Bible was full of beautiful themes for Sunday discourses, such as the possibility of recognizin' our friends in a future world, and so 4th.

Thomas J. got up and answered him.

Says he, "The subject of recognizin' our friends in a future world is a beautiful one, and worthy of much thought. But I think it is commendable to try to keep our friends in a condition to recognize us in this world, try to keep a man while he is alive, so he will know his own wife and children, and not turn them out into the storm of a winter midnight, and murder them in his mad frenzy."

Jest at this minute—when Thomas J. was goin' on his noblest—some unprincipled creeter and no nothing,—whoever it was—yelled out "Blim!" again, and Cornelius Cork, the President, bein' on a keen watch for iniquities, jumped out of his seat as if he had been shot out of it with a shot-gun. And he lifted up his head nobly and walked down the aisle of the school-house, in jest that proud triumphant way that

Napoleon walked along on top of the Alp, and with that same victorious mean of a conqueror onto him,



THE BLIMMER CAUGHT.

with his forefinger pinte out firmly and calmly, and almost nobly, he exclaimed in loud, glad tones, and the majesticest I ever heerd in my life :

“I’ve catched him at it! I’ve catched the blimmer! I heerd him blim! I seen him! I seen him when he was a blimmin’! Ike Gansey, I fine you ten cents and cost for *blimmin*.”

Here he collared him, dragged him out by the seat of his breeches, and shet the door in his face,

and came back pantin' for breath, but proud and victorious in his mean. Then the Editor of the Auger got up to make the closing speech, when all of a sudden the door opened, and in walked Miss Gowdey. I thought in a minute she looked dretful kinder frustrated and awe-struck. She sot right down by me—Josiah had gone across the school-house to speak to Whitfield on business—and says I :

"What is the matter, sister Gowdey!" (sister in the church;) says I: "you look as white as a white woolen sheet."

Then she says to me and sister Minkley; says she:

"Sunthin' dretful has happened!"

"What is it?" says I.

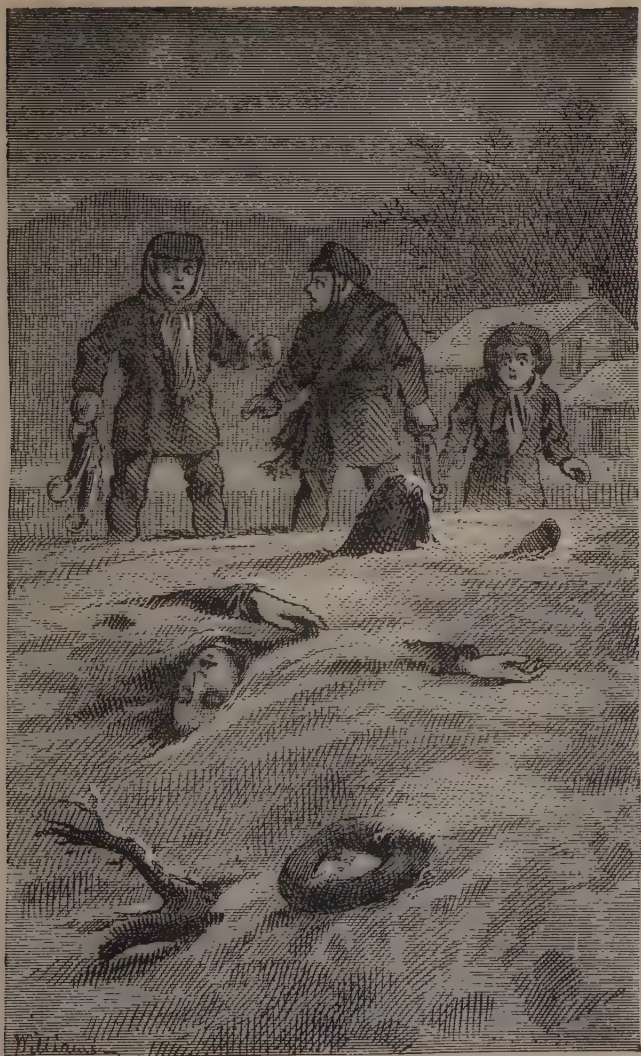
"Do tell us sister Gowdey!" says sister Minkley.

Says she, "You know how cold it is!"

Says I, "I *guess* I do; Josiah froze one of his ears a comin' here to-night, as stiff as a chip offen the north pole."

"And our buttery shelves froze for the first time in years," says sister Minkley.

"Well," says she "Willie Harris, Widder Harris'es Willie, was found froze to death in that big snow drift jest the other side of the canal. You know sense they licenced that new drinkin' saloon, Willie has got into bad company, and he left there late last night, after he and a hull party of young fellers had been a drinkin' and carousin'; he couldn't hardly stand up when he left, and they s'pose he lost his



FOUND DEAD.

way and fell in the snow; and there he was, jest the other side of his mother's, half covered up in the snow; some boys that were skatin' on the canal found him jest at dark. I never see such a house in my life; the Dr. thinks it will kill his mother, you know she has worked so hard to educate him, almost killed herself, and was happy a doin' it; she loved him so, and was so proud of him; and she has such a loving, dependent nature; such a affectionate tender-hearted little woman; and Willie was all she had. She lays there, lookin' like a dead woman. I have been there all the evenin'."

All the while Miss Gowdey was a speakin', my heart kep' a sinkin' lower and lower, further and further down every minute, till I declare for't, I didn't know where it would go to, and I didn't much care. Willie Harris! that handsome, happy boy that had sot on my knee a hundred times with my Thomas Jefferson; played with him, slept with him. That bright pretty boy, with his frank generous face, his laughing blue eyes, and his curly brown hair—his mother's pride and darling. Oh! what feelin's I felt. And then all of a sudden, my heart took a new start, and sunk down more'n two inches I'll bet, at one sinkin', as a thought gripped holt of me. What if it had been my Thomas Jefferson! And as that thought tackled me, without mistrustin' what I was a doin' I turned round in my seat and spoke right out loud to sister Minkley. Says I:

"Sister Minkley what if it was my Thomas Jefferson

that was murdered accordin' to law? What if it was *my* boy that was layin' out there under the snow?"

Sister Minkley had her white linen handkerchief up to her eyes, and she didn't say a word; but she give several sithes, awful deep; she has got a mother's heart under her breast bone; she has had between twelve and thirteen childern of her own, and they was on her mind. She couldn't speak a word, but she sithed powerful, and frequent. But though I was as agitated as agitated could be, and though there wasn't a dry eye in my head, I began to feel dretful eloquent in mind; my soul soared up awfully, and I kep' on:

Says I, "Sister Minkley, how can we mother's live if we don't put our shoulder blades to the wheel?" says I, "we must put 'em there whether or no; we are movin' the wheel one way, or the other anyway. In this, as in every other reform, public sentiment has got to work with the law, stand behind the law and push it ahead of it, or else it wont never roll onward to victory." Says I, "It is a wheel that is loose jinted, the spokes are sot loose on the hub; it is slippery, and easy to run backwards; it is always easier to push anything down hill than up, and there is far more pushers in that direction. And one of the solemnest things I ever see, sister Minkley, is this thought—that you and I, and everybody else is a push-in' it one way or the other every day of our lives; we can't shirk out of it, we are either for it or ag'inst it. A man or a woman can't git away from

castin' their influence one way or the other no more than they can git away from their shadder on a desert, with the sun bilein' down on 'em, and no shade trees in sight. There haint no trees tall enough to hide us from the blazin' sun of God's truth; this cause is before us, and we must work with God or ag'inst him."

"Amen!" says sister Minkley out from under her white linen handkerchief, and she sithed hard.

"How can we help workin', sister Minkley? How can we fold our hands up, and rest on our feather beds? If a deadly serpent had broke loose from some circus, and was a wreathin' and twistin' his way through Jonesville, swallerin' down a man or a woman every few days, would men stand with their hands in their pockets, or a leanin' up ag'inst barn-doors a whittlin'; arguin' feebly from year to year, whether it was best to try to catch the serpent and cut its head off, or whether it was best after all to let him go free? After they had seen some of their best friends swallowed down by it, wouldn't they make an effort to capture it? Wouldn't they chase it into any hole they could get it into? Wouldn't they turn the first key on it they could git holt of? And if it broke loose from that, wouldn't they try another key, and another, till they got one that would holt him?"

"Do you s'pose they would rent out that serpent at so much a year to crunch and swallow folks accordin' to law? And would it be any easier for the folks that was crunched and swallowed, and for the survivin'

friends of the same, if they was killed by act of Congress? What would such a law be thought of sister Minkley? and that is nothin' to the wickedness of the laws as they be. For what is one middlin' sized serpent in a circus, that couldn't eat more'n one man a week with any relish, to this of intemperance that swallows down a hundred thousand every year, and is as big as that Great Midgard serpent I have heerd Thomas J. read about, whose folds encompass the earth."

Sister Minkley sithed so loud that it sounded some like a groan, and I kep' on in a dretful eloquent way:

"We have got to take these things to home sister Minkley, in order to realize 'em. Yours and mine, are as far apart as the poles when we are talkin' about such things. As a general rule we can bear other folks'es trials and sufferin's with resignation. When it is your brother, and husband, that is goin' the downward road, we can endure it with considerable calmness; but when it is a part of my own heart, *my* Willie, or *my* Charley that is goin' down to ruin, we feel as if men and angels must help rescue him. When it is mine, when it is mother's boy that is lyin' murdered by this trade of death—when the cold snow has drifted down over the shinin' curls that are every one wove into her heart strings, and the colder drifts of disgrace and shame are heaped over his memory—how does the poison look to her that has killed her darling? How does the law that

sanctions the murder seem to her? Then it is that yours and mine draw near to each other. It is the divine fellowship of suffering our Lord speaks of, that brings other hearts near to ours, makes us willin' to toil for others, live for them, die for them if need be. It was this, that sent forth that wonderful Woman's Crusade, made tender timid women into heroes willin' to oppose their weakness to banded strength. It was this that made victory possible to them.

'When a king was chosen in the old time to lead the people of the Lord to victory, he was consecrated by the touch of a royal hand. And it was these women, weak and tender, touched with the divine royalty of sorrow, that God chose to confound the mighty.

"And other great souled women, who loved the praise of God better than the praise of the world, joined 'em; they swept over the land, the most wonderful army that was ever seen. Conquerin' minds and hearts, instead of bodies, with tears and prayers for weapons. Hindered not by ridicule, helped by angels, enduring as seeing Him who is invisible, conquerin' in His name. What was the Crusade to the Holy Land that I have heerd Thomas J. read about, to this? That was to protect the sepulchre where the body of our Lord was once laid, but this was to defend the living Christ, the God in man."

I don't know how much longer I should have kep' on, for I seemed to feel more and more eloquent every

minute—if I hadn't all of a sudden heerd a little low modest snore right in front of me, and I see sister Minkley was asleep, and that brung my senses back as you may say, and when I took a realizin' sense of my situation, and see how still the school-house was and everybody a listenin' to me, I was completely dumbfounded to think I had spoke right out in meetin' entirely unbeknown to me.

Cornelius Cork the President was a sheddin' tears, though bein' a man he tried to conceal 'em by blowin' his nose and coughin' considerable hard. But coughin' couldn't deceive me; no! the whoopin' cough couldn't, not if he had whooped like an Injun's war-whoop. I see 'em, I had my eye on 'em.

You see he was own cousin to Willie Harris on his mother's side — Willie's mother and his, was own sisters. They was old Joe Snyder'ses girls by his first wife.

Cornelius Cork never asked a person to judge on the question, or vote on it, or anything. He jest jumped right up onto his feet, and says he in a real agitated and choked up voice:

"It is decided, that it is wrong to licence intemperance." And then he coughed again awful hard. And Lawyer Nugent got up and said sunthin' about adjournin' the meetin' till "Sime-die." Though what Simon he meant, and what ailed Sime, and whether he died or not, I don't know to this day no more than you do. Howsumever, we all started for home.



TIRZAH ANN AS A WIFE.

TIRZAH ANN was to home a visitin', yesterday. They keep house in part of Brother Minkley's house, for this winter. Brother Minkley's house is a bigger one than they need, or can furnish, and it is handy for Whitfield on account of its bein' near to the law office where he learnt his trade. But Whitfield lays out to open a office of his own next summer. Everybody says he will do well, for the lawyer he learnt his trade of, has a awful creek in his back most the hull time. If he is a tryin' anybody, or a swearin' anybody,—right when he is a usin' the biggest words, a tryin' and a swearin'—he is liable to crumple right down, and be carried out with that creek,—no dependence on him at all; and lawyer Snow has got so rich that he don't care whether he works at his trade or not; so there seems to be a clear road for Whitfield.

And they are a goin' to have a house of their own,

before long,—though nobody knows a word about it, only jest Tirzah Ann's pa, and me. I atted Josiah to give Tirzah Ann her portion, now. Says I,—“They are a stiddy, likely, equinomical couple, and wont run through it; why not give 'em a start now, when they need it, as well as to wait till you and I die, and have 'em kinder lookin' forred and 'hankerin' after our shoes,' as the poet says. Says I,—“give her her talent now, Josiah, and let her improve on it.” Says I,—“less buy 'em a house, Josiah Allen; they wont run through it, I know they wont.”

I would sejest this to Josiah Allen, every little while; but he hung off. Josiah is close, (but honest.) But I kep' a sejestin' and I kep' a 'swaidin', and finally he give his consent.

We are goin' to buy 'em a neat little cream-colored house, with green blinds, right on the age of the village. We have got our eyes on it now, Josiah and me have; and to speak more plain, and let out a secret—which *mustn't go no further*—we have got a contract of it. The man can't give a clear deed till 1st of September.

This house and the one next to it—which is jest exactly like it—are kinder set off by themselves, and are the handsomest, pleasantest places in Jonesville, and everybody says so. I told Josiah he couldn't do better than to buy one of 'em, and he sees it now; he feels well.

In the back garden is fruit trees of all kinds, and

berry vines, and bushes, and a well of soft water; two acres of land, "be it more or less: to wit, namely, and so 4th, a runnin' up to a stake, and back again, to wit."

Josiah read it all off to me; he is a great case to read deeds and insurance papers, and so 4th. He thinks they are dretful agreeable readin'.

I know when we was first married, and he wanted to use me so awful well,—bein jest married, he naturally wanted to make himself agreeable and interestin' to me—and so to happyfy me and keep me from bein' homesick, and endear himself still more to me, he would draw out his tin trunk from under the bed, and read over deeds and mortgages to me by the hour. But I didn't encourage him in it, and kinder broke it up; but he loves to read 'em to this day; and I felt so neat over this contract, that I let him read the hull thing right through, and was glad to hear it, though it took him one hour by the clock. He reads slow, and then there was so many whereases, and namelys, and to wits, that he would git baulked every few minutes. He would git to wanderin' round in 'em—git perfectly lost—and I'd have to lay holt and help him out.

We are goin' to git a deed of the house, unbeknown to Whitfield and Tirzah Ann, and make 'em a present of it. They was married the 14th day of September, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon—jest the time Josiah was born—so I told Josiah that I would bake up as

nice vittles as I could, and enough of 'em,—enough to last a week or ten days—and we would have supper all ready in the new house, jest the day of the month and the time of the day he was born and they was married, and invite 'em over; and we'd have Thomas Jefferson and Maggie Snow, and the Widder Doodle, and turn it into a sort of 4th of July,—keep the day in a kind of a camp-meetin', holiday style.

I believe in workin' and earnin' your honest bread, etc. and so 4th; but still, I believe in makin' things agreeable and pleasant, very. We Americans, as a nation, are a dretful anxious-lookin', hard-workin', long-faced, ambitious, go-ahead race, and we tackle a holiday as if it was a hard day's work we had got to git through with jest as quick as we could; and we face enjoyments with considerable the same countenance we do funerals. But I am layin' out now to take a good deal of comfort the 14th of next September, Providence permittin'.

I think a sight of Tirzah Ann. I've done well by her, and she sees it now; she thinks a sight of old mother, I can tell you. She enjoys middlin' poor health, now-a-days, and her pa and I feel anxious about her, and we talk about her a good deal nights, after we git to bed; and I wake up and think of her considerable, and worry.

And truly, if anybody is goin' to set up in the worry business, nights is the best time for it in the hull twenty-four hours; middlin'-sized troubles swell

out so in the dark ; tribulations that haint by daylight much bigger'n a pipes-tail, at midnight will look bigger'n a barn. I declare for't, I've had bunnets before now, that didn't suit me,—was trimmed up too gay, or come over my face too much, or sunthin', and when I'd wake up in the night and think on 'em, they'd look as big to me as a bushel basket, and humbler ; and I'd lay and sweat to think of ever wearin' 'em to meetin' ; but at daylight, they would kinder dwindle down again to their natural shape. And so with other sufferin's that come tougher to me to bear. When I was a bringin' up Thomas Jefferson, tryin' to git him headed right, how many times he has stood before me at midnight a black-leg—his legs as black as a coal, both of 'em ;—a pirate ; a burglar ; he has burgled his pa and me, night after night ; set Jonesville afire ; burnt New York village to ashes ; and has swung himself on the gallows.

And Tirzah Ann has had cancers ; and childern ; and consumptions ; and has been eloped with ; and drowned in the canal, night after night ; but good land ! in the mornin' the childern was all right. The sunshine would shine into my heart like the promises in the Bible to them that try to bring up their childern in the fear of the Lord ; and I could lay holt of them promises and feel first rate.

And Josiah Allen ! I s'pose I have buried that man as many times as he has got hairs on his head, (he is pretty bald) when he'd have a cold or anything. I'd

wake up in the latter part of the night, when it was dark as Egyptian darkness, and I'd git to thinkin' and worryin', and before I knew it, there Josiah would be all laid out and the procession a meanderin' off towards Jonesville buryin' ground, and I a fol-lerin' him, a weepin' widder. And there I'd lay and sweat about it; and I've gone so far as to see myself lay dead by the side of him, killed by the feelin's I felt for that man; and there we'd lay, with one stun over us, a readin':

"Here lays Josiah and Samantha;
Their warfare is accomplished."

Oh! nobody knows the feelin's I would feel there in the dead of night, with Josiah a snorin' peacefully by my side. But jest as quick as the sun would rise up and build up his fire in the east, and Josiah would rise up and build up his fire in the stove, why them ghosts of fears and anxieties that haunted me, would, in the language of the poem Thomas J. was readin' the other day:—Fold up their tents like an Arab man and silently go to stealin' somewhere else. And I'd git up and git a splendid breakfast, and Josiah and I would enjoy ourselves first rate.

There is sunthin' in the sunlight that these phantoms can't stand; curious, but so it is. Their constitution seems to be like the Serious flower that blows out in the night. These serious ghosts—as you may say—are built jest right for livin' in the dark; they

eat darkness and gloom for a livin', die off in the daytime, and then resurrect themselves when it comes dark, ready to tackle anybody again, and haunt 'em, and make 'em perfectly miserable for the time bein'. But truly, I am a episodin'; and to resoom and go on :

Tirzah Ann, as I said, come down a visitin'; she brought down a little pail of canned sweet corn, all fixed for the table. I thought that sweet corn would be the death of the Widder Doodle; it made her think so of Doodle.

"Oh!" says she, "when I think how I used to raise sweet corn in my garden, and how Mr. Doodle would set out on the back stoop and read to me them beautiful arguments ag'inst wimmen's rights, when I was a hoein' it; and how he would enjoy eatin' it when I'd cook it, it seems as if I can't stand it; and shant I never see that man?" says she, "shant I never see that dear linement again?"

And she out with her snuff handkerchief and covered her face with it. Whether she cried or not, I don't know. I shant say she did, or didn't; but she went through with the motions, that I know.

Tirzah Ann was all offen the hooks, yesterday, she felt down-hearted and nervous. She is dretful nervous lately; but I tell Josiah that I've seen other wimmen jest as nervous, and I have; and they got over it, and Tirzah Ann will. There was she that was Celestine Gowdey, she was so nervous—I've heerd her mother say—her husband was most afraid

of his life; she would throw anything at him—the tea-pot, or anything—if he said a word to her she didn't like; scalded him a number of times, real bad. But he, bein' considerable of a family man—he had had three wives and fourteen or fifteen children, before he married Celestine—didn't mind it, knowin' what wimmen was, and that she'd git over it and she did; and so will Tirzah Ann. It comes considerable hard on Whitfield now, but he will git over it and wont mind bein' scolded at, if it rains, or if it don't rain, or if the old cat has kittens.

After dinner the Widder Doodle went up stairs and laid down for a nap, as she makes a practice of doin' every day; and glad enough was I to see her go. And after she had laid down and our ears had got rested off, and I had got the work all done up, and Tirzah Ann and me had sot down to our sewin'—she was doin' some fine sewin' and I laid to and helped her—as we sot there all alone by ourselves she began on me, and her face lengthened down a considerable number of inches longer than I had ever seen it as she went on:

She was afraid Whitfield didn't think so much of her as he used to; he didn't act a mite as he used to when he was a courtin' of her. Didn't kiss her so much in a week now, as he used to one Sunday night. Didn't set and look at her for hours and hours at a time, as he did then. Didn't seem to be half as 'fraid of her wings spreadin' out, and takin' her up to



THE NERVOUS WOMAN.



heaven. Didn't seem to be a bit afraid of her goin' up bodily. Didn't call her "seraph" any more, or "blessed old honey-cake," or "heavenly sweetness," or "angel-pie." About all he called her now besides Tirzah Ann, was "my dear."

I see in a minute the cause of the extra deprested look onto her face that day, I see in a minute "where the shoe pinched" as the poet says. And I see here was a chance for me to do good; and I spoke up real earnest like, but considerable calm, and says I:

"Tirzah Ann, that is a first-rate word, and your husband Whitfield Minkley hits the nail on the head every time he says it. 'Dear!' that is jest what you are to him, and when he puts the 'my' onto it that tells the hull of the story; you are dear, and you are hisen, that is the hull on't." Says I, in a real solemn and almost camp-meetin' tone, "Tirzah Ann you are a sailin' by that rock now that the happiness of a great many hearts founder on, that a great many life boats are wrecked on." Says I, "lots of happy young hearts have sailed smilin' out of the harbor of single blessedness, hit ag'inst that rock and gone down; don't you be one of 'em;" says I, "don't make a shipwreck of the happiness of T. A. Minkley late Allen; histe up the sail of common sense and go round the rock with flyin' colors," and says I in agitated tones, "I'll help you, I'll put my shoulder blades to the wheel." And I continued in almost tremblin'

tones—as I trimmed off the edge of the linen cambric, and went to overcastin' of it:

“I never could bear to see anybody want to set down and stand up at the same time,” says I, “it always looked so unreasonable to me.” And says I: “Tirzah Ann, you are in the same place; you want to be courted, and you want to be married at the same time; you want a husband and you want a bo out of the same man, simultaneous, as it were.”

Says I: “Truly we can't have everything we want at one time. There is a time for apple trees to blow out, rosy color—sweet—with honey bees a hummin' round 'em; and there is a time for the ripe fruit, and apple sass. We can't have good sleighin' in hot weather, we can't be drawn out to a peach tree to eat ripe peaches on a hand sled. Slidin' down hill is fun, but you can't slide down hill over sweet clover blows, for clover and snow don't blow out at the same time. And you can't have peace, and rest, and quiet of mind, at the same time with delerious enjoyment, and highlarious mirth.

“There is as many kinds of happiness as 'there is stars in the heavens,' and no two stars are alike, they all differ from each other in their particular kind of glory.

“Now courtin' is considerable fun, sunthin' on the plan of catchin' a bird, kind 'o resky and uncertin' but excitin' like, and considerable happyfyin'. To set down after a good supper, contented and quiet, by

a bright fireside with your knittin' work, and your affectionate pardner fast asleep and a snorin' in the arm chair opposite, is another kind of happiness, nothin' delerious nor highlarious about it, but considerable comfortin' and consolin' after all. Now you have got a good affectionate husband Tirzah Ann, a man that will look out for your comfort, do well by you, and be a good provider; and you musn't expect to keep the lover; I mean, you musn't expect him to go through with all the performances he used to when he was tryin' to get you; why it is as unreasonable as anything in the world can be unreasonable."

"Now" says I, "there's your pa and me, Tirzah Ann; we have lived together in the neighborhood of twenty years, and we are attached to each other with a firm and cast-iron affection, our love for each other towers up like a pillow. But if that man should go to talkin' to me as he used to when he came a courtin' me, I'd shet him up in the smoke house, for I should be afraid of him, I'll be hanged if I shouldn't; I should think he was a luny.

"I s'pose he thought it was necessary to go through with all them mysterious, curious performances,—talkin' strange; praisin' me up to the skies; runnin' other wimmen down to the lowest notch; jealous of likely men; actin' wild, spooney; eyein' me all the time as close as if he was a cat, and I was a rat hole; writin' the curiourest letters to me; threatenin' to kill himself if I wouldn't have him; and jumpin' up as if he

would jump out of his skin, if I went to wait on myself any, pick up a ball of yarn, or open a door or anything. I s'pose he thought he had got to go through all this, or else it wouldn't be courtin'. But good land! he couldn't keep it up, I hadn't no idee he could, or he couldn't get no rest nor I nuther. It wore on me, he used to talk so dretful curious to me, so 'fraid I'd get killed or wait on myself a little or sunthin'; and eat! why I s'pose he eat next to nothin', till I promised to have him. Why! when we got engaged he wasn't much more'n skin and bones. But good land! he eats enough now to make it up; we hadn't been married a month before he'd eat everything that was put before him, and instead of settin' down and talkin' strange at me, or jumpin' up as if he was shot to open the door—so 'fraid that I would strain myself openin' a door;—why, he would set and whittle and let me wait on myself jest as natural—let me sprain my back a reachin' for things at the table, or bring in wood, or anything. Or he would drop to sleep in his chair, and sleep most the hull evenin' he felt so contented and happy in his mind."

I see I was a impressin' Tirzah Ann the way I wanted to—and it made me feel so neat, that I went to allegorin, as I make a practice of doin' real often, when I get eloquent; sunthin' in the Bunyan style, only not so long. It is a dretful impressive way of talkin'.

Says I, "S'posen a man was a racin' to catch a boat, that was liable to start off without him. How



LEFT BEHIND.

he would swing his arms and canter, and how the sweat would pour offen his eyebrows, so dretful afraid he wouldn't get there in time to embark. But after he had catched it, and sot down as easy as could be, sailin' along comfortable and happy towards the place he wants to go to; how simple it would be in him, if he should keep up his performances. Do you s'pose he is any more indifferent about the journey he has undertook because he haint a swingin' his arms, and canterin'? No! the time for that was when he was a catchin' the boat, 'fraid he shouldn't git it in time. That was the time for racin', that was the time for lookin' wild, that was the time for sweat. And when he had catched it that was the time for quiet and happiness.

"When Whitfield Minkley was a tryin' to git you, anxious, 'fraid he shouldn't, jealous of Shakespeare Bobbet, and etcetery,—that was the time for exertion, that was the time for strange talk, spoony, wild, spiritual runnin' and swingin' of the arms, sentimental canterin' and sweat. Now he has got you, he is jest as comfortable and happy as the man on the boat, and what under the sun is the use of his swingin' his arms and hollerin'.

"There you two are, in your boat a sailin' down the river of life, and don't you go to upsetin' it and your happiness, by insistin' on makin' him go through with all the performances he did when he was a tryin' to catch you. It is unreasonable."

I never see any one's mean change much more in same length of time than Tirzah Ann's mean did, while I was a allegorin'. Her face seemed to look a number of inches shorter than it did when I begun.

Pretty soon Whitfield come, and he and Tirzah Ann stayed and eat supper, and we should have got along first rate, only there was a nutcake—a long slim one with two legs—that put the Widder in mind of Doodle; it happened to be put on her plate, and she cried one hour and a half by the clock.





P. A. AND P. I.

LAST Tuesday, Thomas J. took Maggy Snow over to Tirzah Ann's a visitin', and they stayed to the Debatin' school; and it was that evenin' that Josiah and me first talked it over about goin' to the Sentinal.

Thomas J. and Maggy haint married yet; when they will be I don't exactly know, but before long I think. Josiah can't bear the thought of havin' Thomas J. goin' away from home, and Squire Snow wants to keep Maggy jest as long as he can. He has been awful sot, the old Squire has, on havin' 'em live there right in the family after they was married. But Thomas J. is as determined as a rock in one thing, that when he and Maggy are married they are goin' to keep house by themselves. And I don't blame him a mite. The Squire's folks are well off and have got everything nice and convenient, hot and cold water comes right up into the chambers, and other things for their comfort. But his sister Sophronia

Snow, lives with 'em ; has got to have a home there always accordin' to old Mr. Snow'ses will. And I've heerd, and haint a doubt of it in my own mind, that she is a meddlesome critter, and grows worse as she grows older. You know time affects different natures different, etcetery, and to wit:—it will make wine softer, and sweeter, and mellower, and make vinegar sour, and sharper than a serpent's tooth, if serpents have got teeth, which I never believed for a minute.

I don't blame Thomas J. a mite for not wantin' to settle down and live with 'em, neither do I blame 'em for not wantin' to come and live with us, though it would be dretful agreeable to me and Josiah. Thomas J. talks about goin' west to live, when he gets married, and if he does it will be a awful blow to me, but still I want him to do what is best for him, and I tell Josiah that we all ort to use reason if we have got any to use. Let the young birds build a nest for themselves, even if the old birds are lonesome. Says I to Josiah :

“ We left two old birds lonesome Josiah Allen, when we built our own nest and feathered it out on the inside to our own comfort and likin', with the pure white feathers of love and content ; ” (I meant by the two old birds father Smith and mother Allen, though they don't look a mite like birds either of 'em.) “ and them feathers we feathered it out with, are warm and soft now as anything.”

“ Well,” says Josiah, “ we didn't go west.”



TESTING A MAN'S TEMPER.

That thought seems to plague him the most of anything, and it does me too, I don't deny.

But Thomas J. is in the right on't about wantin' to set out in married life without any outside weights and incumbrances. The first years in married life is a precarious time, make the best of it. A dretful curious, strange, precarious time; and if ever a woman wants a free room for meditation and prayer, it is then; and likewise the same with the man. There never was two persons so near alike, but what they was different, and had their different ways and eccentricities; and folks don't realize the difference in their dispositions so much, I can tell you, when they live from a half to three quarters of a mile apart, as they do when they cook over the same stove, and sleep under the same comforter. A woman may think she knows a man jest as well as if she had been through his head with a lantern a number of times; but let her come to live with him from day to day, and from week to week—in sunshine and in storm; when dinner is ready at noon, and when it is late; when his boot-jack is on the nail, and when it gets lost; when stove pipes are up, and when they are bein' put up; and in all other trials and reverses of life. I tell you she will come acrost little impatient obstinate streaks in him she never laid eyes on before, little selfish, overbearin' streaks. And the same with her. He may have been firm as a rock in the belief he was marryin' an angel, but the very first time

he brings unexpected company home to dinner on washin' day, he'll find he haint. They may be awful good-principled well-meanin' folks nevertheless, but there are rocks they have got to sail round, and they want strength, and they want patience, and they want elbo' room. It is a precarious time for both on 'em, and they don't want no third person round be she male or female, sacred or profane, to intermeddle or molest. Let 'em fight their own warfare, enjoy their own blessings, build up their own homes in the fear of God, sacred to their own souls alone, and to Him.

They don't want any little hasty word they may say to each other, commented on and repeated five minutes after, when it is all made up and forgiven. They don't want anybody to run and complain to, in the little storms of temper that sometimes darken the honeymoon. Good land! if they are let alone the little clouds will disperse of themselves. And there is another moon, what you may call the harvest moon of married life, that rises to light true married lovers on their pilgrimage. It may not be so brilliant and dazzlin' as the honeymoon, but its light is stiddy, and calm, and mellow as anything, and it shines all the way down to the dark valley, and throws its pure light clear acrost it to the other side. Thomas J. and Maggy will walk in its light yet, if they are let alone, for they love each other with a firm and cast-iron affection, that reminds me of Josiah and me, my affection and hisen.

So as I say I don't blame 'em a mite for not wantin' to live with his folks or hern. When passion has burnt itself out, and been purified into a calm tender affection but firm as anything can be firm, and patience has been born of domestic tribulation; when they have built up their own home on the foundations of mutual forbearance, and unselfishness, and trust in each other, as they will have to build it in order to have it stand—then in the true meanin' of the term the two twain have become one. The separate strands of their own individual existence will become twisted into one firm cord, strong enough to stand any outside pressure—Sophronia Snow, or any other strain. Then if they want to take in a few infirm or even bed-ridden relations on his side or on hers, let 'em take 'em in, it would be perfectly safe. Let 'em do as they are a mind to, with fear and tremblin'.

But though I tell all this to Josiah Allen a tryin' to make him reconciled to the idee of lettin' Thomas J. go, though I keep a firm demeanor on the outside of me, nobody knows the feelin's I feel when I think of his goin' west to live.

Why when Tirzah Ann was married, the day after she moved away, the feelin's I felt, the lonesomeness that took holt on me, wore on me so that I had to go to bed regular, ondress, and everything. But I held firm there in the bed, I hung on to reason, and never let on what ailed me. And Josiah and the Widder Doodle, was skairt most to death about me, and sweat

me—give me a hemlock sweat. And though I didn't say nothin' thinks'es I to myself, with the bitter feelin's I have got inside of me, and a hemlock sweat on the outside, I am in a pretty hot place.

But I persume that sweat was the best thing they could have done. It kinder opened the pours, and took my mind offen my troubles. It was so on-common disagreeable, and hard to bear, that I couldn't think of anything else while it was a goin' on. And then it satisfied them, that was why I let 'em go on with it; it kinder took up their minds, and kep' 'em from talkin' to me every minute, and mournin' to me about Tirzah Ann's goin' away. Truly, feelin' as I felt, I could stand a hemlock sweat better than I could that.

But as I said more formally, I held firm there in the bed. Though my body was wet with sweat, my mind was dry and firm, and my principles cool and hefty. I knew it was the way of nater, what I ort to have expected, and what was perfectly right. I couldn't expect to keep the childern with me always, it was unreasonable. And though it would seem as lonesome and roomy as if one side of the house was gone, I must stand it the best I could. Now when a bird lets her young ones fly away from the old nest, I dare persume to say, lots of memories almost haunt that old bird's heart, of sweet May mornin's, and the little ones chirpin' in the nest, and her mate a workin' for 'em, and a singin' to 'em close by. I dare say she

thought it all over, that old bird did, how the sweet May mornin' with its bloom and gay brightness, she couldn't never see again, and the little soft, dependent, lovin' things couldn't never come back to her heart again, to be loved and to be worked for, and she, paid for that work every minute by watchin' their growin' strength and beauty. But she held firm—and when the time came for 'em to fly, she let 'em fly. No matter what she felt, upheld by duty and principle she pushed 'em out of the nest herself. She held firm, and so Samantha Allen is determined to, she whose maiden name was Smith.

If Thomas J. and Maggy could feel contented to settle down in Jonesville after they was married, the cup of my happiness would be full and runnin' over, and so would Josiah's cup; for we could see him every day, or three times a day if we wanted to. But they have got a good Doctor there now—Thomas J. has studied for a Doctor; goin' to get his sheep-skin in July. Though I have said and I say still, that I never heerd of such a present to give the last day of school as a sheep-skin. And it looks to me as if his teachers was dretful hard up for presents, to have to fall back on a sheep-skin. I told Thomas J. that when a scholar had studied day and night as he had for three years and over, it seemed as if (if they was goin' in to sheep presents at all,) they ort to give him as much as a live sheep, instead of killin' it and eatin' the mutton themselves, and givin' him the

hide; howsumever, it haint none of my business, and if he is satisfied I ort to be. Old Dr. Bombus speaks dretful well of him, says he is jest as good a Doctor to-day as he is; but folks have got kinder attached to the old Doctor, he havin' helped their friends into life and out of it, for years, they naturally take to him, and there don't seem to be much of any chance for a young Doctor, I think; and I know that Thomas J. and Maggy had ruther stay in Jonesville if it wasn't for that - he and Maggy settle down by themselves there—than to go west. But if he makes up his mind to go, I am determined to put my shoulder blades to the wheel, keep my mind stiddy and stabled, so's to do justice to my own principles, and be a comfort to my Josiah.

As I said, Thomas J. took Maggy over to Tirzah Ann's in the mornin' a calculatin' to stay to the Debatin' school, and I told Josiah we'd have an early supper, and go in good season. We had stewed oysters, and warm biscuit and canned peaches, a first rate supper, and Josiah said it was. And it went off dretful agreeable all but one thing; the Widder Doodle shed tears when Josiah passed the oysters to her, she said them oysters put her in mind so of Doodle.

But she wiped up in a minute or two, and enjoyed her supper first rate. She didn't want to go out in the cold she said, and she offered to wash up the dishes—there wasn't but a handful of 'em and so I let her. The dish-pan put her in mind of Doodle again, and

we left her a eryin; it was time to go and we started off.

Josiah went to the Post-office, and I had a little tradin' to do to the stores and the groceries. But Jonesville was all up in end, as you may say, and every place where I went to I could see that every man was rent with excitement to his very foundations.

A grocer man where we did our tradin' had been burgled the night before. A poor man, a chair bottomer by trade, had stole a codfish weighin' two pounds and a half, and a dozen of onions. He had tried to git work and couldn't git a thing to do, so he was obleiged to follow his trade in a different way from what he wanted to follow it; and the consequence was, his family was perishin' for food. And his wife havin' the consumption thought she could eat a little codfish and onions if she had 'em. So, as he couldn't get trusted for 22 cents he lay to and stole 'em. And Jonesville rose to a man in anger and wrath, I never see so big a excitement there, and Josiah said he never seen a excitement there or any where else, any where near the size of this. More'n a dozen told us the story before we had been in the grocery twenty minutes, for they was rampant to tell it.

They said: they got on the track of the codfish and onions early in the mornin', tracked 'em to the haunt of the robber (he lived in a shanty on the age of the village) and tore the booty he had obtained by

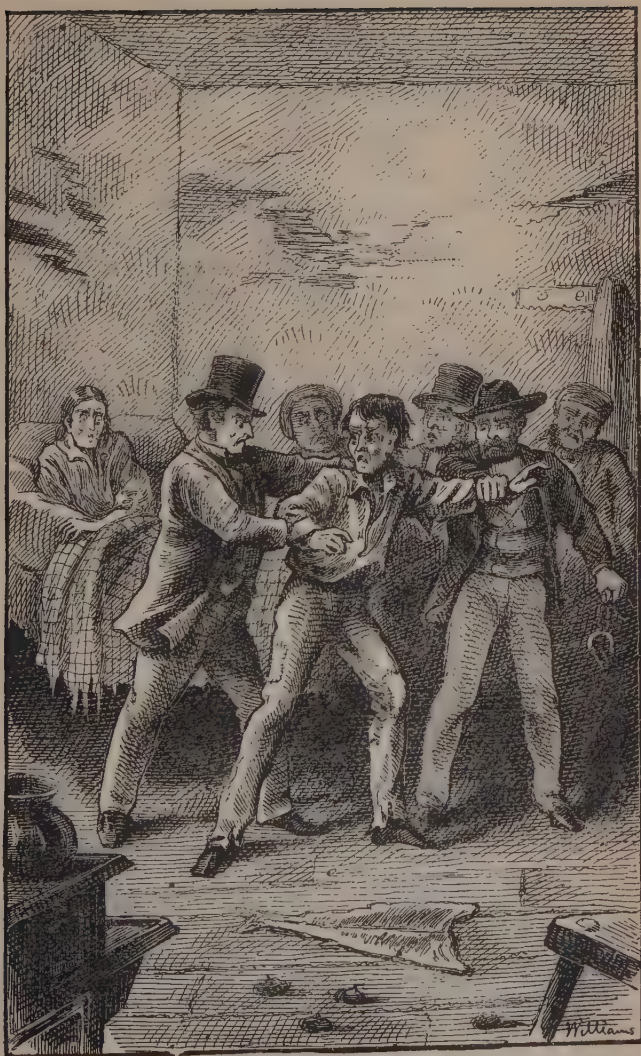
lawless rapine from his grasp. The grocer man that was rapined got back the biggest part of the codfish skin, and three of the onions. Though they said the robber's pardner in iniquity tried to conceal her guilty treasure beneath the straw bolster, for she was sick abed, and didn't know when she should ever get anything to eat again.

They said they demolished the straw bolster right there on the spot, in their righteous anger and as an example to the women of the mighty power and justice of the law, and dragged the man off to jail of course. But they wasn't satisfied with that, they wanted to make an example of him. The man he rapined came out boldly and said he ort to be masicreed right there in the streets. Says he, "What is the nation comin' to, if thieves and robbers haint made public patterns and examplers of?"

An old man in a blue soldier overcoat who was tryin' to get trusted for some plug tobacco said to the grocer man: "He ort to be guletined."

But the grocer didn't know what that meant; he thought the old man was kinder praisin' him up, so he acted mad and wouldn't trust him. But the one that seemed to talk the biggest about it was P. Cypher Bumpus. Bein' a lawyer by trade, he has got well acquainted with some uncommon big words, and he naturally loves to let folks see on what familiar terms he is with 'em.

He uses 'em like a master workman. He didn't



THE THIEF AT HOME.

gesture a mite; they say he wont on common occasions. I'd give a cent though if he had been willin' to, for I s'pose it is a sight worth goin' miles to see. But he used words more'n three inches long, and I don't know but some would have come nigh onto four inches in length, a goin' on about this rapine.

"Yes," says Cornelius Cork takin' aim at us with his forefinger as if we was rabbits eatin' his early cabbages. "Stealin' is sunthin' that Jonesville and the nation cannot and *will* not, put up with. And such villains and robbers will find out that we wont; *fur frummit*."

"He ort to be gulentined," says the old man again. "Ort to have his head chopped right off with an axe."

They all looked favorably at the old man now, and the grocer man trusted him right on the spot for a plug of tobacco.

Josiah come in jest then with the *World* in his hand, and he turned to Cornelius Cork, and says he :

"I see by the *World* to-day, there has been another case of public stealin'; another hundred and fifty thousand stole from us out of the public treasury."

"Yes," said Cornelius Cork in a mild gentle tone : "A little case of fraud, that is all."

"Merely a deficit in accounts," says the grocer man who was rapined, in a 'poligy tone.

"Only a triflin' defalcation from the revenue," says the old man, bitin' off another chew of his tobacco with a serene countenance.

"Nothin' to speak of," says P. Cypher Bumpus. "Nothin' worth mentionin', a triflin' abstraction, a diminution, a withdrawal of funds, a emblezzlement."

Oh, what feelin's I felt to hear 'em go on; but I didn't say a word to 'em, I don't believe in a woman bein' bold and forred in her demeanor. But to see every one on 'em givin' that stealin' a bigger and a bigger name, swellin' and puffin' it out from fraud clear up to embezzlement, and no knowin' where they would stop, if somebody didn't interfere. I declare for't, it give me such feelin's that I spoke right out to Josiah, and my tones sounded low and awful, for I heerd 'em unbeknown to me.

Says I, "Josiah Allen, what feelin's it makes me feel to see folks strain so, and hang back from eatin' a gnat, and then swallow a elephant and a rinosterrous and a drumedary." Says I, "When a poor man in the case of sickness steals a onion and a cod-fish, he is called a thief and a robber; he is drummed out of camp, sent to jail, knocked down by public opinion, and kicked after he is down by the same, till he is completely mortified, and shame and disgrace bow his forward down into the dust. But let a rich man steal all he can lay his hands to, and they think it is sunthin' pretty in him, so pretty that they make a new name for it, and he wears that name like a feather in his cap. If he breaks down a purpose to cheat his creditors, they call it 'compromisin' 'repudiation,' both of these name stand up like beautiful

feathers over his forward, and he looks grand and feels so. If he lays to and steals right out openly hundreds of thousands of dollars they have lots of curious and handsome names to ornament him with, all the way from defalcator and defictor up to embezzler. Why, if some politician should steal the hull United States treasury, they would have to make a new set of names to trim him off with, there wouldn't be none in the dictionary half big and noble enough."

I follered my pardner almost mekaniically out of the store. What they said to my back after I left, I know not. But we must all expect to be backbited some, else why do we have backs.

In about seven minutes time we was seated in front of the Jonesville Creation Searchers, a listenin' to a epicac poem from Shakespeare Bobbet—or that is how Josiah understood it; I myself thought they called it a epoch poem; but Josiah said when we was a talkin' it over a goin' home, that he would bet the colt it was a epicac.

Says he, "You know epicac means sunthin' kinder weakenin', and sickenin', and that is why such poems as hisen are called epicacs."

"Well," says I, "seein' we haint either of us certain, we wont lay out too much breath arguin' about it. But this I know, that the poetry was as long and dreary as the desert of Sarah, and as dry as Sarah ever was in her dryest times."

It happened dretful kinder curious, but the question

up that night before the Creation Searchers was about Kleptomania—another big name for stealin' that I never heerd before—and they proved it out so beautiful, how Kleptomania worked in the system, and how anybody couldn't help stealin' who had the distemper.

After they settled this to their own satisfaction, and the enlightenment of the world, the President got up and in a awful thrillin' and impressive manner,—and use in his gesture as handy as I ever see a gesture used—went on and talked in a foam-in' manner about the Sentinal that was goin' to be at Filadelfy village to celebrate old Epluribus'es birthday; and he went on for probable half an hour about its uncommon and amazin' bigness, and he said when all the rest of the celebrated men of America and the world was to be there, it didn't look well for them to hang back, and shirk out of goin', and he motioned that the Creation Searchin' Society should send a body there, to encourage the Sentinal, and collect information as a body, and he went on to say that if they concluded to send a body there, they would proceed to vote on who should be the body, and how many it should be.

Solomon Cypher got up and said the name told on the face of it: Sent-ten-al. He said the doin's was named with the view that there would be ten sent there from the Jonesville Creation Searchin' Society.

The minute he sot down, Simon Slimpsey got up lookin' as if he would sink right down through the floor into the sullen. I'd seen that Betsey, his wife

had been a hunchin' and pokin' him, tryin' to make him git up, and whisperin' to him in a loud angry whisper. And says he in a heart broken tone: "If it will add any to the gloom and melancholy"—here Betsey give such a jerk at his coat skirts that he crumpled right down for a minute, and his tone was skairt as he went on—"and highlarity of Filadelfy to have a poem sent by Betsey, I can carry it, I s'pose." And he sunk down a murmurin': "I may live through it, and I may not." And he almost buried his face in his right hand, and I think shed tears. It come hard on Simon.

But Solomon Cypher's face looked dark and severe, and he rose up and smote himself powerful and frequent as he said:

"For the time bein' I represent the body. And speakin' in the name of the body which I now am, I say, that we, the body cannot, and *will* not be trameled and bound down by either poetry, or bed-quilts." (Two wimmen jest in front of him was a whisperin' loud; rampant to send a blazin' star and a sunflower.) "The body has got a great reputation to keep up, the eye or eyes of the different globes assembled there will be on it, watchin' the demeanor of the body and copyin' after it. A great reputation is to be kep' up."

Here he made a low bow and set down. And Shakespeare Bobbet, Secretary of the Creation Searchers, got up, and said as it was doubtless the aim

of all present to make as great a stir as possible in the literary and scientific world, and as they were all a workin' for that end, and as there was now nine shillings and six pence in the treasury, he proposed those moneys should be expended in purchasing spectacles for the body to wear on the body.

The Editor of the Auger jumped up and seconded the motion, sayin' he hadn't a doubt about its increasin' its reputation for deep and scientific wisdom. And he thought large round eyes would be best adapted to givin' the body a wise look, and that heavy brass bows would help to give weight to its opinions.

They all agreed on this and the motion was carried in triumphant. Then one feller who had been round to literary conventions a good deal and had got high notions in his head, proposed that the body should let their hair grow long in their necks; he said it would be a great help to 'em. But as the President, and Solomon Cypher and the most of the head ones was as bald as a bald eagle—hadn't hardly a mite of hair to their heads—the motion was laid down under the table; and they began to vote on who was to be sent. They voted in Cornelius Cork, and Solomon Cypher, and the Editor of the Auger, and Shakespeare Bobbet and several others, and everything seemed peaceful and happy—Solomon Cypher countin' 'em serenely out of his hat—when all of a sudden without no warnin' he jumped up, and brandished a vote in his hand, and yelled out in a voice a good deal like thunder:

“Who! where is the villain who has dared to demean this society and put it to shame by votin’ for a woman? Where is the wretch and the demeaner?”

And he looked as black and wrathful as an iron musket, and he struck himself in the breast powerful blows, and with every smite he would call out for “that villain and demeaner.” It was a fearful time; but right when the excitement was rainin’ most fearfully, I felt a motion by the side of me, and my companion got up and stood on his feet and says in pretty firm tones, though some sheepish:

“I did, and there’s where I stand now; I vote for Samantha.”

And then he sot down again. Oh! the fearful excitement and confusion that rained down again. The President got up and tried to speak, the Editor of the Auger talked wildly, Shakespeare Bobbet talked to himself incoherently, but Solomon Cypher’s voice drowned ’em all out, as he kep’ a smitin’ his breast and a hollerin’ that he wasn’t goin’ to be infringed upon, or come in contract with by no woman! No female woman needn’t think she was the equal of man; and I should go as a woman or stay to home.

I was so almost wore out by their talk that I spoke right out, and says I, “Good land! how did you *s’pose* I was a goin’?”

The President then said that he meant, if I went I musn’t look upon things with the eye of a “Creation Searcher” and a man, (here he pinte his forefinger

right up in the air and waved it round in a real free and soarin' way,) but look at things with the eye of a Private Investigator and a woman; (here he pintoed his finger firm and stiddy right down into the wood-box, and a pan of ashes,) it was impressive, very. Then he went on to ask me, if I was willin' to go as a woman, and with what eyes I was willin' to look at things.

I kep' on a knittin' with considerable calm, and assured 'em with quite a lot of dignity, that bein' a woman, I should most probable go as one, and not bein' blind, I should look at things with my own eyes.

"But will you promise to look upon things in a private way, not as a man and a 'Creation Searcher?' Will you go as Josiah Allen's wife, P. I., which means Private Investigator?"

I declare, their talk was enough to wear out a snipe; and as I sot there hearin' 'em go on, big, lofty idees and hefty aspirations began to tackle me. Truly the fires of persecutions are always fruitful of great idees; and while the storms of opposition, and Cornelius Cork and Solomon Cypher and etcetery was a ravin' round me, I see a mission a loomin' up in front of me, like a war-horse a waitin' for me to mount and ride off to victory promiscuous. And I spoke out in a noble tone, and says I: "No! I will not go as a P. I., I will go as a P. A.;" and I continued in still firmer axents, "I am not one of the whiffin' ones of earth, my mind is firm and stabled, and my principles are high and foundered on a rock; if I go at all I shall go as

Josiah Allen's wife, P. A., which means Promiscuous Advisor, in the cause of Right." But Josiah whispered to me, and says he: "Let 'em put on the P. I., Samantha; it has a sort of a good sound; go as a P. A. and a P. I."

And finally, after givin' it a half a moment's thought, and meditatin' it wasn't nothin' ag'inst my principles, and would please my companion, I consented to go as Josiah Allen's wife, P. A. and P. I., which bein' translated from the original means, Promiscuous Advisor, and Private Investigator. And bein' dretfully worked up by more than a dozen different emotions, and almost by the side of myself with principles and everything—without mistrustin' what I was a doin'—I riz right up and stood on my feet, and spoke right out about my mission; wavin' my knittin' work almost eloquently. Says I:

"When childern was a bein' brung up, and mortgages was abroad, my place was to home, and to home I stayed. But when liberated from these cumberin' cares, and mortgages was flown and childern grewed up; my mind was a mind that couldn't be curbed in, when great questions was before the world: deep conundrums that has puzzled the ages waitin' for an answer, and them answers to be worked out by individual men and wimmen, by the sweat of their brows and the might of their shoulder-blades, says I. My mind was one that worked nobly for the good of the human race, and women; and on that great and lofty

mission it took a tower. And now it is a mind that can't be held in and hitched to the fence that cowards set acrost, while the conflict is a ragin' on every side of 'em. The battle-field where Right opposes Wrong is a broad one, as broad as the hull world, and in every great warfare of principle there has been martyrs, from St. Stephen—whose body was stunned to death while heaven's glory was a shinin' out of his soul—to old John Brown who died faithful to that eternal spirit of justice, that old Error never could stand."

Says I,—"Old Mr. Brown was none the less a martyr because he fell in our day, and has not been cannonized by the hand of old Time;" says I, "that same old warfare of Justice with Injustice, Freedom with Oppression, and True Religion with Bigotry, is a goin' on now, and the spirit of Martyrdom is strong in me. Gladly would I lead on the hull army of the Right triumphant into victory, even if I fell in the conflict, and was drowned in my own goar. But such a crown of honor is reserved for a nobler and mebbly a higher forward, but not a more well-wisher to the cause. And if I can't head a army, and lead the vanguard on to glory and to victory, I can tussle with the little guerillas of wrong, that are let loose in society; I can grapple with the solitary pickets that Error sends out ahead of his army to see how the land lays, and if the enemy is asleep on a post. I can lay holt of his spies that are hid under the ambush of fashion and custom."

“Any Advisor is a martyr more or less, for when was advice not scorned and rejected of men and wimmen? In my mission of Promiscuous Advisor, I shall go forth, expectin’ to tread on the hot coals of public opinion; be briled on the grid-iron old bigotry keeps to brile her enemies on; be scalded by the melted lead of old custom; and be burnt up on the stake of opposition.” Says I—wipin’ my heated forward—“I am happy in the thought.

“And I am ready to set forth to-night, or to-morrow, or next summer, not harnessed up in the splendid trappin’s of a Major-General, but in the modest mean of a humble militia officer, earnest and sincere, and therefore feelin’ as much self-respect, as if I was Commander-in-Chief over the hull caboodle. I can go,” says I—wavin’ my knittin’-work outward with as noble a wave as I ever see waved—“I can go forth with Josiah by my side a conqueror and to conquer.”

And then I sot down, for principle had tuckered me almost completely out; and while they was a votin’ on who else was to be the body, Josiah and I started for home. There was a contented look to his face, as he started off; finally he spoke out in gentle axents:

“I am glad we are goin’ to git home in such good season, Samantha. I guess we will hang over the kettle, and have a little bite of sunthin’ to eat; I didn’t eat much supper.”



HOW I WENT TO 'LECTION.

I WAS a makin' Josiah some cotton flannel shirts, and I lacked enough for the gussets and one shoulder band. I had also run out of shirt buttons; and I was a tellin' the Widder Doodle in the forenoon, that I couldn't work another stitch on 'em till I had been to Jonesville. And she said, speakin' of cotton flannel, made her think of Doodle. She took in work—het'helled tow for a woman—and bought some cotton flannel to make him some shirts; and when she got 'em all done, they didn't set exactly right somehow, kinder wrinkled in the back a little, and she had to take 'em all to pieces and make 'em over; and Mr. Doodle would set and read the Evenin' Grippher to her, and smile at her so sweet when she was a rippin' of 'em up. She said, nobody knew but jest her, how much that man worshipped her. Says she, "I can't never forget his linement, and I can't never marry again and there needn't nobody ask me

to, for no linement can ever look to me like Mr. Doodle's linement."

Says I, "Don't take on so sister Doodle; he's most probable in a land where he'll have justice done to him."

Josiah looked up from the *World*, and says he:

"I am goin' to Jonesville to 'lection bime by, Samantha; you'd better ride down, and get the stuff for my shirts." Says he, "The Town Hall, as you know, is bein' fixed, and the pole is sot up right in the store. It will be handy, and you can go jest as well as not."

But I looked my companion in the face with a icy, curious mean, and says I in low, strange tones:

"Wouldn't it be revoltin' to the finer feelin's of your sole, to see a tender woman, your companion, a crowdin' and elboin' her way amongst the rude throng of men surroundin' the pole; to have her hear the immodest and almost dangerous language, the oaths and swearin'; to see her a plugin' down in the vortex of political warfare, and the arena of corruption?" Says I, "How is the shrinkin' modesty and delicacy of my sect a goin' to stand firm a jostlin' its way amongst the rude masses, and you there to see it?" Says I, "Aint it a goin' to be awful revoltin' to you, Josiah Allen?"

"Oh no!" says he in calm gentle axents, "not if you was a goin' for shirt buttons."

"Oh!" says I almost wildly, "a woman can plunge

up head first ag'inst the pole, and be unharmed if she is in search of cotton flannel; she can pursue shirt buttons into the very vortex of political life, into the pool of corruption, and the mirey clay, and come out white as snow, and modest as a lilly of the valley. But let her step in them very tracks, a follerin' liberty and freedom, and justice, and right, and truth and temperance, and she comes out black as a coal." And says I in a almost rapped way, liftin' up my eyes to the ceelin': "Why are these things so?"

"Yes," says the Widder Doodle, that is jest what Mr. Doodle used to say. He said it would make a woman's reputation black as a coal, would spile her modesty entirely to go to the pole, and be too wearin' on her. Says he, "Dolly it would spile you, and I would rather give my best cow than to see you spilte." Poor Mr. Doodle! there was a heavy mortgage on old Lineback then—it was a cow I brought to him when we was married, and Mr. Doodle was obleeged to mortgage her to git his tobacco through the winter; it was foreclosed in the spring, and had to go, but his speakin' as he did, and bein' so willin' to give up my cow, showed jest how much he thought of me. Oh! he almost worshipped me, Mr. Doodle did."

Jest at that very minute, Josiah laid down the *World*, and says he: "I am a goin to hitch up the old mare, Samantha. I guess you had better go, for I am a sufferin for them shirts; my old ones are a gettin' so thin; I am cold as a frog."

I braided my hair and done it up, and then I made a good cup of coffee, and brought out a cherry pie, and some bread, and butter, and cheese, and cold meat. We all eat a little, and then sister Doodle bein' anxious about the shirts, and dretful tickled about my goin', offered to wash up the dishes.

Josiah said we'd got to stop to the barn for the buffalo skin; he come out with it all rolled up in a curious way, and I see there was a middlin' sized bundle in it, that he slipped under the seat. He seemed so anxious for me not to see it that I never let on that I did; but I kep' my eye on it. I didn't like the looks of things; Josiah acted strange, but he acted dretful affectionate towards me. But all the while I was on my tower towards 'lection—and the old mare went slow, all the time—though my face was calm, my mind was worked up and agitated and felt strange, and I kep' s'posen things. I said to myself, here I be started for 'lection, my companion settin' by my side, affection on his face, sweetness and peace throned onto his eyebrow, and at home is a Widder Doodle a helpin' me off to 'lection. Everything is peace and harmony and gay, because I am a goin' to 'lection after buttons and gussets for men's shirts. And then I'd s'pose t'other way; s'posen I was a settin' off with my mind all boyed up with enthusiasm in the cause of Right, a earnest tryin' to do my full duty to God and man, pledgin' my life and sacred honor to help the good cause forred and put my shoulder

blades to the wheel; s'posen I was on my way to vote,—and it wouldn't take me half so long as it would to pick out the shirt buttons, and things—my Josiah's face would look black as a thunder cloud, anger and gloom would be throned on his eyebrow, his mean would be fierce and warlike; I should be an outcast from Isreal, and sister Doodle wouldn't have washed a dish.

And so I kep' s'posen things till we got clear to the store door and Josiah went to help me out; and then thinkin' what my companion had warned me about so many times—about how dangerous and awful it was for wimmen to go near the pole—I says to him, in middlin' quiet tones:

“Josiah I guess I'll set in the buggy till you hitch the old mare, and then you can go in with me, so's to kinder keep between me and the pole.”

But he says in excited tones:

“Oh shaw! Samantha; what fools wimmen can be, when they set out to! Who do you s'pose is a goin' to hurt you? Do you s'pose Elder Minkley is a goin' to burgle you, or old Bobbet asalt and batter you? There haint a man there but what you have been to meetin' with. You wasn't afraid last Sunday was you? Go in and get your buttons and things, so's to be ready by the time I am for *once*,—wimmen are always so slow.”

I didn't argue with him, I only said in cold tones:

“I wanted to be on the safe side, Josiah.”



JOSIAH'S SECRET.

But oh! how I kep' s'posen things, as he lifted me out right in front of the pole, and left me there alone.

Josiah had business on his mind and it made him more worrisky; but I didn't know what it was till afterwards. As I was a goin' up the store steps I kinder looked back, and I see him take that bundle out of the wagon in a dretful sly way, and kinder meach off with it. I didn't like the looks of things; he acted guilty, strange, and curious.

As I went into the store, I see sister Minkley up to the counter by the front winder, and I was glad to see her. The store was a big one and quite a lot of men was goin' up and votin'. But good land! there wasn't nothin' frightful about it, I've seen three times as many men together, time and again. I wasn't skairt a mite, nor sister Minkley wasn't nuther. Two men was a swearin', some, as I went in, but we heerd 'em swear as hard again 4th of July's and common days; but the minute they catched sight of sister Minkley and me, they stopp'd off right in the middle of a swear, and looked as mild as protracted meetin's, and took up some sticks and went to whittlin' as peaceable as two sheeps.

Sister Minkley said she shouldn't thought she could have come out that day, she had such a cold in her head, if her husband hadn't urged her so, to come on his business. His heart seemed to be so sot on Kentucky Jane—

"Jane who?" says I in awful axents, for I couldn't

hardly believe my ears—my faith in that man's morals was so high, it was like a steeple to my soul, and always had been ever since I had known him—and I thought to myself if I have got to give up Elder Wesley Minkley, if his morals have got to totterin' and swayin' to and fro, a tottlin' off after Janes and other wimmen, and if he is mean enough to send his wife off after 'em, I declare for't I don't know but I shall mistrust my Josiah. I know I looked wild and glarin' out of my eyes, and horror was on my mean, as I asked her again in still more stern tones :

“Jane who?” For I was determined to get to the bottom of the affair, and if worst come to worst, to lay it before the meetin' house myself, and have it stopped, and hushed up, before it got out amongst the world's people, to bring a shame onto the meetin' house, and them that belonged to it. And then as a woman that had a vow on her in the cause of Right, I felt it my duty to look out for Jane, and if there was any hopes of reformin' her, to befriend her. And so I says in tones that would be replied to :

“Jane who?”

“Why Kentucky Jane for overhauls, he thought my judgment on Janes was better than hisen.”

“Oh!” says I in dretful relieved tones, for my heart would have sung for joy if it had understood the notes, it was that joyful, and thankful. Says I, “They have got a piece here that wears like iron, Josiah has got a frock offen it.”

Well, we stood there by the counter, a feelin' of Jane, and tryin' the thickness and color of it, and talkin' together—as winmen will—when who should come in but the Editor of the Auger'ses wife. She is a woman that is liked better on further acquaintance. She is thought a sight on in Jonesville; more'n her husband is, ten times over. She's had two pair of twins sense she was married; I never see such a hand for twins as the Editor is. He's had three pair and a half sense I knew him.

Well, as I was a sayin', she came in, and called for some cigars. She told us he sent her to git 'em, the two biggest twins bein' to school, and there bein' nobody to come only jest him or her. She had walked afoot, and looked tired enough to sink; they lived about a mile and a half out of the village.

She said the Editor could not come himself for he was writin' a long article on "The Imprudence, Impurity, and Impiety of Woman's Appearance at the Pole." She said, he said he was goin' to make a great effort; he was goin' to present the indecency and immorality of woman's goin' to 'lection, in such a masterly way that it would set the matter to rest forever. It was for to-morrow's paper, and bein' obleeged to use up so much brain, as he had to in the effort, he felt he must have some cigars, and a codfish; you know fish is dretful nourishin' to the mind, and he is fond of it; he told her to get the biggest codfish she could get, and bile it up. And she was goin' to.

I didn't say much in reply to her, truly, as the poet says, "The least said is the soonest mended." I only told her in a kind of a blind way, that if codfish was good for common sense, not to stent him on it.



BRAIN FOOD.

And jest then the store-keeper came back from down sullen with the fish.

"Good land!" says I the minute I laid eyes on it; "haint you made a mistake?"

"What mistake?" says he.

Says I, "Haint it a whale?"

"Oh no," says he, "it is a codfish; but it is a pretty sizeable one."

"I should think as much," says I. For as true as I

live, when the Editor of the Auger'ses wife laid it over her arm, it touched the floor head and tail; and it made her fairly lean over it was so heavy. And I thought to myself that I could have tackled the biggest political question of the day, easier than I could tackle that whale, and carry it a mile and a half. And so the Editor of the Auger'ses wife went home from 'lection, luggin' a whale, and walkin' afoot.

I picked out my buttons, five cents a dozen, and bought my cotton flannel, and no Josiah. I felt worried in my mind. I thought of that mysterious bundle, and my companion's strange and curious looks as he brought it out from the barn, seemin'ly unbeknown to me, and his dretful curious actions about it as he meached out of the buggy with it. And I felt worried, and almost by the side of myself. But I kep' a cool demeanor on the outside of me—it is my way in the time of trouble to be calm, and put my best foot forred.

Jest then a man come up to me that I never laid eyes on before. He was a poor lookin' shack; his eyes was white mostly, and stood out of his head as if in search for some of the sense he never could git holt of, and his mouth was about half open. A dretful shiftless lookin' critter, and ragged as a Jew—all but his coat, and I'll be hanged if that didn't look worse than if his clothes was all of a piece. It was a blue broadcloth coat, swaller tailed, and had been a dretful genteel coat in the day of it—which I should

judge was some fifty or sixty years previous to date. It was awful long waisted, and small round, and what they call single breasted ; it turned back at the breast in a low, genteel way, over his old ragged vest ; and



THE STRANGER.

ragged, red woolen shirt, and pinched him in at the bottom of his waist like a pismire, and the tails floated down behind, so polite over his pantaloons, which was fairly rags and tatters. As I said, I never laid eyes on him before, and still as he come up, and stood before me, I felt a curious, and strange feelin'

go most through me ; sunthin' in the arrer way. A curiuser more familiar-like, strange feelin', I never felt. But I didn't know then what it meant, I was in the dark. But more of this, anon, and hereafter.

Says the man, says he ; "I beg your parding mom, for speaking to you, but you have got such a dretful good look to your face, somehow—" (Truly as I have said prior, and before this, my trials with the Widder

Doodle, my martyrdom on the stake of Doodle and particulars, borne like a martyr, have purified my mean and make me look first-rate.) Says the man, says he: "You look so good, somehow, that I want to ask your advice."

Says I kindly, "I am a Promiscuous Advisor by trade; advisin' is my mission and my theme. Ask me any advice my honest man, that you feel called to ask, and I will proceed to preform about my mission."

He handed me a ticket, with a awful dirty hand, every finger nail of which was seemin'ly in the deepest of mournin' for the pen-knife and nail-brushes they never had seen; and says he, "Will you tell me mom, whether that ticket is a democrat ticket, or the t'other one?"

I put on my specks, and says I, "It is the t'other one."

"Good Gracious!" says he; "Christopher Columbus! Pocahontas! Jim Crow and Jehosiphath!" says he. But I interrupted of him coldly, and says I:

"Stop swearin', instantly and this minute; and if you want my advice, proceed, and go on."

Says he, "There I have voted that ticket seventeen times, and I was paid to vote the democrat." Says he, "I am a man of my word, I am a poor man but a honest one. And here I have,"—says he in a mournful tone—"here I have voted the wrong ticket seventeen times." Says he in a bitter tone, "I had rather have give half a cent than to had this happen."

Says he, "I am a poor man, I haint no capital to live on, and have got to depend on my honesty and principles for a livin'. And if this gets out, I am a ruined man;" says he in awful bitter tones, "what would the man that hired me say, if he should hear of it?"

"What did he give you?" says I, and as I said this, that strange, curious feelin' came over me again, as strange a feelin' as I ever felt.

Says he, "He give me this coat."

Then I knew it all. Then the cast-iron entered my sole, the arrer that had been a diggin' into me, unbeknown to me as it was, went clear through me, and come out on the other side, (the side furtherest from sister Minkley.) Then I knew the meanin' of the strange feelin' I had felt. It was Father Allen's coat—one that had fell to Josiah. Then I knew the meanin' of my companion's mysterious demeanor, as he bore the bundle from the barn. His plottin's the week before, and his drawin's onto my sympathy, to keep me from puttin' it into the carpet rags, when I was fairly sufferin for blue in the fancy stripe, and refrained from takin' it, because he said it would hurt his feelin's so. Oh the fearful agony of that half a moment. What a storm was a ragin' on the inside of my mind. But with a almost terrible effort, I controlled myself, and kep' considerable calm on the outside. Truly, everybody has their own private collection of skeletons; but that haint no sign they should go abroad in public a rattlin' their bones; it

don't help the skeletons any nor their owners, and it haint nothin' highlarious and happyfyin' to the public. I hadn't no idee of lettin' sister Minkley into the clothes-press where my skeletons hung, knowin' that she probable had a private assortment of her own skeletons, that she could look at unbeknown to me.

"What made you vote the wrong ticket?" Says I, "can't you read?"

"No," says he, "we can't none of us read, my father, nor my brothers; there is nine of us in all. My father and mother was first cousins," says he in a confidential tone; "and the rest of my brothers don't know only jest enough to keep out of the fire. I am the only smart one in the family. But," says he, "my brothers will all do jest as father and I tell 'em to, and they will all vote a good many times a day, every 'lection; and we are all willin' to do the fair thing and vote for the one that will pay us the most. But not knowin' how to read, we git cheated," says he with that bitter look, "there is so much corruption in politics now-a-days."

"I should think as much," says I. And almost overcome by my emotions, I spoke my mind out loud.

"There couldn't be much worse goin's on, anyway, if wimmen voted."

"Wimmen vote!" says he in a awful scornful tone.

"*Wimmen!*"

"Then you don't believe in their votin'," says I mekannically (as it were) for I was agitated, very.

"No I don't," says he, in a bold, haughty tone. "Wimmen don't *know* enough to vote."

I wouldn't contend with him, and to tell the truth, though I haint haughty, and never was called so, I was fairly ashamed to be caught talkin' with him, he looked so low and worthless. And I was glad enough that that very minute brother Wesley Minkley came up a holdin' out his hand, and says he :

"How do you do sister Allen, seems to me you look some cast down. How do you feel in your mind to-day, sister Allen?"

Bein' very truthful, I was jest a goin' to tell him that I felt considerable strange. But I was glad indeed that he forgot to wait for my answer, but went on, and says he :

"I heard the words the poor man uttered as I drew near, and I must say that although he had the outward appearance of bein' a shack—an idiotic shiftless shack, as you may say,—still he uttered my sentiments. We will wave the subject, however, of wimmen's incapacity to vote."

Elder Minkley is a perfect gentleman at heart, and he wouldn't for anything, tell me right out to my face that I didn't know enough to vote. I too am very ladylike when I set out, and I wasn't goin' to be out-done by him, so I told him in a genteel tone, that I should think he would want to wave off the subject, after perusin' such a specimen of male suffrage as had jest disappeared from our vision.

“Yes,” says Elder Minkley mildly, and in a gentlemanly way, “we will wave it off. But Senator Vyse was a sayin’ to me jest now—he has come in to vote, and we got to talkin’, the Senator and I did, about wimmen’s votin’; and he is bitter ag’inst it. And I believe jest as the Senator does, that woman’s suffrage would introduce an element into politics, that would tottle it down from the foundation of justice and purity, on which it now firmly rests.

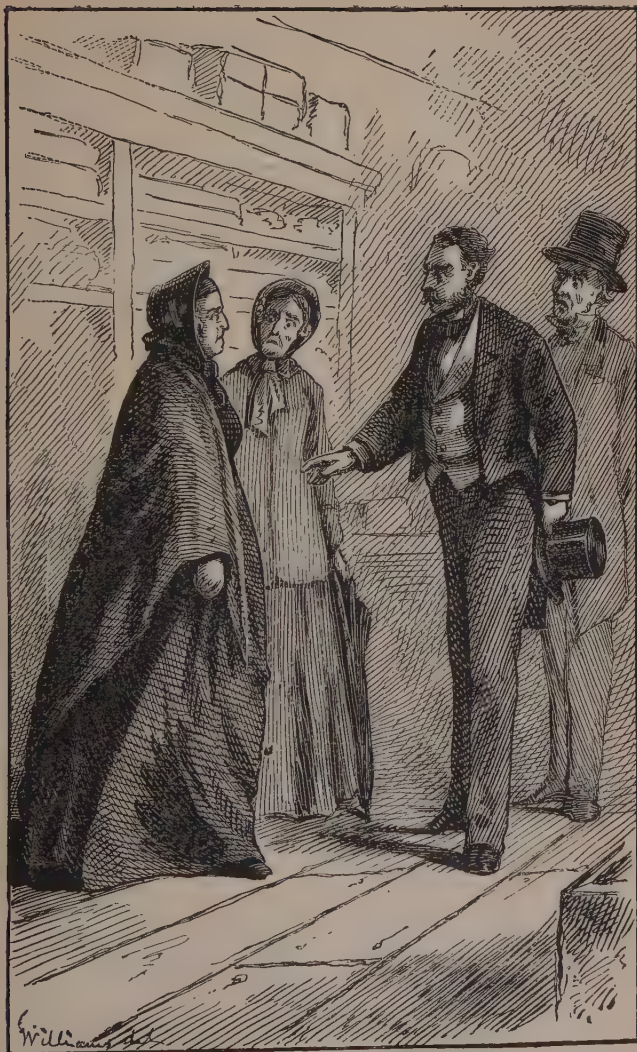
I didn’t say a word, but oh! what a strange agitated feelin’ I felt, to hear brother Minkley go on—for that very Senator Vyse he was a talkin’ about, is a disgrace to Jonesville and the world. A meaner, licentious man never trod shoe leather. He lives two or three miles out of Jonesville, in a awful big, nice place; looks like a castle; he has troops of servants, and a colored nigger to drive his horses, and is considered a big-bug. And truly, if meanness makes a man feel big he has reason enough to feel. I never could bear the sight on him, though he is called handsome, and has dretful fascinatin’ ways. Bein’ so awful rich (he owns township after township, and heaps of money) he is made as much of as if he was made of pure gold from head to feet. But he’ll never git me nor Josiah to make of him; Josiah’s morals are as sound as brass.

But brother Minkley went on a talkin’, and oh! how I went on a thinkin’: “Senator Vyse says, that the nation would be so madded to have wimmen try

to vote, that it would rise up to a man, to defend the purity of the pole. Ah! here comes the Senator to vote; look quick, Alzina Ann! stand up close to me, and I'll try to introduce you."

Oh! how reverentially, and awe-struck everybody in the store looked at the Senator as he came a sailin' in, a lookin' as big and haughty as if he owned Jonesville and the hull world. I believe they would have strewed palm leaves in his way, if they had any palms by 'em. He stopped a minute to speak to brother Minkley and the Elder introduced his wife to him, with an air as if he was a settlein' a dowery on her, that would make her rich for life. And sister Minkley looked on to him as awe-stricken, and admirin'ly, as if he was a entire menagery of new and curious animals, and she beholdin' 'em for the first time on a free ticket. And when he reached out his hand to shake hands with her, she acted perfectly overcome with joy.

Then brother Minkley introduced the Senator to me, with considerable the mean as if he was makin' me a present of a nice house and lot, all paid for. But when that Senator reached out his hand to shake hands with Josiah Allen's wife, that woman, nerved completely up with principle, jest looked at him with a stiddy lofty mean, and gripped holt of her brown alpaca overskirt, and never touched his hand. I wouldn't. It was white and delicate, and a great seal ring set with diamonds glittered on it, but it was stained with crimes blacker than murder, enough



INTRODUCTION TO THE SENATOR.

sight; I had jest as lives laid holt of a pisen serpent.

I am naturally well bred, and polite in my demeanor, and the politest way is generally the quietest way; so ruther than make a fuss, I bowed my head a very little, mebbly half or three quarters of a inch. But oh! what a majestic look there was on my eyebrow; what a terrible rebukin' expression curved my nostrils; what a firmness, and a icyness there sot throned on my upper lip. He felt it. His handsome false face turned red as blood, as I calmly replied to brother Minkley's last words. Says I:

"I agree with you brother Minkley in what you said. I think it would be a first-rate plan to keep impure people from the pole, male or female. It would be apt to thin the voters out considerable; it would be apt to make it considerable lonesome for the pole. But howsumever, I should approve of it highly and so would Josiah."

Truly, if the coat fits anybody, let 'em put it on freely, without money and without price. Senator Vyse felt what I said deeply, I know he did, for I'll be hanged if I ever see Josiah's face look any meachener in his meachinest times. I then coolly turned my back to 'em and looked out of the winder; and the Senator and brother Minkley went up towards the pole together, for the Elder seemed to think it would be a perfect treat to see such a big man vote. And sister Minkley followed him with her eyes, as admirin'ly as if he was a hull circus, side show and all.

When Senator Vyse and Brother Minkley moved off toward the pole, Sister Minkley and I was left alone. We was in a little corner by the winder, fenced in by a high counter and still more deeply secluded by a lofty and almost precipitous pile of rag carpetin', that towered up on the nigh side of us. On the off side as I said was the counter.

My body stood there a lookin' out of the winder, but my mind was nearly lost in thought, a wanderin' off into a complete wilderness of strange and conflictin' idees; little underbrushes of puzzlin' contradictions, runnin' every which way, and hedgin' my mind almost completely up, when it tried to soar off free and noble; great high trees of the world's curious beliefs, and practices, and proceedin's, castin' a shadder black as night down on the ever green mosses beneath 'em all. Sometimes my tuckered out mind would git half a minute's rest, reclinin' as you may say, on them mosses, that with tender, faithful fingers, touch with the same repose, the ruins of castle and hovel; that are ever green in sunshine and in shade; that quietly, silently—never hastin', never restin', never tirin'—make a soft piller for all tired heads alike; the lofty, and the lowly. Sometimes, as I say, I would rest half a moment in the thought of that tender Mercy and Compassion. And little wild flowers of sweet thoughts and consolations, would kinder peep up at me, and hopes, and prophecies of

truth and justice would shine out like glorious stars; and I'd git perhaps for three quarters of a moment or so, all lit up and a feelin' awful well. Then my mind would soar off again, considerable of a ways, and some of them runnin' vines of curious idees and customs, that was a tanglin' up the tree tops, would trip it up, and down it would come again—all the harder from fallin' from such a height. Good land! what a hard time it was a havin'. All of a sudden sister Minkley spoke up, for she too, it seems, had been a lookin' out of the winder, entirely unbeknown to me.

Says she, "I believe jest as Wesley and Senator Vyse does. Look at that creeter across the street. What would become of the nation if such things was permitted to vote?"

And she pinterd with her gingham umberell across the street to a girl that was sometimes in Jonesville, and sometimes in the city. A girl, that every time I looked at her, made my cheeks blush with shame for her, and my eyes brim over with tears for her. I don't believe there was ever a dry eye in my head when I looked at that girl, because I had heerd her story, the hull thing, from one that knew. And that was one very great reason, why I turned my back to Senator Vyse, and wouldn't touch his hand; the mean, contemptible, creeter.

This very girl when she was a child, was left to his

care by her dyin' mother and she grew up as pretty as a half blown rose bud, and jest as innocent; an orphan, unbeknowin' to the world, its glory, and its wicked-



YOUNG WOMANHOOD.

ness. And he learnt it all to her, all its glory, and all its wickedness; for she thought, innocent young lamb, that a new world of light and glory had swung down from heaven a purpose for him and her, in them days when he ransacked heaven and earth to find

tender ways and tender words enough to tell his love for her, his admiration for her beauty, her brightness, her grace, her sweet confidin' innocence. And so he held her heart, her life in his hands, and she would have been thankful to have laid them down for the handsome villain, if he had told her to. And holdin' her heart as he did, he broke it. Holdin' her life as he did, he ruined it. By every hellish art that could be called to aid him, he deliberately committed this sin. Brought her down from innocence and happiness, to ruin, wretchedness, disgrace, despair,

drink, the streets. And then he was unanimously chosen by a majority of the people to make wise laws, such as legalizing sin and iniquity, and other noble statutes, for the purifyin' of the nation. And she,—why, as she is too low and worthless for anything else, she is used as a capital illustration to enforce the fact, that wimmen like her are too sinful to vote."

Says I speakin' right out, loud and very eloquent: "Sister Minkley, as sure as there is a God in heaven, such injustice will not be permitted to go on forever."

I s'pose I skairt her, speakin' out so sudden like, and she not knowin' what performances had been a performin' in my mind. And she murmured again almost mekanically:

"It would be the awfulest thing I ever hearn on, for such creeters to vote."

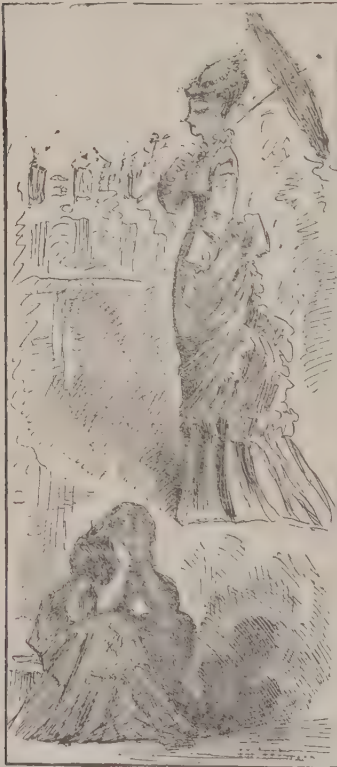
Says I, "That old torment can vote can't he, the one that brought her where she is?"

"No doubt but what *she* was to blame," says sister Minkley drawin' her lips down in a real womanly way.

"Who said she wasn't!" says I in real excited axents. "But this I will contend for, that her sin compared to his, wasn't so much as a morphine powder to a barrell of flour."

"She no need to have sunk down to where she is now," says sister Minkley speakin' again, in a real prudent, womanly tone.

Says I, "Sister Minkley, when that girl found out that the man she loved better than her own soul, that she looked up to as a God, as wimmen will, when she found that that man had betrayed her, ruined her, do



FALLEN.

you s'pose she had any faith left in God or man? The hull world reeled with her, and she went down with the shock. How low she went down, you nor I shall never know. And may the God above, who is able to keep us all from temptation, keep your childern and mine, sister Minkley."

"Amen!" says sister Minkley jest as solemn as if she was to camp-meetin'. For danger never looks so dangerous, nor ruin so ruinous, as when a mother thinks

of her own childern fallin' onto it.

Says I, "Sister Minkley when I think it might have been my Tirzah Ann, what feelin's I feel."

"And jest so I feel," says she. Sister Minkley

does dretful well by her childern, thinks a sight on 'em, and the mother in her was touched.

Says I, "Sister Minkley, that girl had a mother once. A mother's hand to guide her upwards—to lay on her brow when it ached. A mother's love to keep her from temptation. A mother's arms to hold her from evil, from coldness, from blame. A mother's heart to rest on, when tired, tired out with the world. Less try to feel for her a little as that faithful heart would, if it wasn't put away under the grasses."

Says I, almost eloquently, "It don't look well sister Minkley for mother's hands that have held little trustin' baby fingers in them, to be pinte out in mockery, or stun bruised in stunnin' such as she. No! rather let them be lifted up to high heavens in prayer for 'em, or reached in help to 'em, or wipin' away tears of pity and sorrow for 'em. Let mothers think for one half or even one third of a moment, what if death had unloosed their own claspin' lovin' hands from the baby fingers—tender trustin' little fingers,—and so many different hands in the world reached out to clasp 'em, and they so weak, so confidin', and so woefully ignorant what hands to lay holt of, little helpless, foolish lambs, **that** love guarded, love watched in safe homes, need such wise guidance, and prayers, and tears, and watchfulness—what would become of them wanderin' alone in a world full of wolves, temptation, starvation, and more'n forty other old whelps, some of the fiercest ones so covered

up with honest lookin' wool, that the keenest spectacles are powerless for the time bein' to tell 'em from sheep. Little white lambs travelin' alone so dangerous and black a road, how can they keep themselves white unless God keeps 'em. We mothers ort



THE LITTLE INNOCENT.

to think *such* thoughts sister Minkley, and pray prayers daily, not alone for our own children, but for all of Gods little ones—for all of these poor wanderers; askin' for heavenly wisdom and strength to save them, win them back to a better life."

"Amen" says sister Minkley, speakin' up jest as prompt and serene as if she was carryin' on a conference meetin'. She is as well meanin' a woman as I ever see, and bein' a Methodist by perswasion 'Amens'

come jest as natural to her as the breath she breathes. They are truly her theme; but she means well.

Says I goin' on and resumin':

"After that girl gave her freshness and beauty to the little face that lay for a few months on her bosom—dear to her, dearer to her in all her shame and guilt, than her life, because she could see *his* features in it—then Senator Vyse grew tired of her.

"And then her baby died. Perhaps God knew she



GRIEF AND REMORSE.

was not fit to guide a deathless life, so he took to himself the little white soul. And she missed it. Missed the little constant hands that clung to her trustingly—the innocent eyes that never looked at

her scornfully, and the little loving head that nestled fearlessly on her guilty breast.

"And then, the Senator bein' very tired of her, and havin' found a newer face that he liked better, turned her out doors, and she went ravin' wild, they say, run off into the woods, tried to kill herself. They took her to the hospittle, and when she got over her wildness, she would set by the winder all day, pale as a ghost, jest for the chance of seein' him ridin' by—for she couldn't kill her love for him, that was one of the hardest things for her; she



"TOOK TO DRINKIN'."

couldn't strangle it out no more'n she could kneel down and pray the sun out of the sky, because she had had a sunstroke. And what did she do to try to forget him and her agony? She took to drinkin', and fell lower and lower; so low, that nothin' but God's mercy can ever reach down to her."

Says I, "Her face used to be as innocent and sweet as your baby's face, your little Katy; and look at it now, if you want to see what this man has done. Look at the shame there, where there used to be fearlessness and trust; look at the wretchedness, where there used to be happiness; look at the vicious look, the guilty look, where there was innocence and purity; see how she is shunned and despised by those who used to love and respect her; consider the gulf his hands have dug, deep as eternity, between her and the old life she weeps over but can never return to. If, when she was sweet, and innocent, and trustin', and fitter for heaven than she ever will be again—when she was first left to his care—he had killed her with his own hands, it wouldn't have been half the crime he has done now, for then he would only have harmed her body, not her immortal soul.

"And what seems to me the most pitiful thing, sister Minkley, is, he ruined that girl through the best part of her nater—her trust, her affection. Jest as a young deer is led to its death by an old panther mockin' the voice of its dam, jest so did this old human panther lead this innocent young creeter astray by mockin' the voice of love,—that holiest of voices—lead her down to destruction through her tenderness, her love for him. And now, after he has stole her happiness, her innocence, her purity, her self-respect, and the respect of others, all her earthly hopes of happiness and her hopes of heaven; after she has lost *all*

for his sake ; after he has committed this crime against her, the greatest that man can commit, he crows over her and feels above her ; says, "*you* can't vote, but *I* can ; oh yes, I am all right because I am a man. Good land ! sister Minkley, how mad it makes me to see such injustice and iniquity."

But sister Minkley's mind had got to travelin' again the ways of the world, and she spoke out in a sort of a preachin' tone—I s'pose she kinder caught it from Brother Minkley, unbeknown to her :

"Listen to the voice of Solomon concernin' strange wimmen. 'She layeth in wait as for a prey. She increaseth the trangressions amongst men. My son rejoice with the wife of thy youth, be thou ravished always with her love. Beware of strange wimmen ! Her feet go down to death. Her steps take hold on hell !'"

I was agitated and almost by the side of myself, and I spoke out quick like, before I had time to think how it would sound.

Says I, "That very same strange woman that Solomon was bewarin' his son about, was innocent once, and in the first on't some man led her astray, and I shouldn't wonder a mite if it was old Solomon himself."

"Good gracious !" says sister Minkley, "Why'e !"

Says I, "I mean well sister Minkley ; and there can't nobody go ahead of me in honorin' Solomon for what was honorable in him, and admirin' what was

admirable in him. He bilt one of the biggest meet-in' housen's that ever was bilt, did lots of good, and some of his words are truly like 'apples of gold in pitchers of silver,' chuck full of wisdom and goodness. But I must speak the truth if I speak at all sister Minkley, especially where my sect is concerned. As you probable know, private investigation into the wrongs of my sect and tryin' to right them wrongs, is at present my mission and my theme, (and also promiscuous advisin'.) And I must say, that I think Solomon talked to his son a little too much about bewarin' of strange wimmen, and exhortin' him to stick to the wife of his youth, when he had ten hundred wimmen by him all the time, and then wasn't satisfied but started off to git a couple more—upwards of a thousand wimmen. Good gracious! sister Minkley; I should have thought some of 'em would have looked strange to him.

“Why sister Allen! why'e!”

“I mean well, sister Minkley; I mean first rate. And I'll bet a cent if you should speak your mind right out, you would say that you don't uphold Solomon in all his doin's no more'n I do. He was altogether too familiar with wimmen, Solomon was, to suit *me*. Marryin' seven hundred of 'em. Goodland! And folks make a great fuss nowadays if a man marries two; claps him right into jail quicker'n a wink, and good enough for him; he ort to go. One woman at a time is my theme, and that is the theme

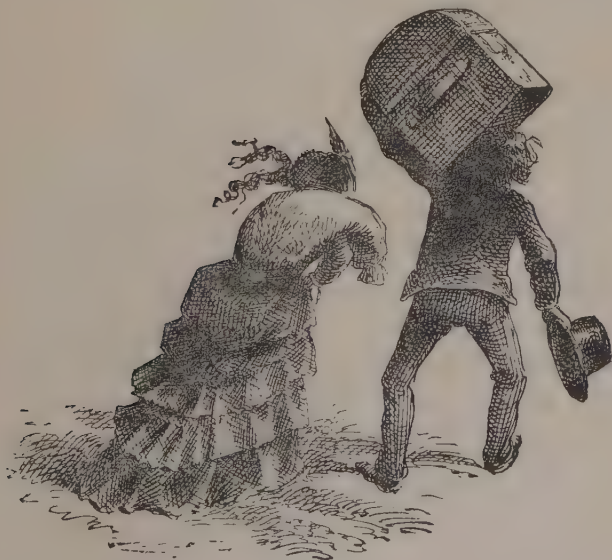
of the new testament, and what that says is good enough for me or anybody else; it is God's own words to us sister Minkley."

I had been dretful kinder agitated in tone, I felt so deeply what I said. But I continued on in some milder axents, but impressive as impressive could be—for I was a talkin' on principle, and I keep a tone by me all the time on purpose for that, a dretful deep, lofty, eloquent tone; and I used it now, as I went on and proceeded.

"As I said sister Minkley, I have made the subject of wimmen my theme for quite a number of years—ever sense the black African and the mortgage on our farm was released. I have meditated on what wimmen has done, and what she haint done; what treatment she has received, and what she haint received. Why sometimes, sister Minkley, when I have got onto that theme, my mind has soared to that extent that you wouldn't have any idee of, if you never had seen anything done in the line of soarin'. It has sailed back to the year one, and sailed onwards through the centuries that lie between to that golden year we both believe in sister Minkley. It has soared clear from the east to the west, and seen sad eyed Eastern wimmen with veiled faces, toys, or beasts of burden, not darin' to uncover their faces to the free air and light of heaven, because man willed it so. It has seen Western wimmen, long processions of savages, the wimmen carryin' the babies, the house, and house-

hold furniture on their backs, while the men, unburdened and feathered out nobly, walked in front of 'em, smoking calmly, and mediatin' on the inferiority of wimmen.

I never contended that wimmen was perfect, far from it. You have heerd me say in the past, that I thought wimmen was meaner than pusly about some things. I say so still. My mind haint changed about



ABOUT A FAIR THING.

wimmen, nor about pusly. But justice is what I have been a contendin' for; justice, and equal rights, and a fair dividin' of the burdens of life is my theme; and I say they haint been used well.

Now in the year one, when Adam and Eve eat that

apple, jest as quick as Adam swallowed it—probable he most choked himself with the core, he was in such a awful hurry to get his mouth clear, so he could lay the blame onto Eve. “The woman did tempt me, and I did eat.”

“But thank fortin, he didn’t make out much, for Eternal Goodness, which is God, is forever on the side of Right. And Adam and Eve—as any two ort to be who sin together—got turned out of Eden, side by side, out of the same gate, into the same wilderness; and the flaming sword that kept Eve back from her old life of beauty and innocence, kept Adam back, too. Sister Minkley, that is my theme. When two human souls turn the Eden of their innocence into a garden of guilt, punish ’em both alike, and don’t turn her out into the wilderness alone; don’t flash the flamin’ sword of your righteous indignation in her eyes and not in hisen.

“And then, there was Hagar’ses case,—when Abraham turned Hagar and his baby out into the desert. If I had lived neighbor to ’em, at the time, I should have give him a talkin’ to about it; I should have freed my mind, and felt relieved so fur, anyway. I should have said to the old gentleman, in a pleasant way, so’s not to git him mad:—‘I think a sight of you, Abraham, in the patriarch way. You are a good man, in a great many respects; but standin’ up for wimmen is my theme, (and also promiscuous advisin’,) and do you think you are doin’ the fair thing

by Hagar, to send her and your baby off into the desert with nothin' but one loaf of bread and a bottle of water between them and death?' Says I, 'It is your child, and if it hadn't been for you, Hagar would probable now be a doin' housework round in Beersheba, a happy woman with no incumbrances. It is your child as well as hern, and you, to say the least of it, are as guilty as she is; and don't you think it is a little ungenerous and unmanly in you, to drive her off into the desert—to let her in her weakness, take all the consequences of the sin you and she committed, when she had paid for it already pretty well, in the line of sufferin'?' Says I, 'I think a sight of you, Abraham, but in the name of principle, I say with the poet,—that what is sass for the goose, ort to be sass for the gander—and if she is drove off into the desert, you ort to lock arms with her and go too.'

"I'll bet a cent I could have convinced Abraham that he was doin' a cowardly and ungenerous act by Hagar. But then I wasn't there; I didn't live neighbor to 'em. And I presume Sarah kep' at him all the time; kep' a tewin' at him about her; kep' him awake nights a twittin' him about her, and askin' him to start her off. I presume Sarah acted meaner than pusly.

"Human nater, and especially winnemen human nater is considerable the same in the year 18 and 1800, and I'll bet a cent, (or I wouldn't be afraid to bet a cent,

if I believed in bettin',) that if Sarah had had her way, Hagar wouldn't have got even that loaf of bread and bottle of water. It says, Abraham got up early—probable before Sarah was up—and give 'em to her, and started her off. I shouldn't wonder a mite if Sarah twitted Abraham about that loaf of bread every time she did a bakin', for a number of years after. And that bottle. I dare presume to say, if the truth was known, that she throwed that bottle in his face more'n a hundred times, deplorin' it as the toughest-hided, soundest bottle in all Beersheba.

“But as I said, I wasn't there, and Abraham turned her out, and Hagar had a hard time of it out in the desert, toilin' on alone through its dreary wastes, hungry for bread, and hungry for love; dying from starvation of soul and body; deceived; despised; wronged; deserted; lonely; broken-hearted; and carrying with all the rest of her sorrow—as mothers will—the burden of her child's distress. Why, this woman's wrongs and misery opened the very gates of Heaven, and God's own voice comforted and consoled her; again Eternal Justice and Mercy spoke out of Heaven for wimmen. Why is it that his childern on earth will continue to be so deaf and dumb—deaf as a stun—for 6000 years.

“But from that time to this, take it between the Abrahams and the Sarahs of this world, the Hagers have fared hard, and the Abrahams have got along first rate; the Hagers have been turned out into the

desert to die there, and the Abrahams that ruined 'em, have increased in flocks and herds; are thought a sight of and are high in the esteem of wimmen. Seems as though the more Hagers they fit out for the desert business, the more feathers it is in their cap. Every Hagar they start out is a new feather, till some get completely feathered out; then they send 'em to Congress, and think a sight on 'em.

“I declare for't it is the singularest thing I ever see, or hearn tell on, how folks that are so just in every thing else, are so blinded in this one. And” says I almost wildly—for I grew more and more agitated every minute, and eloquent—“the female sect are to blame for this state of affairs;” says I, “men as a general thing, all good men, have better idees in this matter than we do, enough sight. Wimmen are to blame—meetin' house wimmen and all,—you and I are to blame sister Minkley,” says I. “As a rule the female sect wink at men's sins, but not a wink can you ever git out of them about our sins. Not a wink. *We* have got to toe the mark in morals, and we ort to make *them* toe the mark. And if we did, we should rise 25 cents in the estimation of every good man, and every mean one too, for they can't respect us now, to toady and keep a winkin' at 'em when they wont at us; they can't respect us. We ort to require as much purity and virtue in them, as they do in us, and stop winkin'.” Says I, “Winkin' at men's sins is what is goin' to ruin us all, the hull caboodle of us;

ruin men, ruin wimmen, Jonesville, and the hull nation. Let the hull female race, fur and near, bond and free, in Jonesville and the world, stop winkin'."

I don't believe I had been any more eloquent sense war times; I used to get awful eloquent then, talkin' about the colored niggers. And I declare I don't know where, to what heights and depths my eloquence would have flown me off to, if I hadn't jest that minute heard a low, lady-like snore—sister Minkley was asleep. Yes, she had forgot her troubles; she was leanin' up ag'inst the high pile of rag carpetin', that kinder fenced us in, fast asleep. But truly, she haint to blame. She has bad spells,—a sort of weakness she can't help. But jest at that very minute my Josiah came up and says he:

"Come Samantha! haint you about ready to go?"

"Yes," says I, for truly principle had tuckered me out. Josiah's voice had waked up sister Minkley, and she give a kind of a start, and says she:

"Amen, sister Allen! I can say amen to that with all my heart. You talked well sister Allen, especially towards the last. You argued powerful."

I wasn't goin' to twit her of not hearin' a word of it. Brother Minkley jest that minute sent in word that he was ready, and to hurry up, for the colts wouldn't stand. (He had hired a neighborin' team.) And so we two wimmen, sister Minkley and I started home from 'lection.

I don't know as I ever see Josiah Allen in any

better spirits, than he was, as we started off on our tower homewards. He had been to the clothin' store and bought him a new Sentinal necktie, red, white and blue. It was too young for him by forty years, and I told him so; but he said he liked it the minute he sot his eyes on it, it was so dressy. That man is vain. And then 'lection bid fair to go the way he wanted it to. He was awful animated, his face was almost wreathed in a smile, and before the old mare had gone several rods, he begun what a neat thing it was, and what a lucky hit for the nation, that wimmen couldn't vote. And he kep' on a talkin', that man did, as he was a carryin' me home from 'lection, about how it would break a woman's modesty down to go to the pole, and how it would devour her time and so 4th, and so 4th. And I was that tired out and fatigued a talkin' to sister Minkley that I let him go on for more'n a mile, and never put in my note at all. Good land! I'd heerd it all over from him, word for word, more'n a hundred times, and so I sot still. I s'pose he never thought how it was my lungs that ailed me, that I had used 'em almost completely up in principle, how I was almost entirely out of wind. And though a woman's will may be good, and her principles lofty, still she can't talk without wind. For truly in the words of a poem, I once perused:

“What's Paul, or Pollus, when a sinner's dead?
dead for want of breath.”

I don't s'pose he thought of my bein' tuckered out, but honestly s'pose he thought he was convincin' of me; for his mean grew gradually sort of overbearin' like, and contemptible, till he got to be more big feelin' and haughty in his mean than I had ever known him to be, and independenter. And he ended up as follers:

"Now, we have purity, and honesty, and unswerin' virtue, and incorruptible patriotism at the pole. Now, if corruption tries to stalk, honest, firm, lofty minded men stand ready to grip it by the throat. How can it stalk, when it is a chokin'? Wimmen haint got the knowledge, the deep wisdom and insight into things that we men have. They haint got the lofty idees of national honor, and purity, that we men have. Wimmen may mean well —"

He was feelin' so neat that he felt kinder clever towards the hull world, hemale, and female. "Wimmen *may* mean well, and for arguments sake, we'll say they *do* mean well. But that haint the pint, the pint is here —"

And he pinte his forefinger right towards the old mare. Josiah can't gesture worth a cent. He wouldn't make a oriter, if he should learn the trade for years. But ever sense he has been to the Debatin' school, he has seemed to have a hankerin' that way. "The pint is here. Not knowin' so much as we men know, not bein' so firm and lofty minded as we be, if wimmen should vote corruption would stalk; they

not havin' a firm enough grip to choke it off. They would in the language of the 'postle be 'blowed about by every windy doctor.' They would be tempted by filthy lucre to 'sell their birth-right for a mess of pottage,' or crockery, I s'pose the text means. They haint got firmness; they are whiffin', their minds haint stabled. And if that black hour should ever come to the nation, that wimmen should ever go to the pole—where would be the lofty virtue, the firm high-minded honesty, the uncorruptible patriotism that now shines forth from politics? Where would be the purity of the pole? Where? oh! where?"

I'll be hanged if I could stand it another minute, and my lungs havin' got considerable rested, I spoke up, and says I:

"You seem to be havin' a kind of a enquiry meetin' in politics, Josiah Allen, and I'll get up in my mind, and speak in meetin'." And then I jest let loose that eloquent tone I keep by me expressly for the cause of principle; I used the very loftiest and awfulest one I had by me, as I fastened my specks immovably on hisen. "Where is that swaller tailed coat of Father Allen's?"

And in slower, sterner, colder tones, I added:

"With the brass buttons. Where is it Josiah Allen? Where? oh! where?"

Oh! What a change came over my companion's mean. Oh, how his feathers drooped and dragged on the ground speakin' in a rooster and allegory way.

Oh, what a meachin' look covered him like a garment from head to foot. I declare for't if his boots didn't look meachin', and his hat and his vest. I never seen a meachener lookin' vest than hisen, as I went on :

"I'd talk Josiah Allen about men bein' so pure-minded, and honest. I'd talk about winnemens bein' whifflin' and their minds not stabled. I'd talk about the purity of the pole. I'd love to see Josiah Allen's wife buyin' votes; bribin' Miss Gowdey or sister Minkley away from the paths of honesty and virtue, with a petticoat or a bib apron. I'd love to see George Washington offerin' his jack knife to Patrick Henry to get him to vote his ticket; or Benjamin Franklin, or Thomas Jefferson sellin their votes for store clothes. I should be ashamed to go to the Sentinel Josiah Allen, if I was in your place. I should be perfectly ashamed to set my eyes on that little hatchet that George Washington couldn't tell a lie with. I should think that hatchet would cut your conscience clear to the bone—if you have got a conscience, Josiah Allen.

"Oh ! Did I ever expect to see the companion of my youth and middle age, betrayin' his country's honor; trafficin' in bribery and sin; dickerin' with dishonesty; tradin' in treason; buyin' corruption; and payin' for it with a swaller tailed coat, with his old father's blue swaller tailed coat that his lawful pardner wanted for carpet rags. Oh, the agony of this half an hour, Josiah Allen ! Oh, the feelin's that I feel."



JOSIAH FINDS HIS SECRET IS KNOWN.

But Josiah had begun to pick up his crumbs again. Truly it is hard work to keep men down in the valley of humiliation. You can't keep 'em worked up and mortified for any great length of time, do the best you can. But I continued on in almost dretful axents.

"You ort to repent in sackcloth and ashes, Josiah Allen."

"We haint got no sackcloth Samantha," says he, "and we have sold our ashes. Probable the man wouldn't want me to be a repentin' in 'em. It would be apt to leach 'em, too much lie for 'em."

"I'd try to turn it off into a joke, Josiah Allen, I'd laugh if I was in your place about lyin'. Your tears ort to flow like a leach barrell. Oh if you could realize as I do the wickedness of your act. Destroyin' your country's honor. Sellin' your father's coat when I wanted it for carpet rags." Says I, "I am as good a mind as I ever was to eat, to color the hull thing black, warp and all, makin' a mournin' carpet of it, to set down and bewail my pardner's wickedness from year to year."

"It would look pretty solemn Samantha." I see the idee worried him.

"It wouldn't look no solemnner than I feel, Josiah Allen."

And then I kep' perfectly still for a number of minutes, for silence is the solemn temple with its roof as high as the heavens, convenient for the human soul to retire into, at any time, unbeknown to any-

body ; to offer up thanksgivin's, or repent of iniquities. And I thought my Josiah was repentin' of hisen.

But truly as I said men's consciences are like ingy rubber, dretful easy and stretchy, and almost impossible to break like a bruised reed. For while I was a hopin' that my companion was a repentin', and thought mebby he would burst out a cryin', overcome by a realizin' sense of his depravities; and I was a thinkin' that if he did, I should take up a corner of his bandanna handkerchief and cry on it too—that man for all his back slidin's is so oncommon dear to me—he spoke out in jest as chirp a way as I ever seen him, and for all the world, jest as if he hadn't done nothin' :

“ I wonder if sister Doodle will have supper ready, Samantha. I meant to have told her to fried a little o' that beef.”





HOW WE BOUGHT A SEWIN' MACHINE AND ORGAN.

WE done dretful well last year. The crops come in first-rate, and Josiah had five or six heads of cattle to turn off at a big price. He felt well, and he proposed to me that I should have a sewin' machine. That man,—though he don't coo at me so frequent as he probable would if he had more encouragement in it, is attached to me with a devotedness that is firm and almost cast-iron, and says he, almost tenderly: "Samantha, I will get you a sewin' machine."

Says I, "Josiah, I have got a couple of sewin' machines by me that have run pretty well for upwards of—well it haint necessary to go into particulars, but they have run for considerable of a spell anyway"—says I, "I can git along without another one, though no doubt it would be handy to have round."

But Josiah hung onto that machine. And then he up and said he was goin' to buy a organ. Thomas Jefferson wanted one too. They both seemed sot onto that organ. Tirzah Ann took hern with her of

course when she was married, and Josiah said it seemed so awful lonesome without any Tirzah Ann or any music, that it seemed almost as if two girls had married out of the family instead of one. He said money couldn't buy us another Tirzah Ann, but it would buy us a new organ, and he was determined to have one. He said it would be so handy for her to play on when she came home, and for other company. And then Thomas J. can play quite well; he can play any tune, almost, with one hand, and he sings first-rate, too. He and Tirzah Ann used to sing together a sight; he sings bearatone, and she sulfireno—that is what they call it. They git up so many new fangled names nowadays, that I think it is most a wonder that I don't make a slip once in a while and git things wrong. I should, if I hadn't got a mind like a ox for strength.

But as I said, Josiah was fairly sot on that machine and organ, and I thought I'd let him have his way. So it got out that we was goin' to buy a sewin' machine, and a organ. Well, we made up our minds on Friday, pretty late in the afternoon, and on Monday forenoon I was a washin', when I heard a knock at the front door, and I wrung my hands out of the water and went and opened it. A slick lookin' feller stood there, and I invited him in and sot him a chair.

"I hear you are talkin' about buyin' a musical instrument," says he.

"No," says I, "we are goin' to buy a organ."

“Well,” says he, “I want to advise you, not that I have any interest in it at all, only I don’t want to see you so imposed upon. It fairly makes me mad to see a Methodist imposed upon; I lean towards that perswasion myself. Organs are liable to fall to pieces any minute. There haint no dependence on ’em at all, the insides of ’em are liable to break out at any time. If you have any regard for your own welfare and safety, you will buy a piano. Not that I have any interest in advising you, only my devotion to the cause of Right; pianos never wear out.”

“Where should we git one?” says I, for I didn’t want Josiah to throw away his property.

“Well,” says he, “as it happens, I guess I have got one out here in the wagon. I believe I threw one into the bottom of the wagon this mornin’, as I was a comin’ down by here on business. I am glad now I did, for it always makes me feel ugly to see a Methodist imposed upon.

Josiah came into the house in a few minutes, and I told him about it, and says I:

“How lucky it is Josiah, that we found out about organs before it was too late.”

But Josiah asked the price, and said he wasn’t goin’ to pay out no 300 dollars, for he wasn’t able. But the man asked if we was willin’ to have it brought into the house for a spell—we could do as we was a mind to about buyin’ it; and of course we couldn’t refuse, so Josiah most broke his back a liftin’ it in,

and they set it up in the parlor, and after dinner the man went away.

Josiah bathed his back with linement, for he had strained it bad a liftin' that piano, and I had jest got back to my washin' again (I had had to put it away to git dinner) when I heerd a knockin' again to the front door, and I pulled down my dress sleeves and went and opened it, and there stood a tall, slim feller; and the kitchen bein' all cluttered up I opened the parlor door and asked him in there, and the minute he catched sight of that piano, he jest lifted up both hands, and says he:

"You haint got one of them here!"

He looked so horrified that it skairt me, and says I in almost tremblin' tones:

"What is the matter with 'em?" And I added in a cheerful tone, "we haint bought it."

He looked more cheerful too as I said it, and says he "You may be thankful enough that you haint. There haint no music in 'em at all; hear that," says he, goin' up and strikin' the very top note. It did sound flat enough.

Says I, "There must be more music in it than that, though I haint no judge at all."

"Well, hear that, then," and he went and struck the very bottom note. "You see just what it is, from top to bottom. But it haint its total lack of music that makes me despise pianos so, it is because they are so dangerous."

"Dangerous?" says I.

"Yes, in thunder storms, you see;" says he, liftin' up the cover, "here it is all wire, enough for fifty lightnin' rods—draw the lightnin' right into the room. Awful dangerous! No money would tempt me to have one in my house with my wife and daughter. I shouldn't sleep a wink thinkin' I had exposed 'em to such danger."

"Good land!" says I, "I never thought on it before."

"Well, now you *have* thought of it, you see plainly that a organ is jest what you need. They are full of music, safe, healthy and don't cost half so much."

Says I, "A organ was what we had sot our minds on at first."

"Well, I have got one out here, and I will bring it in."

"What is the price?" says I.

"100 and 90 dollars," says he.

"There wont be no need of bringin' it in at that price," says I, "for I have heerd Josiah say, that he wouldn't give a cent over a 100 dollars."

"Well," says the feller, "I'll tell you what I'll do. Your countenance looks so kinder natural to me, and I like the looks of the country round here so well, that if your mind is made up on the price you want to pay, I wont let a trifle of 90 dollars part us. You can have it for 100."

"Well, the end on't was, he brung it in and sot it

up the other end of the parlor, and drove off. And when Josiah come in from his work, and Thomas J. come home from Jonesville, they liked it first rate.

But the very next day, a new agent come, and he looked awful skairt when he catched sight of that organ, and real mad and indignant too.

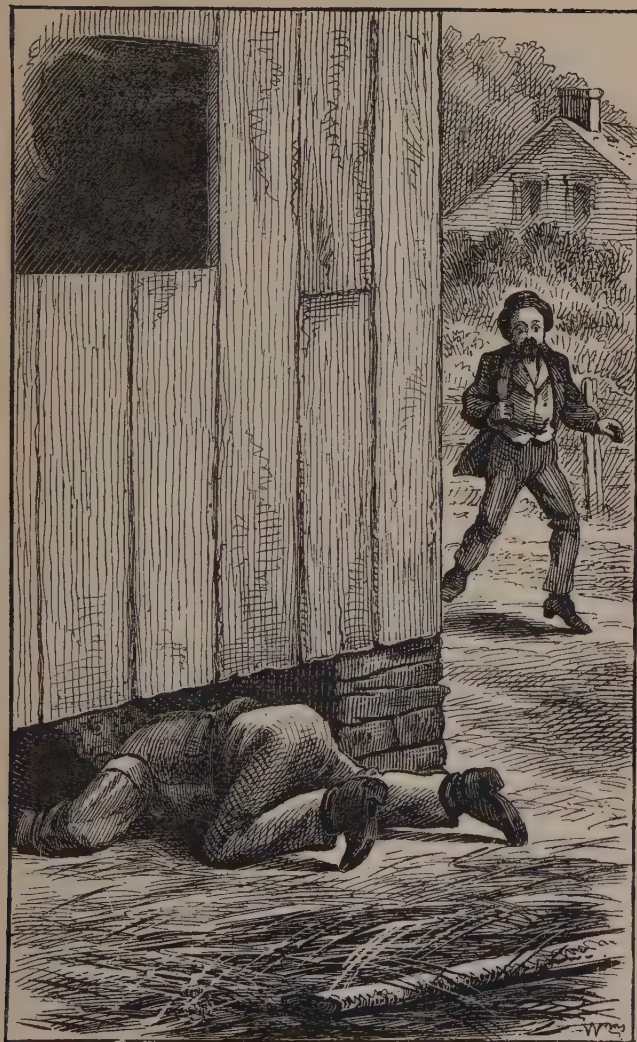
"That villain haint been a tryin' to get one of them organs off onto you, has he?" says he.

"What is the trouble with 'em?" says I, in a awe-struck tone, for he looked bad.

"Why," says he, "there is a heavy mortgage on every one of his organs. If you bought one of him, and paid for it, it would be liable to be took away from you any minute when you was right in the middle of a tune, leavin' you a settin' on the stool; and you would lose every cent of your money."

"Good gracious!" says I, for it skairt me to think what a narrow chance we had run. Well, finally, he brung in one of hisen, and sot it up in the kitchen, the parlor bein' full on 'em.

And the fellers kep' a comin' and a goin' at all hours. For a spell, at first, Josiah would come in and talk with 'em, but after a while he got tired out, and when he would see one a comin', he would start on a run for the barn, and hide, and I would have to stand the brunt of it alone. One feller see Josiah a runnin' for the barn, and he follered him in, and Josiah dove under the barn, as I found out afterwards. I happened to see him a crawlin' out after the feller drove



AVOIDING A NUISANCE.

off. Josiah come in a shakin' himself—for he was all covered with straw and feathers—and says he:

“Samantha there has got to be a change.”

“How is there goin' to be a change?” says I.

“I'll tell you,” says he, in a whisper—for fear some on 'em was prowlin' round the house yet—“we will git up before light to-morrow mornin', and go to Jonesville and buy a organ right out.”

I fell in with the idee, and we started for Jonesville the next mornin'. We got there jest after the break of day, and bought it of the man to the breakfast table. Says Josiah to me afterwards, as we was goin' down into the village:

“Let's keep dark about buyin' one, and see how many of the creeters will be a besettin' on us to-day.”

So we kep' still, and there was half a dozen fellers follerin' us round all the time a most, into stores and groceries and the manty makers, and they would stop us on the sidewalk and argue with us about their organs and pianos. One feller, a tall slim chap, never let Josiah out of his sight a minute; and he follered him when he went after his horse, and walked by the side of the wagon clear down to the store where I was, a arguin' all the way about his piano. Josiah had bought a number of things and left 'em to the store, and when we got there, there stood the organ man by the side of the things, jest like a watch dog. He knew Josiah would come and git 'em, and he could git the last word with him.

Amongst other things, Josiah had bought a barrel of salt, and the piano feller that had stuck to Josiah so tight that day, offered to help him on with it. And the organ man—not goin' to be outdone by the other—he offered too. Josiah kinder winked to me, and then he held the old mare, and let 'em lift. They wasn't used to such kind of work, and it fell back on 'em once or twice, and most squashed 'em; but they nipped to, and lifted again, and finally got it on; but they was completely tuckered out.

And then Josiah got in, and thanked 'em for the liftin'; and the organ man, a wipin' the sweat offen his face—that had started out in his hard labor—said he should be down to-morrow mornin'; and the piano man, a pantin' for breath, told Josiah not to make up his mind till *he* came; he should be down that night if he got rested enough.

And then Josiah told 'em that he should be glad to see 'em down a visitin' any time, but he had jest bought a organ.

I don't know but what they would have laid holt of Josiah, if they hadn't been so tuckered out; but as it was, they was too beat out to look anything but sneakin'; and so we drove off.

The manty maker had told me that day, that there was two or three new agents with new kinds of sewin' machines jest come to Jonesville, and I was tellin' Josiah on it, when we met a middle-aged man, and he looked at us pretty close, and finally he asked us

as he passed by, if we could tell him where Josiah Allen lived.

Says Josiah, "I'm livin' at present in a Democrat."

Says I, "In this one horse wagon, you know."

Says he, "You are thinkin' of buyin' a sewin' machine, haint you?"

"Says Josiah, "I am a turnin' my mind that way."

At that, the man turned his horse round, and fol-
lered us, and I see he had a sewin' machine in front
of his wagon. We had the old mare and the colt,
and seein' a strange horse come up so close behind
us, the colt started off full run towards Jonesville,
and then run down a cross-road and into a lot.

Says the man behind us, "I am a little younger
than you be, Mr. Allen; if you will hold my horse I
will go after the colt with pleasure."

Josiah was glad enough, and so he got into the
feller's wagon; but before he started off, the man,
says he:

"You can look at that machine in front of you
while I am gone. I tell you frankly, that there
haint another machine equal to it in America; it
requires no strength at all; infants can run it for
days at a time; or idiots; if anybody knows enough to
set and whistle, they can run this machine; and it's
especially adapted to the blind—blind people can run
it jest as well as them that can see. A blind woman
last year, in one day, made 43 dollars a makin' leather
aprons; stitched them all round the age two rows.

She made two dozen of 'em, and then she made four dozen gauze veils the same day, without changin' the needle. That is one of the beauties of the machine, its goin' from leather to lace, and back again, without changin' the needle. It is so tryin' for wimmen, every time they want to go from leather, to gauze and book muslin, to have to change the needle; but you can see for yourself that it haint got its equal in North America."

He heerd the colt whinner, and Josiah stood up in the wagon, and looked after it. So he started off down the cross road.

And we sot there, feelin' considerable like a procession; Josiah holdin' the stranger's horse, and I the old mare; and as we sot there, up driv another slick lookin' chap, and I bein' ahead, he spoke to me, and says he:

"Can you direct me, mom, to Josiah Allen's house?"

"It is about a mile from here," and I added in a friendly tone, "Josiah is my husband."

"Is he?" says he, in a genteel tone.

"Yes," says I, "we have been to Jonesville, and our colt run down that cross road, and ——"

"I see," says he interruptin' of me, "I see how it is." And then he went on in a lower tone, "If you think of buyin' a sewin' machine, don't git one of that feller in the wagon behind you—I know him well; he is one of the most worthless shacks in the

country, as you can plainly see by the looks of his countenance. If I ever see a face in which knave and villain is wrote down, it is on hisen. Any one with half an eye can see that he would cheat his grandmother out of her snuff handkerchief, if he got a chance."

He talked so fast that I couldn't git a chance to put in a word age ways for Josiah.

"His sewin' machines are utterly worthless; he haint never sold one yet; he cant. His character has got out—folks know him. There was a lady tellin' me the other day that her machine she bought of him, all fell to pieces in less than twenty-four hours after she bought it; fell onto her infant, a sweet little babe, and crippled it for life. I see your husband is havin' a hard time of it with that colt. I will jest hitch my horse here to the fence, and go down and help him; I want to have a little talk with him before he comes back here." So he started off on the run.

I told Josiah what he said about him, for it mad-ded me, but Josiah took it cool. He seemed to love to set there and see them two men run. I never *did* see a colt act as that one did; they didn't have time to pass a word with each other, to find out their mistake, it kep' 'em so on a keen run. They would git it headed towards us, and then it would kick up its heels, and run into some lot, and canter round in a circle with its head up in the air, and then bring up

short ag'inst the fence; and then they would leap over the fence. The first one had white pantaloons on, but he didn't mind 'em; over he would go, right into sikuta or elderbushes, and they would wave their hats at it, and holler, and whistle, and bark like dogs, and the colt would whinner and start off again right the wrong way, and them two men would go a pantin' after it. They had been a runnin' nigh onto half an hour, when a good lookin' young feller come along, and seein' me a settin' still and holdin' the old mare, he up and says:

"Are you in any trouble that I can assist you?"

Says I, "We are goin' home from Jonesville, Josiah and me, and our colt got away and—"

But Josiah interrupted me, and says he, "And them two fools a caperin' after it, are sewin' machine agents."

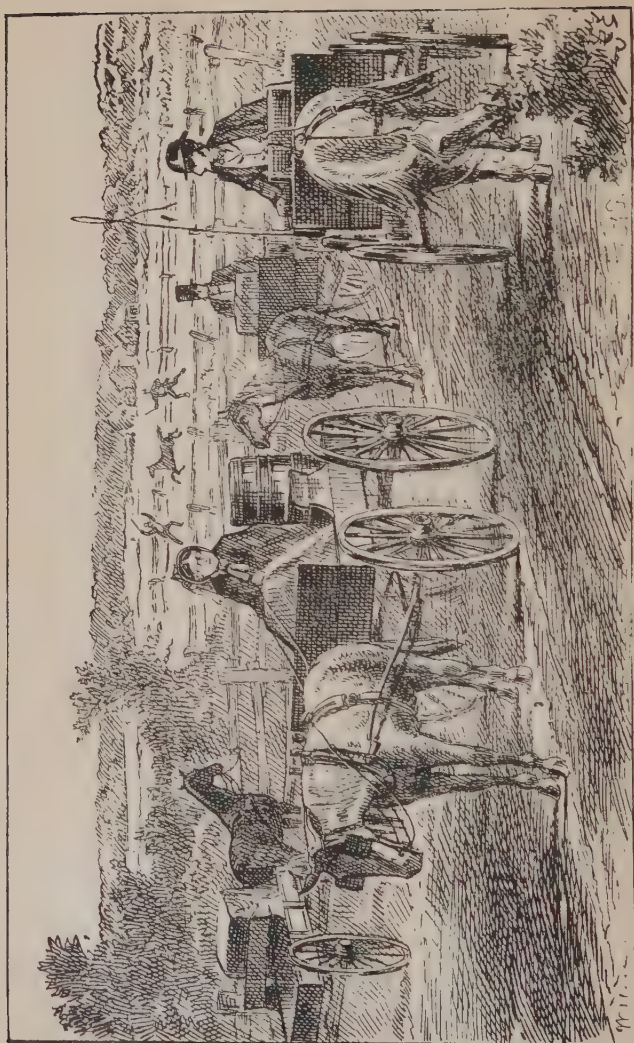
The good lookin' chap see all through it in a minute, and he broke out into a laugh it would have done your soul good to hear, it was so clear and hearty, and honest. But he didn't say a word; he drove out to go by us, and we see then that he had a sewin' machine in the buggy.

"Are you a agent?" says Josiah.

"Yes," says he.

"What sort of a machine is this here?" says Josiah, liftin' up the cloth from the machine in front of him.

"A pretty good one," says the feller, lookin' at the name on it.



THE SEWIN' MACHINE AGENTS.

"Is yours as good?" says Josiah.

"I think it is better," says he. And then he started up his horse.

"Hello! stop!" says Josiah.

The feller stopped.

"Why don't you run down other fellers' machines, and beset us to buy yours?"

"Because I don't make a practice of stoppin' people on the street."

"Do you haunt folks day and night; foller 'em up ladders, through trap-doors, down sullers, and under barns?"

"No," says the young chap, "I show people how my machine works; if they want it, I sell it; and if they don't, I leave."

"How much is your machine?" says Josiah.

"75 dollars."

"Can't you," says Josiah, "because I look so much like your old father, or because I am a Methodist, or because my wife's mother used to live neighbor to your grandmother—let me have it for 25 dollars?"

The feller got up on his wagon, and turned his machine round so we could see it plain—it was a beauty—and says he:

"You see this machine, sir; I think it is the best one made, although there is no great difference between this and the one over there; but I think what difference there is, is in this one's favor. You can have it for 75 dollars if you want it; if not, I will drive on."

“How do you like the looks on it, Samantha?”

Says I, “It is the kind I wanted to git.”

Josiah took out his wallet, and counted out 75 dollars, and says he:

“Put that machine into that wagon where Samantha is.”

The good lookin' feller was jest liftin' of it in, and countin' over his money, when the two fellers come up with the colt. It seemed that they had had a explanation as they was comin' back; I see they had as quick as I catched sight on 'em, for they was a walkin' one on one side of the road, and the other on the other, most tight up to the fence. They was most dead the colt had run 'em so, and it did seem as if their faces couldn't look no redder nor more madder than they did as we catched sight on 'em and Josiah thanked 'em for drivin' back the colt; but when they see that the other feller had sold us a machine, their faces *did* look redder and madder.

But I didn't care a mite; we drove off tickled enough that we had got through with our sufferin's with agents. And the colt had got so beat out a runnin' and racin', that he drove home first-rate, walkin' along by the old mare as stiddy as a deacon.



PREPARIN' FOR OUR TOWER.

IT was on a fair and lovely mornin', though mid-dlin' cool, that I told my Josiah that if he and I was a goin' to see the Sentinal it was time for us to be makin' some preparations. Thomas J. haint a goin' till bimeby. He wants to go in company with Maggy Snow and her father, and I don't blame him a mite—I was young once myself. The Squire is laid up now with rheumatiz, can't step a step on his left foot. I was out on the back stoop, a shakin' my table cloth and Josiah was out there a grindin' his jack knife on the grindstun, and I says to him, again :

“Josiah Allen it is time for us to prepare.”

Says he, “I thought mebby you'd want to give up goin', Samantha.”

“*I want to give up goin'!*” says I, in a almost mechanical tone, but very cold.

“Yes,” says he in a sickly and almost foolish tone. “I didn't know but you'd want to wait till the next one; I didn't know but you'd drather.”

"*Drather!*" I repeated still more icily. "I would wait if I was in your place Josiah Allen, till we are as old as the hills; if we was alive we'd be carried there in a side show, and you know it;" and I folded up my table cloth almost severely.

"Well," says he, tryin' the age of the knife with his fingers, "I don't think *I* shall go anyway."

Says I layin' the table cloth over my left arm, and



"IT HAIN'T ALWAYS BEST TO TELL REASONS."

foldin' my right and left arm, tryin' hard to keep some composed (on the outside):

"What are your reasons, Josiah Allen?"

"Oh," says he in a kind of a blind way—goin' to grindin' again,—“I have my reasons, but it haint always best to tell reasons to everybody.”

And jest so he kep' a grindin' and a hangin' back and a actin'. It was a curious time, very. I a standin' there erect and firm on the stoop, with my table cloth on my left arm and earnestness on my eyebrow, and he half bent, a grindin' away on that old jack knife, with obstinacy on his brow, a tellin' me in a blind mysterious way that he had his reasons and wouldn't tell 'em. Oh! how offish and strange men will act. Truly, truly, doth the poet observe, "that men are wild, and have their spells."

There Josiah Allen had acted to the Debatin'-school all up in arms about goin'. He knew the nation would expect me to be present. He knew well what a gloom it would cast over the Sentinal if I wasn't there, a shadder that would spread (as you may say) from pole to pole. Josiah Allen knew all about it; he knew well how I had lotted on makin' a martyr of myself in the cause of Right and Wimmen, and here he had to baulk in the harness. Truly, men are as contrary creeters as the earth affords, when they are a mind to be. Every married woman will join with me in sayin', that there are moments in married life, when mules seem to be patterns of yieldin' sweetness and obligin'ness compared with lawful pardners.

But here, in this tryin' moment was where mind stepped in to the relief of matter and Samantha. Some wimmen when they see their pardners act so strange and curious, would have give up. Not so Samantha. Here was where the deep and arduous

study of her life-time into the heights and depths of the manly mind soared up and triumphed. I didn't act skairt at all by him, neither did I show out that I was mad—though I was inwardly—to see him act so offish and obstinate. No! I looked down on him a grindin', and a actin', with a almost marble calm; and with a resolution nearly cast-iron I concealed my opinion of him and kep' my tongue in my head, and with a slow, even, and almost majestic tread I turned round and went back into the house, laid my table-cloth on the buttery shelf, and begun my preparations to conquer and to triumph. At jest noon, I called him into the house to as good a dinner as Jonesville ever offered to man or beast.

Again science, philosophy and Samantha conquered. Josiah had got through with the turkey and vegetables of all kinds, and there was a sweet smile on his face as I brought on the cherry puddin', and a tender, affectionate look to his eyes as he looked up at me when I sot the bowl of sweet sass to eat on it in front of him. Then I knew the time had come, the hour was ripe, and I boldly and confidently tackled him as to what his reasons was. And without a struggle or a murmur he says in gentle axents:

"Samantha, my pantaloons haint suitable to wear to the Sentimental, they are all frayed out round the bottoms, and you can see your face in the knees, they are so shiny, they are as good as lookin' glasses."

I felt dretful well to think I had come off conqueror,

and awful relieved to think my pardner's reasons was them I could grapple with and overthrow. I see that my mission could be preformed about, my tower gone off on. And then my companion's affectionate mean endeared him to me dretfully for the time bein', and take it altogether I felt so dretful eloquent; I soared right up in half a minute to a height of happiness and eloquence that I hadn't sot on for days and days, and I broke right out in a noble oriterin' tone, and as affectionate as they make:

"Josiah Allen that pure and heavenly blossom of True Love never floated down from Eden bowers into this troublesome world, without its whiteness makin' the soul whiter that it lighted down on. It never warmed the heart with a breath of the heavenly climate it was born in without inspirin' that heart with a desire and a inspiration to help the beloved object." Says I firmly, "Store clothes are not a goin' to part my companion and happiness;" and I added—in still more lofty tones for I felt noble in spirit as I said it—"take the last churnin' of butter Josiah Allen, and go to Jonesville and git the cloth for a new pair of pantaloons, and I will make them for you or perish on the press board.

"Well," says he sweetly, as he helped himself to the sweet sass, "then we will go to the Sentimental."

(I have give up tryin' to have Josiah call it any-thing but Sentimental, because I see plain after arguin' for several weeks on it, that argument was

wasted, and breath spent in vain. He says he has spelt the word over time and again, and studied on it a sight, and he knows it is as near that as anything, and he *will* call it Sentimental.)

Well, the very day I finished his trowsers, he broached a new idee to me. We had been a layin' out to go on the cars, but Josiah says to me, says he:

"What do you say Samantha to goin' with the old mare, and kinder visitin' along the road; we have got lots of relations that live all along the way, some on my side, and some on yourn. They've all visited us time and again, and we haint never been nigh 'em to visit 'em. What do you say Samantha, to goin' in our own convenience."

"You mean conveyance," says I firmly.

"Well I said so didn't I; what do you say to it, Samantha?"

Says I, "I haint a goin' in that old buggy of ourn."

Says he, "That buggy was high-toned enough for father, and for grandfather, and it ort to be for us."

Says I, "It is dangerous Josiah Allen and you know it. Have you forgot," says I, "how sister Minkley went right down through the bottom the other day when you was a helpin' her in?" Says I, "It skairt you Josiah Allen, and you know it; the minute you leggo of her, to have her go right down through the bottom, and set down on the ex. It was enough to start anybody."

"Well, what business has a woman to weigh more'n a ton? I've mended it."

Says I, "Truly in the matter of heft Josiah Allen, let everybody be fully perswaded in their own mind. And she don't weigh near a ton, she don't weigh more'n three hundred and fifty."

"The buggy was good enough for father and grandfather," he kep' a arguin'.

"But," says I in reasonable axents, "them two old men never sot out on towers of Principle. They never sot out as Promiscuous Advisors in the cause of Right; if they had, they would have wanted to feel free and promiscuous in their minds. They wouldn't have wanted to feel liable in the loftiest moments of their high mission, to break through and come down acrost a ex. They would have felt that a top buggy was none too high-toned to bear 'em onwards."

Says he, "It will make talk, Samantha. The neighbors will think we are too loose-principled, and haughty."

Says I, "The neighbors say now we are too tight to git a new one. I had jest as lives be called too loose, as too tight. And you know,"—says I in reasonable tones, "you know Josiah Allen, that we have got to be called sunthin' by 'em, anyway. We have got money out at interest, and we are goin' down the hill of life, and if we can go down any easier in a top buggy, I don't see why we shouldn't have it to go in."

So finally after considerable urgin', I got Josiah

headed towards Jonesville after a top buggy. And I and the Widder Doodle kep' watch to the winder all day, expectin' to see the new buggy a comin' home with Josiah; but he come back at night empty-handed but all worked up with another new idee, and says he:

"What do you say Samantha to buyin' a phantom,—a pony phantom. The man says they are easier ridin', easier to get into, and he thought you would like it better than a top buggy. And he said they was all the fashion too."

But I answered him calmly. "Fashion, or no fashion, I shant ride no *phantom* Josiah Allen. I shant go to the Sentinal on my lofty mission, a ridin' a phantom. Though," says I more mildly, "phantoms may be willin' critters to go, and easy ridin', but I don't seem to have no drawin' towards 'em. A top buggy is my theme."

So I held firm, and finally Josiah bought one. It was a second-handed one, and fair lookin', big and roomy. In shape it wasn't the height of fashion, bein' kind o' bowin' up at the back, and sort o' spread out like in front; a curious shape. I never see none exactly like it, before nor sense. They said the man that built it, made up the pattern in his own head, and there hadn't nobody ever follered it. He died a few weeks after he made it; Thomas Jefferson said he guessed it killed him, the shape was so curious that it skairt the man to death. But it wasn't no such thing; he had the billerous colic.

Josiah was so perfectly delighted with it that he would go out to the barn and look at it for hours, and I was most afraid he was settin' his heart too much on it; and I told Thomas Jefferson so, but he told me not to worry; says he, "it wouldn't be a mite wicked for father to worship it."

Says I, "Thomas Jefferson do you realize what you are a talkin' about?" says I, "it scares me to hear you talk so wicked when I brought you up in such a Bible way."

Says he, "There is where I got it, mother. I got it out of the Bible; you know it says you shall not worship anything that is in the shape of anything on earth, or in the heavens, or in the waters under the earth. And that is why it would be perfectly safe for father to worship the buggy."

I see through it in a minute; though I never should have thought on it myself. What a mind that boy has got; he grows deep every day.

Josiah said he couldn't leave the colt to home, as the old mare would be liable to turn right round in the road with us any time, and start back for home; but I told him that when anybody sot off on a tower as a martyr and a Promiscuous Advisor, a few colts more or less wasn't a goin' to overthrow 'em and their principles. Says I, we will hitch the colt to the old mare, Josiah Allen, and march onwards nobly in the cause of Right.

But still there was a kind of a straggler of a

thought hangin' round the age of my mind, to worry me a very little; and I says to my Josiah dreamily:

"I wonder if they'll be glad to see us. Anything but bringin' trouble onto folks, because they are unfortunate enough to be born cousins to you, unbeknown to them."

"But," says Josiah, "we owe a visit to every one on 'em, and some on 'em two or three."

And so we did. They had all of 'em visited us years ago, more or less on 'em out of every family. There was Zebulin Coffin's wife and four of his boys; Philander Spicer's wife and Philander—they all made us long visits; and Serepta Simmons—she that was Serepta Smith—made it her home with mother and me for years before she was married—we helped to bring her up on a bottle. And then there was Delila, Melankton Spicer's wife had visited us with Philander's folks when they was first married; she was Philander's wife's sister. We had promised to pay their visits back, and laid out to, but it hadn't seemed to come right, somehow. But now, everything seemed to promise fair for a first-rate time for us and them. We would be journeyin' onwards towards the Sentinal, and the cause of Right. Our clothes (now Josiah had got some new pantaloons and I a new dress) would look well, and almost foamin'. We had a beautiful top buggy, and take it altogether, it did truly seem almost as Josiah said, that we was havin' our good things all on earth.

But anon, or a very little after, a new question come up; what should we do with the Widder Doodle; she didn't want to go, and she didn't want to stay. And so, what should we do with her to do right?

I am sot on doin' by the Widder as I would wish to be done by if I should come onto the town and have to be took in and done for; and so day and night this deep and wearin' thought kep' a hauntin' me—though I tried to keep cool on the outside—"she don't want to go, and she don't want to stay; and so what shall I do with the Widder Doodle?"





THE WIDDER AND WIDOWER.

SOLOMON CYPHER is a widower! Yes, he has lost his wife with the tyfus; she was a likely woman, had a swelled neck, but that wasn't nothin' ag'inst her; I never laid it up ag'inst her for a minute. I told Thomas J. when he brought me the news, that I wished he and I was as likely a woman as she was, and says I still more warmly, "if the hull world was as likely a woman as she was, there wouldn't be so much cuttin' up, and actin' as there is now." And says I, "Thomas J., it stands us in hand to be prepared."

But somehow it is awful hard to git that boy to take a realizin' sense of things; his morals are dretful sound, but a good deal of the time he is light and triffin' in his demeanor and his talk; and his mind don't seem to be so stabled as I could wish it to be.

Now I don't s'pose there would anybody believe me, but the very next day but one after Nancy

Cypher'ses death, that boy begun to laugh at his aunt Doodle about the relict. I told him I never see anything in my hull life so wicked and awful, and I asked him where he s'posed he'd go to.

He was fixin' on a paper collar to the lookin' glass, and he says in a kind of a chirk way, and in a fine polite tone: "I s'pose I shall go to the weddin'."

Good land! you might jest as well exhort the wind to stop blowin' when it is out on a regular spree, as to stop him when he gits to behavin'. But I guess he got the worst of it this time, I guess his aunt Doodle skairt him—she took on so when he sejested the idee of her marryin' to another man.

Shé bust right out cryin', took out her snuff handkerchief, and rubbed her eyes with both hands, her elbo's standin' out most straight; she took it awful.

"Oh Doodle! Doodle!" says she, "what if you had lived to hear your relict laughed at about marryin' to another man. What agony it would have brung to your dear linement; I can't bear it, I can't. Oh! when I think how he worshipped the ground I walked on; and the neighbors said he did; they said he thought more of the ground than he did of me; but he didn't, he worshipped us both. And what would his feelin's be if he'd lived to see his Widder laughed at about another man."

She sobbed like a infant babe; and I come to the buttery door with my nutmeg grater in my hand, and winked at Thomas Jefferson two or three times,

not to say another word to hurt her feelin's. They was real firm and severe winks and he knew I meant 'em, and he took up one of his law books and went to readin', and I went back to makin' my fruit cake and cherry pies. But I kep' one eye out at her, not knowin' what trouble of mind would lead her into; she kep' her snuff handkerchief over her eyes and groaned bad for nearly nine moments I should judge, and then she spoke out from under it:

"Do you think Solomon Cypher is good lookin' Tommy?"

"Oh! from fair to middlin'," says Thomas J.

And then she bust out again: "Oh what a linement my Doodle had on him; how can I think of any other man. I can't! I can't!" And she groaned the hardest she had yet. And I come to the but-tery door again, and shook my head and winked at Thomas Jefferson again, severer and more reprov'in' winks than they was before, and more of 'em; and he, feelin' sorry I guess for what he had done, got up and said he guessed he'd go out to the barn, and help his father. Josiah was puttin' some new stanchils in the stable.

Thomas J. hadn't much more'n got to the barn, and I had finished my cake, and had jest got my hands into the pie crust a mixin' it up, when there come a knock to the door, and my hands bein' in the dough, the Widder stopped groanin' for the time bein', and opened it. It was Solomon Cypher himself come

to borry my bombazeen dress and crape veil for some of the mourners. Bein' engaged and busy, I thought I wouldn't go out till I had finished my pies; he and the Widder bein' some acquainted. He hadn't sot but a few minutes when he spoke up, and says he :

"This is a dretful blow to me, Widder;" and he hit himself a knock in the stomach so you could hear it all over the house—for he has got so used to public life and its duties, that he makes gestures right along every day, good enough for anybody, and this was; it would have knocked anybody down that wasn't in the practice.

"A *hard* blow," says he peltin' himself again right in his breast.

"Yes," says sister Doodle, puttin' her snuff handkerchief to her eyes. "I can feel to sympathize with you, I know what feelin's I felt when I lost Doodle."

Not a word does she say about brother Timothy, but I hold firm and so does Josiah; we do well by the Widder.

Says he, "I believe you never see the corpse."

"No," says she, "but I have heerd her well spoke of; sister Samantha was a sayin' jest before you come in, that she was a likely woman."

"She was!" says he a smitin' himself hard, "she was; my heart strings was completely wrapped round that woman; not a pair of pantaloons have I hired made sense we was both on us married to each other; nor a vest. I tell you it is hard to give her up Widder;

dretful hard; she was healthy, savin', equinomical, hard workin', pious; I never realized how much I loved that woman;" says he in a heart broken tone, "I never did till I see I must give her up and hire a girl at 2 dollars a week; and they waste more'n their necks are worth." Here he stopped a minute and



"I LOVED THAT WOMAN."

sithed, and she sithed, so loud that I could hear 'em plain into the buttry; and then he went on in still more melancholly and despairin' tones.

"I tell you I have seen trouble for the last month Widder. It's only four weeks ago yesterday, that I lost the best cow I had, and now my wife is dead; I tell you it cuts me right down Widder, it makes me feel dretful poor."

I could tell by his voice that he was jest ready to bust out cryin'; Solomon takes her death hard, dreadful. Here they both sithed again so powerful that they seemed more like groans than common sithes; and then he continued on:

"It seems Widder as if my heart will bust," and I could see as I went acrost the buttery for the rollin' pin, that he had laid his left hand over his heart, as if he was holdin' it inside of his vest by main strength; "it seems as if it *must* bust, it is so full of tender memories for that woman. When I think how she would git up and build fires in the winter—"

"That is jest what I love to do," says sister Doodle, "I always built fires for my Doodle."

"Did you Widder?" says he, and his tone seemed to be some chirker than it was. "I wish you had been acquainted with the corpse, I believe you would have loved each other like sisters."

Sister Doodle took her snuff handkerchief down from her face and says she in a more cheerful tone:

"You must chirk up, Mr. Cypher; you must look forred to happier days."

"Yes," says he, "I know there is another spear, and I try to keep it in view, and hang my hopes upon it; a spear where hired girls are unknown, and partin's are no more."

"I can't *bear* hired girls," says sister Doodle. "I wouldn't have one round when *I* was a keepin' house."

"Can't you bear hired girls?" says Solomon. "You

make me feel better, Widder, than I did feel when I come in here! You chirk me up Widder! I believe you look like the corpse; you look out of your eyes as she looked out of hern. Oh what a woman that was; she knew her place so well; you couldn't have *hire'd* her to vote; she said she'd drather dig potatoes any time—she was as good as a man at that, when I'd git kinder belated with my work; she'd dig as fast as I could any day."

"I *love* to dig potatoes," says the Widder.

"I *do* feel better," says Solomon. "I know I don't feel nigh so cast down as I did."

"And no money wouldn't hire *me* to vote."

"You *do* look like her," says he bustin' out in a real convinced tone, "I *know* you do; I can see it plainer and plainer. You make me think on her."

"Well," says she "then you must think on me all you can. Think on me anytime it's agreeable to you; it don't make no difference when; any time, day or night; don't be delicate about it at all. I'll be glad if I can chirk you up that way, or any other."

"You have; you have chirked me up Widder; I feel better than I did when I come in here."

"Well then you must come real often and be chirked up. I haint nothin' to do hardly, and I may jest as well be a chirkin' you up as not, and better."

"I will come," says he.

"Well, so do; come Sunday nights or any time when it is the handiest to you."

"I will, Widder, I will;" says he. .

I can't say but what my mind put out this deep question to myself as I stood there a hearin' sister Doodle go on ;

"Samantha, ort times ort is how many?" And though I answered back to myself calmly and firmly, "ort;" still, thinks'es I to myself, she is a clever critter, and what little sense she has got runs to goodness—and that is more than you can say of some folks'es sense—some folks'es runs to meanness every mite of it; I went out and got my dress and veil. I felt sorry for Solomon, very; and as I handed 'em to him, I says, tryin' to comfort him:

"She was a likely woman, and I haint a doubt but what she is better off now."

But he didn't seem to like it, though I spoke with such good motives. He spoke up real crank:

"I don't know about that; I don't know about her bein' better off, I did well by her."

I heerd my pies a sozzlin over in the oven bottom, and I hastened to their rescue, and Solomon started off. The Widder, that clever critter, went to the door, and as he went down the door step, I didn't hear jest what she said to him—bein' a turnin' my pies at the time—but I heerd his answer; it was this:

"I feel better than I did feel."

I thought considerable that afternoon (to myself) what clever streaks the Widder Doodle did have in her, (considerin' her sense) when all of a sudden she

give me another sample of it. We got to talkin' about the Sentinal and though my demeanor was calm, and my mean considerable cool, the old question would come up in my mind: "What shall I do with the Widder Doodle; what *can* I do with a Widder that don't want to go, and don't want to stay?"

The question was a goarin' me (inwardly) the very minute when she spoke up, and says to me that she would stay to home and keep house for me; she wanted to.

But says I, "I hate to have you stay here sister Doodle; I am afraid you'll git lonesome; you haint seemed to think you could, and I hate to put it on you. You know Thomas J. will be to Jonesville more'n half his time, and our tower will be a long one." Says I, "visitin', as we shall all along the way to the Sentinal, it will be the longest tower ever gone off on by us; and I am afraid you'll be lonesome, sister Doodle; I am awful 'fraid you will." Says she:

"Sister Samantha I want to be lonesome if it is a goin' to be any accomodation to you; it will be a real treat to me to be lonesome. I never seemed to feel so willin' to be lonesome in my hull life before."

And as she wouldn't take no for an answer, it was settled that she should stay and keep house. A cleverer critter (considerin' her sense) never walked the earth than sister Doodle, and so I told Josiah.



HOW SEREPTA CARRIED THE MEETIN' HOUSE.

NEVER did the year let a lovelier day slip offen his string (containin' jest 365) than the day my pardner and me set off on our tower. Never did a brighter light rest upon a more peaceful realm and a serener wave, than that mornin' sun a shinin' down on our door-yard, and the crystal waters of the canal. Sweeter winds never blew out of the west, than the fresh mornin' breeze that sort o' hung round our bedroom winder where we was a fixin', and gently waved the table-cloth, as Sister Doodle shook it offen the back steps. And never, sense the Widder had been took in and done for by us, had she been in such spirits. We had hired Betsey Slimpsey *knee* Bobbet to do all the heaviest of the work, and the Widder seemed glad and light of heart. For though the fried ham which we had for breakfast, and the salt-suller, and the sugar-bowl, had all put her in mind of Doodle—and though reminessinces was brought up,

and particulars was abroad, still she didn't weep a tear, but seemed to think of him and life with peace and resignation.

When I got all ready to start, I looked well, and felt well. I had bought a bran new dress expressly for the occasion, a sort of a Quaker brown, or lead color. It was cotton and worsted, I don't know really what they do call it, but it was handsome, and very nice. It cost 18 pence per yard. It was made very fashionable; had a overskirt, and a cape all trimmed round the edge with a narrow strip of the same cut on the bias. Settin' out as I did as a martyr, I sot my foot down firmly on ruffles and puckers. But this straight and narrow strip cut crossways of the cloth and sot on plain, suited both my eyes and my principles. It was stitched on with my new sewin' machine. Almira Hagidone come to the house and made it for me—took her pay in white beans.

The cape looked noble when it was finished, and I knew it would. I *would* have it cut to suit me. It didn't look flighty and frivolous, but it had a sort of a soarin', deep look to it. It rounded up in the back, and had long, noble tabs in front. Almira said tabs had gone out, and argued warm ag'inst 'em, but I told her I seemed to have a drawin' towards 'em, and finally I come right out and told her firmly; says I, "tabs I *will* have." So she give in and cut it tab fashion.

I had another argument about my bunnet—I had

my brown silk one done over. I had a frame made to order, for I was determined to have a bunnet that shaded my face some. I told the millener plainly that one of my night-caps—cut sheep's-head fashion—was far better to the head as a protector, than bunnets as wore by wimmen; so I give my orders, and stood by her till the frame was done; and it looked well. It was a beautiful shape behind, and had a noble, roomy look to it in front. And when I put it on, and my green veil was tied round it, and hung in long, graceful folds down on one side of it, it suited me to a T. I trimmed off the edges of my veil where it was frayed out, and hemmed it over, and run in a new lutestring-ribbin string, and it looked as good as new. Havin' a cape like my dress, I didn't lay out to wear anything else round me on my tower, but I took my black silk mantilla along in case of need.

There was enough left of my dress to make a new sheath for my umberell, and though some of the neighbors thought and said, (it came right straight back to me) that it was awful extravagant in me, I launched out and made it, and wasn't sorry I did. I am very tasty naturally, and love to see things correspond. I also bought me a new pair of cotton gloves—most the color of my dress, only a little darker so's not to show dirt—at an outlay of 27 and a $\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

Josiah was dressed up as slick as I was, and looked more trimmed off, and fancy, for he *would* wear that

red, white, and blue, neck-tie, though upheld by duty, I says to him :

“Josiah Allen; bald heads, and red and blue neck-ties don’t correspond worth a cent; it is too dressy for you, Josiah Allen.”

I meant well, but as it is too often the case in this world—as all true Reformers know—my motives wasn’t took as they was meant. And he says in a complainin’ tone :

“You haint willin’ I should look dressy, Samantha, and you never was—that is the dumb of it.”

Says I firmly, “Stop swearin’ at once, and instantly, Josiah Allen.” And then as I see he was so awful sot on it, I said no more, and we started off in 2 excellent spirits—Josiah’s spirits and mine.

It was one good day’s journey to Miss Elder Simmons’es, she that was Serepta Smith, and the top buggy assisted by the old mare bore us on nobly. The colt’s demeanor was like a horse’s for morality and sobriety, and as the shades of night was a descendin’ down, we drew near the place where we wanted to be. They lived about a quarter of a mile from the village of Shackville, and as we drew near the dwellin’—a smallish kind of a house, but comfortable lookin’—we see considerable of a procession a settin’ towards the house.

And says I to my companion, “I am afraid there is trouble ahead, Josiah.”

He said he guessed not; he had heard there was a convention at Elder Simmons'es church in Shackville, and he guessed these was delegates, a goin' to the

minister's to stay. Says he, "You know they can lodge there without payin' for their lodge."

And come to look at 'em again they was peaceable lookin' men, and most all of 'em had a satchel-bag in their hands. But how all of 'em was a goin' to stay all night in that house, was one of the mysteries to



AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

me, unless they had poles for 'em to roost on, or hung 'em up over nails on the wall, such a sight on 'em.

And I spoke up to Josiah, and says I, "Our room will be better than our company here, Josiah Allen; less go back to Shackville and stay all night."

"Wall," says he, "bime-by; we'll go in and tell Serepta we've come."

Says I, "I guess it wont be much of a treat to her to tell her anybody else has come, if she has got to take care of this drove of men," says I, "less go back to Shackville, and stay to the tarven."

"Wall," says he, "bime-by; but we'll go in and tell Serepta we've come."

I argued with him that it wouldn't be no treat to Serepta; but howsumever, she was awful tickled to see us—she always did think a sight of her Aunt Samantha. I s'pose one thing was, because I helped to bring her up on a bottle. Her father and mother both dyin' and leavin' her an orphan on both sides, she was brought up by the Smith family, on a bottle. Mother and I brought her part way up, and then other Smiths would take her and bring her up a spell. And so we kep' on till she was brought up.

We sent her off to school, and done well by her, and she lived with mother and me two years right along jest before she was married. She was married to our house, and was as pretty as a doll. She was a little mite of a thing, but plump and round as a banty pullet. She had a fresh, rosy face, and big blue eyes that had a sort of a timid scareful look to 'em. She was a gentle babyish sort of a girl, but a master hand to do jest what she thought was her duty; and though she knew enough, anybody could make her think the moon was made of green sage cheese, she was that yieldin', and easy influenced, and

innocent-hearted. I thought a sight on her, and I said so to Elder Simmons the day they was married.



SEREPTA SMITH.

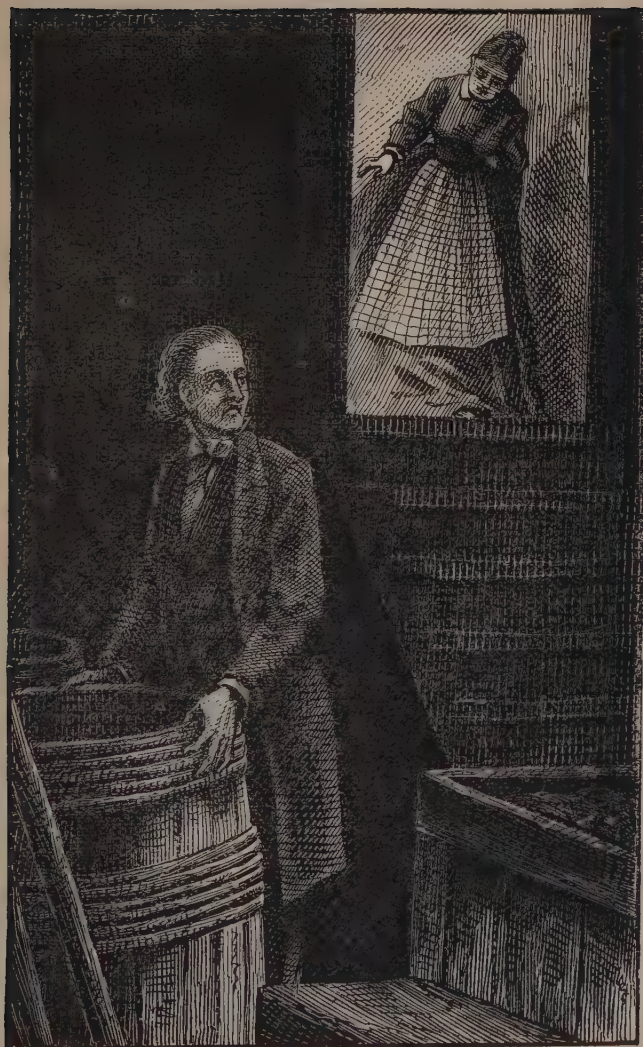
He was a good man, but dretful deep learnt, and absent-minded. He says to me, says he:

“She is jest as sweet as an apple blossom.”

His eyes was sot kind o’ dreamily on the apple trees out in the orchard which was in full blow.

“Yes,” says I, “and jest as fragile and tender;” says I, “the sweetest posys are the easiest nipped by the frost,” says I, “nothin’ looks more pitiful than a pink posy after the frosts have got holt of it,” says I, “keep the frosts of unkindness, and neglect, and hard usage from our little apple blow that you have picked to-day and are a wearin’ off on your heart, and may God bless you Brother Simmons,” says I. (He was of the Methodist perswasion.)

There wasn’t hardly a dry eye in my head, as I said this, nor in hisen. I thought a sight on her, and so did he. He thought enough on her I always said. But he was dretful absent-minded, and deep learnt. They stopped with us a week or two after they was married, and I hadn’t laid eyes on ’em sense, though I had heerd from ’em a number of times by letter; and then Uncle Eliphalet Smith had visited ’em, and he said she had to work awful hard, and the Elder was so absent-minded that it took a sight of her time to get him headed right. He’d go down sullen lots of times, and bring up ag’inst the pork barrell, when he thought he was a goin’ up into his study; and get on her stock-in’s and things, thinkin’ they was hisen. And then he said she had the care of the meetin’ house on her; had to sort o’ carry the meetin’ house. Shackville bein’ a place where they thought the minister’s wife belonged to ’em, as some other places do think besides Shackville. Howsumever, I didn’t know any of these



"NEEDS HEADIN' OFF."

things only by hearsay, until I arrove at her dwelling; then I knew by sight, and not by ear.

As I first looked on her face, I couldn't help thinkin' of what I told Elder Simmons the mornin' he was married; for never did a apple blow show more signs of frost and chill after an untimely storm, than did the face of she that was Serepta Smith. Her cheeks was as white and pale as a posy blown down on the frosty ground, and her eyes had the old timid, scareful look, and under that, whole loads of care and anxiety, and weariness; and over all her face was the old look I remembered so well—only 100 times stronger—of wantin' to do jest right, and jest what everybody wanted her to do.

As I said, she was awful tickled to see us. But she was so full of care, and anxiety, and work, she couldn't hardly speak to us. She hadn't no girl, and was tryin' to get supper for that hull drove of men, and hadn't much to do with, for the Elder after spendin' his hull life and strength in tryin' to keep 'em straight in this world and gettin' 'em headed straight towards the next, couldn't get his pay from the Shackvillians. Her childern was a follerin' her round—her husband needin' headin' off every moment or two, he was that absent-minded. I declare, I never was sorrier for anybody than I was for Serepta.

And then right on top of her other sufferin's, every time she would come into the settin'-room, one tall

minister with a cadavery look and long yeller whiskers would tackle her on the subject of religion, tryin' to get her to relate her experience, right there, and tellin' of her hisen. That seemed to wear on her the most of anything, a wantin' to use him well, and knowin' her supper was a spilein', and her infant babes demandin' her attention, and her husband a fumblin' round in the sullen way, or buttery, needin' headin' off.

Truly, in the words of the Sammist, "there is a time for things, and a place for 'em," and it seemed as if he might have known better. But he was one of the kind that will talk. And there he sot lookin' calm and cadavery, a pullin' his old yeller whiskers, and holdin' her tight by the reins of her good manners, a urgin' her to tell her experience, and tellin' of her hisen. I declare, I'd been glad to have laid holt of his old yeller whiskers myself, I was that out of patience with him, and I'll bet he'd a felt it if I had. Finally I spoke up and says I:

"Set right down and relate your experience, Serepta." Says I, "What is vittles compared to instructive and edifyin' conversation." Says I, "I wouldn't try to get a mite of supper to-night."

Knowin' what I *do* know, divin' deep into the heights and depths of men's naters as I have doven, I knew that this would break Serepta's chains. She wasn't exhorted any more. She had time to get their

suppers. And I laid to and helped her all I could. I got two of the infant babes to sleep, and give the two biggest boys some candy, and headed him off once or twice, and eased her burdens all I could.

But she was dretful worried where to put 'em to sleep. The hard and wearisome task of gettin' 17 men into three beds without layin' 'em on top of each other, was a wearin' on her. And she was determined to have Josiah and me stay too. She said she was used to jest such a house full, and she should get along.

Says I, mildly but firmly, "Serepta I haint a goin' to sleep on the buttery shelves, nor I don't want you to, it is dangerous. Josiah and me will get a lodgement to the tarven in Shackville, and lodge there. And to-morrow when the crowd gets thinned out, we will come back and make our visit."

She told us not to go; she said there was a corner of the parlor that wasn't occupied, and she had blankets enough, she could make us comfortable.

Says I, "Hang on to the corner yourself, Serepta, if you can. Josiah and me have made up our 2 minds. We are goin' to the tarven."

Says Josiah—for he seemed to think it would comfort her—"We'll come back again Serepta, we'll come back bime-by."

The next day early in the forenoon, A. M., we arrove again at Serepta's dwellin'. She had jest got the last

man of the drove started off, but she was tusslin' with two colporters and an agent for a Bible Society. And two wimmen set by ready to grapple her as soon as the men started off. One of 'em had a sort of a mournful look, and the other was as hard a lookin' woman as I ever see. She was fearfully humbly, but that haint why I call her hard lookin'. I don't lay up her humbleness ag'inst her, knowin' well that our faces haint made to order. But she looked *hard*, as if her nater was hard as a rock; and her heart, and her disposition, and everything. She had a large wart on her nose, and that also looked hard as a gravel stun, and some like it. She had a few long whiskers growin' out under her chin, and I couldn't help wonderin' how anything in the line of vegetation could grow out of such a granny soil.

After lookin' at her a half minute it didn't surprise me a mite to hear that her name was Horn, Miss Horn. I see these two wimmen look round the house examinin' everything as close as if they was goin' to be swore about it to a justice to save their lives. Serepta hadn't had time to wash a dish, nor sweep a single sweep, and her childern wasn't dressed. And I heerd Miss Horn hunch the other one with her large, bony knuckles, and whisper:

"She lays abed shamefully late, sometimes. The smoke rose out of her chimbley this mornin' at exactly 17 minutes past 6, jest an hour and two minutes earlier

than it was yesterday mornin', and half an hour and twenty seconds earlier than it was the mornin' before that."

"Gettin' up and burnin' out the wood the meetin' house furnishes for 'em, and not a dish washed. It is a shame," says the other woman.

"A shame!" says Miss Horn. "It is a burnin' shame, for a minister's wife, that ort to be a pattern



MISS HORN.

to the meetin' house. And she can't find time to go a visitin' and talk about her neighbors' affairs. When anybody don't feel like visitin', and talkin' about their neighbors' doin's, it is a sign there is sunthin' wrong about 'em. There haint a thing done in the neighborhood but what I am knowin' to; not a quarrel for the last twenty years but what I have had my hand in

it. I am ready to go a visitin' every day of my life, and see what is goin' on. I haint too haughty and proud spirited to go into back doors without knockin' and see what folks are a doin' in their kitchens, and what they are a talkin' about when they think nobody is round. And it shows a haughty, proud spirit, when anybody haint willin' to go round and see what they can see in folks'es housen, and talk it over with the other neighbors."

Says the mournful woman, "I heard Bill Danks'es wife say the other day, that she thought it looked queer to her, her visitin' the poor members of the church jest as often as she did the rich ones. She thought—Bill's wife did—that it looked shiftless in her."

"She *is* shiftless," says Miss Horn.

"She acts dretful sort o' pleasant," says the other woman, "seems willin' to accomidate her neighbors; stands ready to help 'em in times of trouble; and seems to treat everybody in a lady-like, quiet way; but I persume it is all put on."

"Put on! I *know* it is put on," says Miss Horn, "She has got a proud, haughty soul, or she would be willin' to do as the rest of us do." And then she stopped whisperin' for half a minute and looked round the house again, and hunched the other woman, and whispered—"For a minister's wife that ort to be a pattern, such housekeepin' is shameful."

And the Bible agent spoke up jest then, and says

he, "Of course, as a minister's wife and a helper in Israel, you are willin' to give your time to us, and bear our burdens."

And Serepta sithed and said she was—and she meant it too. I declare, it was all I could do to keep my peace. But I am naterally very close-mouthed, so I kep' still. Serepta couldn't hear what the wimmen said, for she was a tryin' with that anxious face of hern to hear every word the Bible agent had to say, and to try to do jest what was right by the colporters. And the mournful lookin' woman hunched Miss Horn, and says she,—

"Jest see how she listens to them men. She seems to talk to 'em jest as free as if they was wimmen. It may be all right, but it don't *look* well. And how earnest they are a talkin' to her; they seem to sort o' look up to her, as if she was jest about right. Men don't have no such a sort of a respectful, reverential look onto their faces when they are a talkin' to you or me; they don't look up to *us* in no such sort of a way. There may be nothin' wrong in it, but it don't look well. It would almost seem as if they was after her."

"After her! I *know* they are after her, or else they wouldn't be a talkin' to her so respectful, and she is after them that is plain to be seen, or else she wouldn't be a listenin' to 'em just as quiet and composed as if they was wimmen. A right kind of a

woman has a sort of a mistrustin' look to 'em, when they are a talkin' to men; they have a sort of a watchful turn to their eye, as if they was a lookin' out for 'em, lookin' out for sunthin' wrong. I always have that look onto me, and you can see that she haint a mite of it. See her set there and talk. If ever a woman was after a man she is after them three men."

I couldn't have sot and heerd another word of their envious, spiteful, low-lived gossip, without bustin' right out on the spot, and speakin' my mind before 'em all, so I baconed the childern out into Serepta's room, and washed and dressed 'em, and then I took holt and put on her dish-water and bilt a fire under it, for it had gone out while she was a tusslin' with them agents. When I went back into the sittin'-room again, I see the colporters had gone, and the winnmen had tackled her. They wanted her to join a new society they had jest got up, "The Cumberin' Marthas."

Serepta's face looked awful troubled, her mind a soarin' off I knew out into the kitchen, amongst her dishes that wasn't washed, and her infant babes, and I could see she was a listenin' to see if she could hear anything of her husband, and whether he needed headin' off. But she wanted to do jest right, and told 'em so.

"She would join it, if the church thought it was her duty to, though as she belonged to fourteen different

societies now, she didn't know really when she could git time—"

"Time!" says Miss Horn. "I guess there is time enough in the world to do duties. 'Go to the ant thou sluggard consider her ways and be wise.'" And as she repeated this line of poetry, she groaned some, and rolled up the whites of her eyes.

Serepta's face looked red as blood, but she didn't answer a word back. Serepta Simmons is a Christian. I believe it as much as I believe I am J. Allen's wife. And I spoke right up and says I:

"Bein' a searcher after information, and speakin' as a private investigator, and a woman that has got a vow on her, I ask what are the Marthas expected to do?"

Says Miss Horn, "They are expected to be cumbered all the time with cares; to be ready any time, day or night, to do anything the public demands of 'em; to give all their time, their treasure if they have got any, and all the energies of their mind and body to the public good, to be cumbered by it in any and every way."

Says I, "Again, I ask you as a private woman with a vow, aint it hard on the Marthas?"

She said it was; but she was proud to be one of 'em, proud to be cumbered. And she said—givin' Serepta a awful searchin' look—"That when a certain person that ort to be a pattern, and a burnin' and

a shinin' light, wouldn't put their name down, there was weaker vessels that it would be apt to break into—it would make divisions and sisms."

That skairt Serepta and she was jest about puttin' her name down, but she couldn't help murmurin' sunthin' about time, "afraid I won't have time to do jest right by everybody."

"Time!" says Miss Horn, scornfully and angrily,—
"Time! 'Go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise.'"

But jest as Miss Horn was a finishin' repeatin' her poetry, and before Serepta had time to put her name down, all of a sudden the door opened, and another great tall woman marched in. I noticed there didn't none of 'em knock, but jest opened the door and stalked in, jest as if the minister's house, as well as he and his wife belonged to 'em and they had a perfect right to stream in every minute. I declare, it madded me, for I say if home means anything it means a place where anybody can find rest, and repose and freedom from unwelcome intrusion. And I say, and I contend for it, that I had jest as lives have anybody steal anything else from me, as to steal my time and my comfort. There probable haint a woman standin' on feet at the present age of the world, (with or without vows on 'em) that is more horsepitable, and gladder to see her friends than Samantha Allen, late Smith. There are those, whose presence is more

restful, and refreshin' and inspirin', than the best cup of tea or coffee that ever was drunk. The heart, soul, and mind send out stronger tendrils that cling closer and firmer even than some of the twigs of the family tree. Kindred aims, hopes, and sympathies are a closer tie than 4th cousin.

There is help, inspiration and delight in the presence of those who are more nearly and truly related to us than if they was born on our father's or mother's side unbeknown to them. And friends of our soul, it would be a hard world indeed, if we could never meet each other. And I would advise Serepta as a filler of the bottle she was brought up on, and a well-wisher, to visit back and forth occasionally, at proper times and seasons, and neighbor considerable with all who might wish to neighbor, be they aliens or friends, Horns or softer material. Standin' firm and steadfast, ready to borry and lend salaratus, clothes-pins, allspice, bluein' bags, and etcetery, and in times of trouble, standin' by 'em like a rock, and so 4th.

The Bible says, "Iron sharpeneth iron, so does a man the countenance of his friend." But in the words of the Sammist (slightly changed), there is a time for visitin' and a time for stayin' to home. A time to neighbor, and a time to refrain from neighborin',—a time to talk, and a time to write sermons, wash dishes, and mop out the kitchen. And what I would beware Miss Horn and the rest of 'em is, of

sharpenin' that "iron" so uncommon sharp that it will cut friendship right into in the middle; or keep on sharpenin' it, till they git such a awful fine pint on it, that before they know it, it will break right off so blunt that they can't never git an age put on it again.

They ort to respect and reverence each other's individuality.—(That is a long hefty word, but I have got it all right, for I looked it out in Thomas Jefferson's big dictionary, see what it meant, and spelt it all out as I went along; nobody need to be afraid of sayin' it jest as I have got it down.) Because Miss Horn, and the rest of 'em git lonesome, they hadn't ort to inflict themselves and their gossip onto a busy man or woman who don't git lonesome. Good land! if anybody lays holt of life as they ort to, they haint no time to be lonesome. Now Serepta Simmons meant well, and liked her neighbors, and their children, and wanted to treat 'em friendly and handsome. But she hankered dretfully after havin' a home of her own, and not livin' with 'em all premiscous (as it were.) But they wouldn't let her; she didn't have a minute she could call her own. The Shackvillians seemed to think she belonged to 'em, jest as much as the clock on the meetin' house did, and they perused her every minute jest as they did that. It made her feel curious, sunthin' as if she was livin' out doors, or in an open cage in the menagery way.

They flocked in on her all the hull time without knockin', at all times of the day and night, before breakfast, and after bedtime, and right along through the day, stiddy; watchin' her with as keen a vision as if she was a one-eyed turkey carried round for a side-show; findin' fault with everything she did or didn't do, inflictin' their gossip on her, and collectin' all they could to retail to other folks'es housen; watchin' every motion she made, and commentin' on it in public; catchin' every little word she dropped in answer to their gossipin' remarks, and addin' and swellin' out that little word till it wouldn't know itself it was so different, and then repeatin' it on the house tops (as it were).

I declare, it madded me to see a likely woman so imposed upon, and I thought to myself, if it was *me*, I should ruther have 'em steal pork right out of my pork barrell, than to have 'em steal my peace and comfort.

But as I was sayin', this woman come in right through the back door without knockin', as independent as you please, and as she sot down she looked all round the house so's to remember how everything looked, so's to tell it again, though Serepta wasn't no more to blame than a babe two or three hours old, for her work not bein' done up. I see that this woman glared at Miss Horn, and Miss Horn glared back at her, and I knew in a minute she was gittin' up

another society. And so it turned out. She wanted Serepta to head the list of the "Weepin' Marys" a opposition party to the "Cumberin' Marthas."

Serepta looked as if she would sink. But I spoke right up, for I was determined to take her part. And says I, "Mom, I am of a investigatin' turn, and am collectin' information on a tower, and may I ask as a well-wisher to the sect, what job has the 'Weepin' Marys' got ahead of 'em. What are they expected to tackle?" says I in a polite way.

Says she, "They are expected to spend the hull of their time, day and night, a learnin', pryin' into docterines, and studyin' on some way to ameliorate the condition of the heathen, and the African gorillas."

Says I, "In them cases if Serepta jines 'em, what chance would the Elder run of gittin' anything to eat, or Serepta, or the childern?"

"Eatin'," says she, "what is eatin' compared to a knowledge of the docterines and the condition of the perishin' heathen?"

"But," says I in reasonable axents, "folks have got to eat or else die—and if they haint able to hire a girl, they have got to cook the vittles themselves or else they'll perish, and die jest as dead as a dead heathen."

Speakin' about Serepta's time, always seemed to set Miss Horn off onto her poetry, and she repeated again,—“Go to the ant—”

But I interrupted of her, and says I, "You have advised Serepta several times to go to her *aunt* and be *wise*. I am her aunt, and I motion she falls in with the advice you have give her, in a handsome way. I advise her to do up *her work*. And I advise you to clear out, all of you, and give her a chance to wash her dishes, and nurse *her* babies, and get *her* dinner." For truly dinner time was approachin'.

They acted mad, but they started off. Serepta's face was as white as a white cotton sheet, as she seen 'em go, she was that skairt; but I kep' pretty cool and considerable firm, for I see she needed a friend. I laid to and helped her do up her work, and git her dinner. And she owned up to me that her work wouldn't seem to be nothin' to her if she could have her house and her time to herself some. I see plain, that she was a carryin' the hull meetin' house on her back, though she didn't say so. I could see that she dassant say her soul was her own, *she was so* afraid of offendin' the flock.

She happened to say to me as *we was a* washin' up the dishes, how much she wanted a new dress. Her uncle had give her the money to git one, and she wanted it the worst way.

"Why don't you git it then?" says I.

"Oh," says she, "the church don't like to have me git anything to wear, and they make so many speeches about my bein' extravagant, an' breakin' c'own my

husband's influence, and settin' a wicked example of extravagance, and ruinin' the nation, that I can't bear to git a rag of clothes to wear."

"Well," says I calmly wipin' the butter plate, "if you feel like that, I don't see anything to hinder you from goin' naked. I don't s'pose they would like that."

"Oh no," says she, ready to burst out a cryin'. "They don't like it if I haint dressed up slick. They say I am a stumblin' block, if I haint as dressy as the other minister's wife."

Says I, "Serepta you are in a bad spot. You seem to be in the same place the old drunkard's wife was. He said he'd 'whip Sally if supper was ready,' and he'd 'whip Sally if it wasn't.'"

"Yes," says she, "that is just where I stand. They say I am a pattern for the church to foller, and so I must be all the time away from home a workin' for the heathen and missionary societies, for a minister's wife must 'be given to good works.' And I must at the same time be to home all the time a workin' and a takin' care of my family, 'For Sarah kept the tent.' I have got to be to home a encouragin' my husband all the time, 'a holdin' up his arms,' like Aaron and Hur, and I have got to be away all the time, a 'holdin' up the ark.' I have got to be to home a lettin' out my little boy's pantaloons, and at the same time away 'enlargin' the borders of Zion.' I have got to

give all my time to convertin' the heathen or 'woe be to me,' and have got to be to home all the time a takin' care of my own household, or I am 'worse than an infidel.' And amongst it all," says she, "there is so much expected of me, that I git sometimes so worn out and discouraged I don't know what to do."

And Serepta's tears gently drizzled down into the dish-water, for she was a washin', and I was a wipin'.

I rubbed away on a pie plate, a musin' in deep thought, and then I segested this to her, in pretty even tones, but earnest and deep:

"Did you ever try a mindin' your own business, and makin' other folks mind theirn?"

"No," says she meekly. And she sithed as deep as I ever heerd any one sithe. "I mind my business pretty well," says she, "but I never tried to make other folks mind theirn. I wasn't strong enough."

"Well," says I, "before I leave this place, I lay out to make a change." Says I, "many is the time I have filled the bottle you was brought up on, and I haint a goin' to stand by and see you killed. And before I leave Shackville, the meetin' house has got to git offen your back, or I'll know the reason why."

She looked considerable skairt, but I could see it made her feel better to have somebody to sort o' lean on. And as we finished our dishes, (the buttery was full on 'em, she hadn't had time to half wash 'em the night before,) she went on and told more of her troubles to me.

She said her husband bein' a handsome man, the other wimmen in the church naturally took to him. She said there wasn't a jealous hair in the hull of her back hair, or foretop, and her husband's morals was known to her to be sound as sound could be, and she said he didn't like it no better than she did, this bein' follered up so uncommon close by 'em. She said it was kinder wearin' on her to see it go on. But she meant to be reasonable, knowin' that ministers was always took to by wimmen.

"Took to!" says I. "I should think as much!" Says I, "Wimmen are as flat as pancakes in some things, and this is one of 'em. I have seen a pack of wimmen before now, a actin' round a minister, till their actin' was jest as good as thoroughwort to my stomach, jest as sickenin'." Says I, "I don't wonder that the 'postle spoke about how beautiful minister's feet was. I don't wonder that he mentioned their feet in particular, for if ever there was a set of men that needed good feet in a world full of foolish wimmen, it is them."

But Serepta sithed, and I see that she was a carryin' the meetin' house, (as it were.) I see that Miss Horn was on her mind, and I pitted her. She said Miss Horn was the hardest cross she had to bear. She said she would watch her chimbly for hours, to see what time they got up. And havin' the newraligy a good deal, and settin' up with it, watchin' with that

and her babies, she sometimes slept till late in the mornin'. And her husband would git his brain so completely roused up a writin' his sermons that he couldn't quell it down, and git it quieted off so's to rest any till most mornin'. And she said Miss Horn and her hired girl would rise at daybreak and watch her chimblly, one hour on, and one hour off, till they see the smoke come out of it, and then one of 'em would sally out to tell the exact minute to the neighborhood, while the other got the breakfast. They didn't try to do anything else only jest cook, and tend to Serepta and the other neighbors. And their git-tin' up so early, give 'em a chance to git their house-work done, and then have as many as seven hours apiece left to gossip round the neighborhood. They made it profitable, dretful, as Miss Horn told Serepta she despised lazyness.

But Serepta said it made her feel curious, when they would come in and tell her the exact minute the smoke of her cook stove rose upward, for she—bein' in the habit of goin' to work when she did git up—didn't have much time to devote to the pursuit of smoke. She said it was sort o' wearin' on her, not so much on the account of their callin' her lazy, which she expected and looked out for, but it made her feel as if it was war time, and she was one of the enemy. She said to think their eyes was on her chimblly jest as soon as the sun was up, a watchin' it so close, it

give her a as curious a feelin' as she ever felt; she felt somehow as if she was under the military. She said she felt as if she was a tory more'n half the time, on this very account; it wore on her considerable.

"Why don't you spunk up Serepta Simmons," says I, "and tell Miss Horn and the rest of 'em, that when you git so that you haint nothin' else to do but watch other folks'es chimbls, you will hire out for a scarecrow, and so earn a respectable livin', and be somebody?"

"Oh," says she, "Miss Horn wouldn't like it if I did."

"Like it!" says I. "I don't s'pose asalt and batterers love to be took up and handled for their asaltin'," and says I, "I had jest as lives have my body salted and battered, as to have my feelin's. Oh!" says I almost wildly, "if I had the blowin' up of that Horn, I'd give it such a blast, that there would be no need of soundin' on it again for years." I spoke almost incoherently, for I was agitated to an extreme degree.

But Serepta went on to say that she had "gained thirteen ounces of flesh last winter, in one month. Miss Horn had been a visitin' to Loontown to a brother's who had died and left her quite a property." And says she, "I did hear that she was goin' to be married to a widower up there, but I don't s'pose there is any such good news for me as that. I haint dared to lot on it much, knowin' well what a world of sorrow and

affliction this is, and knowin' that freedom and happiness haint much likely to ever be my lot. I s'pose the chimbly and I have got to be watched jest as long as we both live."

But she didn't have no time to multiply any more words, for as we looked out of the buttery winder, we see her husband a walkin' slowly along backwards and forwards with his hands under his coat tails, a composin' a sermon, as I s'posed. But as we looked, he forgot himself, and come up bunt ag'inst the barn, and hit himself a awful blow on his forward ; Serepta started off on the run to tend to him and head him off.

But that very afternoon I had a chance to speak my mind, and break her chains. Serepta and I was a settin' there as contented and happy as you please, for Serepta was a master hand to love her home, and would have give the best ear she had, for the privilege of bein' let alone to make a happy home for them she loved, and take care of 'em. She was a mendin' her 2 boys' clothes, for they was as ragged as injuns, though truly as the poet observes,—“she was not to blame.” And I also was a tryin' in my feeble way to help her and put a seat into the biggest little boy's pantaloons ; we had got 'em to bed for that purpose. And as we sot and worked, we could hear 'em in the room overhead, a throwin' the pillers, and talkin' language that for minister's childern was

scandalous—for she had had to let 'em run loose, though to quote again the words of the poet,—“*she* was not to blame,” havin’ got it into her head that it was her duty to carry the meetin’ house.

Well, as I was a sayin’, we was a settin’ there, when all of a sudden, without no warnin’ of no kind, the door opened without no rappin’ on it, or anything, and in walked what I supposed at the time, was the hull meetin’ house; I was so wild at first as I beheld 'em, that I almost expected to see 'em bring in the steeple. I was skairt. But I found by strict measurement, when my senses come back, that there wasn't only sixteen wimmen, and two childern and one old deacon. I heerd afterwards, that he was the only man they could git to come with 'em to labor with Serepta. (He was old as the hills, and dretful childish, so they got round him.)

Men has their faults. None can be more deeply sensible of that great truth than I am, as I often tell Josiah. But truly, so far as gossip and meddlin’ and interferin’ with your neighbor’s business is concerned, wimmen is fur ahead of the more opposite sect. It is mysterious that it should be so, but so it is, factorum.

Serepta looked white as a white ghost, and ready to sink right down through the floor into the sullen, for from past experience she knew they had come to labor with her. But I held firm as any rock you can bring



A VISIT FROM THE CHURCH.

up, Plymouth, or Bunker Hill, or any of 'em. And when they glared at me, thank fortin I was enabled to do what duty and inclination both called on me to do, and glare back at 'em, and do a good job in the line o' glarin' too.

They seemed to be as mad at me as they was at Serepta, and madder. But I wasn't afraid of any on 'em, and when they all commenced talkin' to once, a complainin' of Serepta and her doin's and her not doin's, my principles enabled me to look at 'em through my specks with a scornful mean that would have spoke louder than words if they had understood anything of the language of means.

Finally they all got to talkin' together, a complainin'. "Why didn't she jine the 'Cumberin' Marthas?' Why couldn't she head the 'Weepin' Marys?' Why don't she take more interest in the female fellah's of Cairo? Why don't she show more enthusiasm about the heathens and gorillas?"

Just then I heerd the biggest little boy swear like a pirate, and kick the other one out of bed, and I spoke coldly, very coldly:

"She'll have a span of gorillas of her own pretty soon if she haint allowed no time to take care on 'em, she wont have to go to Africa for 'em, either;" says I, "Serepta will show you some male fellahs that will need more help than any of your female ones, bime-by; she will give you a good job in the

line of heathens to convert in a few years, if things go on as they are a goin' on now."

With that, Serepta burst right out, and wept and cried, and cried and wept. It affected me awfully, and I spoke right up, and says I:

"Heathens are first rate themes to foller, but there is different ways of follerin' 'em;" says I, "some will set their eyes on a heathen in Africa, and foller him so blindly that there can be ten heathens a caperin' right round 'em to home, and they won't see none on 'em." And then I felt so, that I allegoried some, right there on the spot. Says I:

"After a big snow-storm, it may seem noble and grand to go round sweepin' off meetin' housen and etcetery; but in my opinion, duty would call on a man first, to make a path to the well for his own family, and the barn, then shovel round freely, where duty called. What good does it do to go off in foreign pastures a cuttin' down thistle tops, when you are a raisin' a big crop of 'em to home for somebody else to be scratched by? What advantage to the world at large is it, if a woman converts one heathen way off in India, and at the same time by neglect, and inattention and carelessness, raises a crop of seven of 'em in her own house. My advise to such would be—and so would Josiah's—work in the garden God set you over. Try by earnest care and prayer, untirin' diligent culture and, if need be, an occasional rakin' down,

to keep your own heathen crop down to the lowest possible state, and then after you have done this, do all you can for other heathens promiscuous."

But they glared at Serepta more glarin' than they had before, and says Miss Horn:—"She wont do nothin'; she is shiftless." And then I spoke out in tremblin' tones, I was so agitated:

"Serepta is my own niece on my father's side, and I helped to bring her up on a bottle, and she didn't nurse a cast-iron strength and a leather constitution out of it as some of you seem to think she did;" says I, "such is not the nature of cow's milk, neither is it the nature of bottles." Says I, "If she has got a tender, timid, lovin' disposition, and one that is easily influenced, so much the more pity for her in this state, that Shackville has called her to be in. But as it is, she is willin' to be killed, and you with probable religious intentions are willin' to kill her."

Oh how they glared at me; but I kep' on as firm as Gibbralter:

"Her husband is a good man, and thinks enough of her; but he is deep learnt and absent-minded, and needs headin' off. And when he is walkin' by himself through the shady lanes and crooked pathways of the docterines and creeds, and so on, and so 4th; when he is tryin' to stand up straight with one foot on Genesis, and the other on geoligy, tryin' his best to break a path through the wilderniss of beliefs a road

that shall lead his hearers straight to heaven's gate ; with all this on his hands, how can he be expected to keep his eye every minute on the little woman by his side. How can he, when he is absent-minded, and needs headin' off, how can he be expected to know whether the meetin' house is a carryin' her, or she is a carryin' the meetin' house." Says I, "Serepta Simmons is a Christian woman, and if she has time to spare after taken' care of them that Providence has placed in her keepin', she would be willin' to do what she could for other heathen nations, and tribes ; it would be her duty and her priviledge.

"But," says I, "because Serepta's husband is hired out to you for 200 and 50 dollars a year, you have no more right to control Serepta's actions, and time, than you have to order round that old stun female that keeps house by herself out in Egypt by the pyramids. I can't think of her name, but howsumever it haint no matter ; I wish Serepta had some of her traits, a good firm stun disposition, that couldn't be coaxed nor skairt into bearin' burdens enough to break down seven wimmen. I'd love to see you order old what's-her-name round ; I'd love to see you make *her* do all the housework and sewin' for a big family, head off a deep learnt, absent-minded husband, take care of five infant childern, and carry round a meetin' house. She's kep' a stiddy head on her shoulders and minded her own business for centuries, and so is a

pattern for some other wimmen I know of, to foller."

Oh how that madded 'em, and Miss Horn spoke up and says she:

"We have got a claim on her, and we'll let you know we have."

Says I, "The meetin' house pays Elder Simmons 200 and 50 dollars, and so has got a claim on him, and how much does it lay out to pay Serepta; how much does it lay out to give her for the comin' year?"

"Not one cent," screamed out Miss Horn in skairt, excited axents. "Not one cent," says nine other wimmen and the old deacon.

Then says I, risin' up on my feet and wavin' my hand out nobly:

"Clear out, the hull caboodle of you, and " I added in still firmer, nobler axents, "if the meetin' house don't leggo of Serepta, I'll *make* it leggo."

I s'pose my mean was that awful and commandin' that it filled 'em with awe, and affright. They started right off, almost on the run, two able-bodied wimmen takin' the old deacon between 'em.

* * * * *

I had a letter from Serepta yesterday. She is a gettin' along first rate; her time is her own; her childern are gettin' more'n half civilized; and she has gained a pound a week.



A VISIT TO PHILANDER SPICER'SES FOLKS.

K NOWIN' that Philander Spicers'es folks was well off, and wouldn't be put to it for things to wait on us, we thought we wouldn't write to tell 'em we was a comin', but give 'em a happy surprise. They owned five hundred acres of land, and had oceans of money out at interest. Well, it was about the middle of the afternoon, P. M. when we arrove at their dwellin' place. It was a awful big, noble lookin' house, but every winder and winder blind was shut up tight, and it looked lonesome, and close; but I haint one to be daunted, so I stepped up and rung at the bell. Nobody come. Then I rung at it again, and Josiah took my umberell and kinder rapped on the door with it, pretty considerable loud; and then a dejected lookin' man hollered at us from the barn door, and says he:

“You wont get in there.”

Says I, "Why not, is it the house of mournin'?" says I; for there was sunthin' strange and melancholly in his tone.

"Because you might let in a fly," says he.

He didn't say nothin' more, but stood a lookin' at us dretful dejected and melancholly-like, and Josiah and me stood lookin' at him, and we felt curious, very. But pretty soon I found and recovered myself, and I says in pretty firm tones:

"If Mahala Spicer, she that was Mahala Allen lives here, I lay out to see her before I leave these preinises."

"Well," says the man, "foller up that path round the back side of the house, and you'll find her; we live in the wood-house." As he said that, he seemed to kinder git over into the manger, and I laid holt of Josiah, and says I:

"That man is Philander Spicer, and he has seen trouble."

"Bein' a married man he might expect to—"

"Expect to *what* Josiah Allen?" says I, lookin' at him with a mean that was like a icicle for stiffness and coolness.

"Oh! I meant he might expect to lay up property. What a big house! I declare Samantha, I haint seen so big and nice a house sense we left Jonesville."

And truly, it was awful big and nice; big enough for half a dozen families, but it was shet up fearfully close and tight, as tight as if air and sunshine and Josiah and me was deadly pisen. And as we mean-

dered on round the house by winder after winder and door after door, shet up as tight as glass and blinders could make 'em, I'll be hanged if it didn't seem some as if it was war time, and Josiah and me was two Hessian troopers, a tryin' to break in and couldn't.

At last, way on the back side of the house, we come to a little wood-house built on, and there we see the first sign of life. The door was open and three little children sot out in a row by the side of the house, on a clean board. They looked lonesome; they was ruffled off dretful nice, and their shoes shone like glass bottles, but they looked awful old and care-worn in their faces.

"Does Mahala Spicer, she that was Mahala Allen live here?" says I to the oldest one. She looked in her face as if she might be a hundred years of age, but from her size she wasn't probable more'n nine or nine and a half.

"Yes mom," says she, sort o' turnin' her eyes at me, but she never moved a mite.

Says I, "Is she to home?"

"Yes mom."

Says I, "Speakin' as a investigator, what are you settin' there all in a row for? Why haint you out a playin' in the yard this nice day?"

As I mentioned the idee of playin', their faces, as long as they was before, lengthened out awfully, and the two youngest ones kicked right out.



TOO MANY RUFFLES.

"Mother wont let us play;" says the oldest one in bitter axents. "She says we should muss up our ruffles, and rip off the knife pleatin's."

"Get our shoes dusty," says the next one in vicious tones.

"Tear our over-skirts," says the four year old in loud angry axents, and again she kicked right out, and every one of 'em looked bitterly mad, and morbid; a morbider lot of faces I never laid eyes on. I didn't say nothin' more, but I looked at Josiah, and Josiah looked at me; we felt curious. But anon, or pretty near that time, I found and recovered myself and so did Josiah, and we walked up to the door and knocked.

"Come in," says a voice in a kind of a sharp tone, as if the owner of the voice was awful busy and care-worn. So I and my companion walked in. It was as comfortable a room as wood-houses generally be, but of course there wasn't much grandeur to it. There was about a dozen clean boards laid along one side for a floor and on it a cook stove was sot, and right by it was a sewin' machine, and Mahala set by it a sewin'. But I'll be hanged if I could see in that minute, one of Mahala Spicer'ses old looks; she looked so thin and care-worn and haggard. And if she is one of the relations on Josiah side, I'll say, and I'll stick to it that she looked as cross as a bear. I shouldn't have had no idee who she was, if I hadn't seen her there. She knew Josiah and me in a minute for—though I do say it that shouldn't—folks say

that my companion Josiah, and myself do hold our looks wonderful. And bein' (sometimes) so affectionate towards each other in our demeanor, we have several times been took for a young married couple.

I should judge there was from half a bushel to three pecks of ruffles and knife pleatin's that lay round her sewin' machine and in her lap; but she got up and shook hands with us and invited us to take our things off. And then she said, bein' as we was such near relations, (all in the family as it were,) she would ask us to set right down where we was; it bein' fly time, she had got the rest of the house all shet up tight; had jest got it cleaned out from top to bottom, and she wanted to keep it clean.

I didn't say nothin', bein' one that is pretty close mouthed naturally; but I kep' up considerable of a thinkin' in my mind. After we sot down, she give a kind of a anxious look onto the floor, and she see a little speck of dirt that had fell off of Josiah's boots, and first we knew she was a wipin' it up with a mop. Josiah felt as cheap as the dirt, I know he did, and cheaper; but he didn't say nothin', nor I nuther.

She said then, if we'd excuse her she'd keep right on with her work, because she had got dretful behind-hand in ruffles. She said it kep' her every minute of her spare time to work a makin' ruffles in order to keep herself decent, and make the childern keep up with other folks'es childern. So she nipped to and worked away dretfully, and every time the door

opened she would look up with such a wild anxious gaze, horrified seeminly, for fear a fly would git in ; and every time Josiah or her husband (that man at the barn *did* prove to be her husband) would move, she would run after 'em, and wipe 'em up with a mop. It was a curious time as I ever see in my life. She didn't seem to sense anything only ruffles and such like. Her mind all seemed to be narrowed down and puckered up, jest like trimmin', nothin' free and soarin' about it at all—though she would talk some about fly time, and how hard it was to keep 'em out of the house, and once she asked me which I preferred for mops, rags or tow.

I tried to make talk with her ; and says I, in a real friendly way :

“ You have got three good lookin' childern Mahala.”

“ Yes,” says she, “ three and three is six, and three is nine, and three is twelve, and three is fifteen ; fifteen ruffles at the least calculation, to make 'em look decent, and like other folkes'es childern ; and the biggest one ought to have six.”

Says I, “ Your husband looks as if he might be a good man, and a good provider.”

“ Yes,” says she, “ he means well, but he is a awful hand to let in flies. Two years ago this summer he let in four at one time into my best room, I counted them as I drove 'em out. I got so wore out, a chasin' 'em, and a tryin' to keep decent, that I made up my mind that we would live out here.

"You don't keep a girl, it seems?"

"No," said she, "I cannot get one to suit me. When I do my work myself I know how it is done."

Then I atted her on other subjects; says I, "Do you see the Atlantic, and Scribner's, and Peterson's and Harper's, this summer? they are awful interestin'."

Says she, "I haint seen the ocean sense I was married; and the other families you speak of don't live any where near us."

Says I, "Have you read Ruskin, Mahala?"

I was all engaged in it at that time for Thomas J. was a readin' it out loud evenin's—dretful interestin' readin', made you feel as if you never got acquainted with the world till he introduced you.

"Red Ruskin," says she with a dreamy mean, "it seems as if we have got some winter apples by that name, though I can't tell for certain."

Then truly I thought to myself, I had got to the end of my chain. I said no more, but sot silently knittin', and let her foller her own bent.

And there was truly as curious doin's as I ever see. The little childern couldn't move for fear they would soil their clothes or muss their ruffles. Her husband couldn't take a step hardly without bein' follered round by a mop, and exhorted about lettin' in flies, though he didn't realize his sufferin's so much as he would, for he was to the barn the most of the time; he had a chair out there, Josiah said, and kinder made it his home in the manger.

When she got supper, we had enough, and that that was good; but we eat on a oil-cloth because it was easier to keep clean than a table cloth, and we eat on some awful old poor lookin' dishes, she said she had washed up her best ones, and put 'em away so's to keep the dust out of 'em, and she didn't want to open the cupboard, for fear of lettin' in a fly. And when we went up stairs to our room that night, way up in the front bed-room, it was carpeted all the way, the hall and stairs, and our room, with shinin' oil cloth. You could see your faces in it, but it seemed awful sort o' slippery and uncomfortable. There wasn't a picture nor a bracket nor a statute on any of the walls; she said her husband wanted some, but she wouldn't have 'em they catched dust so. The sheets and piller cases was starched stiff to keep clean longer, and ironed and pressed till they shone like glass. My companion almost slipped up on the oil cloth when he went to git into bed, and as he lay down between the stiff shinin' sheets, he says to me in sad tones:

"This is a slippery time, Samantha."

I was a takin' off my head-dress, and didn't reply to him, and he says to me in still more pitiful and lonesome tones:

"Samantha, this is a slippery time."

His tone was very affectin', very; and I says to him soothinly, as I undid my breast-pin, and took off my collar:

"Less make the best of what we can't help Josiah."

But though my tone was soothin', it didn't seem to soothe him worth a cent, for says he in tremblin' tones:

"I am a sufferer Samantha, a great sufferer."

Truly as Josiah said, it *was* a slippery time, and then not bein' used to be follered round and wiped up by a mop, it all wore on him. Says he, speakin' out in a louder, sort o' fiercer tone:

"Have we got to stay in this house Samantha, one minute longer than to-morrow mornin' at sunrise?"

Says I, "We will set sail from here some time in the course of 'the day.'" For truly I thought myself I couldn't stand the doin's much longer; and then Josiah went on and told me what Philander had told him; he said Philander said he was completely wore out. He was a good lookin' sort of a man, and one that would, I thought, under other and happier circumstances, love a joke; but his spirit was all broke down now. He told Josiah it was done by a mop, by bein' run after with a mop; he said it would break down a leather man in a year; he said he drather set out doors all winter then go into the house; he said he made it his home to the barn the most of the time—lived in the manger. He said when he first commenced life, he had a young man's glowin' hopes in the future; he had loftier, higher aims in life; but now his highest ambition was to keep house by himself in the barn, live alone there from year to

year, go jest as nasty as he could, live on flies, and eat dirt; he talked reckless and wild.

"But" says he, "if I should try it, she would be out there a scourin' the rafters; before I had been there half an hour, she would be out there with her mop. I hope," says he, "that I am a christian; but," says he, "I dassant express the feelin' I have towards mops. Ministers of the Gospel would call it a wicked feelin', and so I shant never try to tell any one how I feel towards 'em; mops is what I bury deep in my breast."

Josiah said he spoke to him about how anxious and haggard his wife looked, and how wild and keen her eyes was.

"Yes," say she, "she got that look a chasin' flies; she wont let one come within half a mile of the house if she can help it; and," says he, "she would be glad to keep me a horseback a helpin' her chase 'em off; but I wont", says he, with a gloomy look, "I never will take a horse to it; I'll run 'em down myself when she sets me at it, but I wont chase 'em a horseback as long as my name is Philander Spicer."

The doin's there wore on Josiah dretfully, I could see. Two or three times after he got into a nap, he started up a shoutin':

"There is one! catch it! take holt of 'em Nance." Oh, how I pitied my pardner, for I knew he was on the back of a Nite-Mare (as it were) a chasin' flies; and then he'd kinder shy off one side of the bed, and

I'd hunch him, and he'd say there was a hull regiment of wimmen after him with mops.

But towards mornin' I got a little good sleep, and so did he.

The next mornin' Mahala kinder atted me about my house; said she s'posed it wasn't half as nice, nor furnished near so well as hern. Her mean was proud, and I could see she felt haughty with her nice things, though I couldn't see half on 'em when she led me through the rooms they was so shet up and dark, dark as a dark pocket, a most; and the air was musty and tight, tight as a drum; she said she didn't air it only in the night for fear of flies.

Says she again, "I s'pose your house haint furnished near so nice as mine."

Says I, "I have got two elegant things in my house that you haint got in yourn, Mahala."

"What are they?" says she.

Says I, "Sunshine and air;" says I, "our house haint a big one, but it is comfortable and clean, and big enough to hold Josiah and me, and comfort, and the childern." Says I, "My parlor looks well, everybody says it does. The carpet has got a green ground work that looks jest like moss, with clusters of leaves all scattered over it, crimson and gold colored and russet brown, that look for all the world as if they might have fell offen the maple trees out in the yard in the fall of the year. I have got a good honorable set of chairs; two or three rockin' chairs, and a settee

covered with handsome copper-plate; lots of nice pictures and books, for Thomas J. *will* have 'em, and I am perfectly willin' and agreeable in that respect." Says I, "Everybody says it is as pleasant and cozy a room as they ever laid eyes on; and that room, Mahala, is open every day to my companion Josiah, fresh air, sunshine, myself and the childern;" says I, "when we have got our work done up and want to rest, there is the place we go to rest in; it makes anybody feel as chirk again as a poor dull lookin' room; and what under the sun do I want of a pleasant bright lookin' room if it haint to take some comfort with it?"

Says she, with a horrified look, "the idee of lettin' the sunshine in on a nice carpet; it fades 'em, it fades green awfully."

Says I, "My carpet haint fadin' colors, and if it was, there is more where that come from. But," says I, "there is other things that fade besides carpets;" says I, "there is such a thing as fadin' all the greenness and brightness of life out;" says I, "I had rather have my carpet fade, than to have my childern's fresh gayety, and my companion's happiness and comfort fade out as grey as a rat;" says I, "the only way to git any comfort and happiness out of this old world, is to take it as you travel on, day by day, and hour by hour."

Says I, "In my opinion it is awful simple to stent yourselves, and scrimp yourselves along all your lives

lookin' for some future time, fur ahead, when you are goin' to enjoy things and live agreeable;" says I, "if such folks don't look out, the street of By and By they are travellin' on, will narrow down to that road that is only broad enough for one to travel on it at a time, and the house they are expectin' to take so much comfort in, will have a marble door to it, and be covered over with the grasses of the valley."

My tone was as solemn as solemn could be a most, but good land! she didn't sense it a mite; it seemed as if she follered us round with a mop closer than ever, and the minute she got her work done up she went right to her ruffles again; she didn't take time to change her dress or comb her hair or anything. Her dress was clean enough, but it was faded and considerable ragged, and not a sign of a collar or cuff; and her hair, which was wavy and crinkly naturally, and would have been glad to curl, was tucked up tight in a little wad at the back side of her head, to save work a combin' it. I didn't see much of Philander, for he stayed to the barn the most of the time, though he seemed to have a desire to use us well, and every little while he would come in and visit a few words with us; but he acted awful uneasy, and low spirited, and meachin', and I was most glad every time when he'd git started for the barn, and she'd set her mop down, for she'd scold him about flies and exhort him about dust, and foller him round with a mop most every moment. She had in the

neighborhood of a bushel of ruffles a layin' by her, and she said she must stitch 'em, and pucker 'em all that day, and her face looked so care-worn and haggard as she said it, that I almost pitted her; and I says to her in tones about half pity, and half rebuke:

"What makes you lay so to ruffles Mahala, it is a wearin' on you and I can see it is."

"Oh," says she, and she nipped-to, harder than ever as she said it: "I do it because other folks do. They wear ruffles a sight now."

But I says in calin tones: "Have you got to be a fool Mahala, because *they* be?"

She didn't answer me a word, only kep' right on her ruffles as if they was cases of life and death, and I continued on in reasonable axents.

"I am considerable dressy myself, and in the name of principle I believe it is every woman's duty to look as well and agreeable as she can, especially if she has got a companion to show off before."

As I said this, she give as scornful and humiliatin' a look onto my overskirt as I ever see looked. It was my new grey dress, all trimmed off on the age of the overskirt with a plain piece cut ketrin' ways of the cloth, and stitched on. It looked well, but I see she despised it, because it wasn't ruffled; she showed it plain in her face, how fearfully she felt above the biasin' piece and me; she despised us both, and acted so haughty towards us, that I was determined to give her a piece of my mind, and says I again firmly:

"I believe it is every woman's duty especially if she has got a pardner, to put her best foot forred and look pleasant and agreeable from day to day, and from hour to hour. But in my mind a woman don't add to her good looks by settin' down lookin' like fury for nineteen days, a workin' too hard to speak a pleasant word to her family, or give 'em a pleasant look, for the sake of flauntin' out on the twentieth for a few hours, to show off before a lot of folks she don't care a cent for, nor they for her." Says I, "A middlin' plain dress for instance, one made with a plain strip set on the bias round the overskirt, or sunthin' of that sort," says I, "such a dress with a bright healthy, happy face, looks better to me than the height of fashion wore with a face that is almost completely worn out with the work a makin' of it, drawn down by care, and crossness, and hard work into more puckers than there is on the ruffles;" says I, "if a woman is able and willin' to hire her clothes made, that's a different thing; in them cases let wimmen ruffle themselves off to their heart's content, and the more work the better for the sewin' wimmen."

I don't think Mahala sensed my talk much of any, for she was nippin'-to, sewin' on her ruffles, and I heerd her say seeminly to herself:

"Lemme see; nine yards for the bottom ruffle, and a little over. Three times nine is twenty-seven, and that leaves fourteen yards of trimmin' for the poley-nay, and up and down the back will be seventeen

more—lemme see!” And she was a measurin’ it off with her hands. Finally she seemed to sense where she was for a minute, and turned to me with a still more haggard look onto her face.

Says she: “Mebby you have heerd about it; is it so, or not? I *must* know,” says she.

Says I, in anxious axents, for she looked fearfully bad: “Is it your childern’s future you are a worryin’ about? Is your companion’s morals a totterin’? Is the Human Race on your mind, a tirin’ you, Mahala?”

“No!” says she. “It haint none of them trifflin’ things, but I heerd a rumor that they wasn’t a goin’ to wear poleynays trimmed up the back. Do you know? Can you tell me what they are a goin’ to do?”

Oh! what a wild gloomy glarin’ look settled down onto her face as she asked me this question:

“*They*,” says I, a bustin’ right out almost wildly, “who is old *They* that is leadin’ my sect into chains and slavery?” Says I, almost by the side of myself with emotion, “Bring him up to me, and lemme wrastle with him, and destroy him.” Says I, “I hear of that old tyrant on all sides. If he gives the word, wimmen will drop their dresses right down a yard into the mud, or tack ’em up to their knees; they will puff ’em out like baloons, or pin ’em back, a bandegin’ themselves like mummies; they will wear their bunnets on the back of their necks leavin’ their faces all out in the sun, or they will wear ’em over their forwards, makin’ ’em as blind as a bat—leavin’

the backside of their heads all out to the weather; they will wear low slips as thin as paper, or be mounted up on high heels like a ostridge; they will frizzle their hair all up on top of their heads like a rooster's comb, or let it string down their backs like a maniac's; and if I ask 'em wildly why these things are so; they say they do it because *They* do it. I find old *They* at the bottom of it.

"And where does all the slander, and gossip, and lies come from? You find a lie that there wont anybody father, and jest as sure as you live and breathe, every time, you can track it back to old *They*. *They* said it was so. And," says I, growin' almost wild again, "who ever see him come up in a manly way and own up to anything? Who ever sot eyes on him? A hidin' himself, and a lyin', is his strong pint. I *hate* old *They*! I perfectly *despise* the old critter."

I see my emotions was a renderin' me nearly wild for the time bein', and with a fearful effort, I collected myself together, some, and continued on in a more milder tone, but awful earnest, and convincing: "Fashion is king and *They* is his prime minister and factorum; and between 'em both, wimmen is bound hand and foot, body and soul. And," says I in a sort of a prophecyin' tone, "would that some female Patrick Henry or George Washington would rise up and set 'em free from them tyrants." Says I, "It would be a greater victory for female wimmen, than the one the male sect, mostly, are a celebratin' to the Sentinal this summer."

"Sentinal!" says she. "Celebrate!" she murmured in enquirin' axents.

"Yes," says I, "haint you heerd on it Mahala—the big Sentinal that is to Filadelfy;" says I, in considerable dry axents, "I didn't know as there was a dog on the American continent but what had heerd of it, and talked it over—with other dogs." Says I, "They talked about it to Jonesville more'n they did the weather, or their neighbors, or anything."

"Well," says she, "it seems as if I heerd the word once, when I was a scrapin' out the suller, or was it when I was a whitewashin' the wood-house. I can't tell," says she; "but anyway I know I was a cleanin' sunthin' or other, or makin' ruffles, and a workin' so hard that it slipped completely out of my mind."

I told her what the Sentinal was, and says I, "I want you to go Mahala. Josiah and I are a goin', and it will do you good to git away from home a spell; you can git some good girl to keep house for you. S'posen you go?"

She looked at me as if she thought I was as crazy as a loon.

"Go!" says she. "Go! why it will be right in fly time and spider time. Do you s'pose that anybody that haint a perfect slouch of a housekeeper would leave their house in fly time or spider web time? Thank fortin nobody can find a spider web in my house nor my wood-house. I haint one to let things go as *some* will, and go off on pleasure towers right in dog days."

I see she was a twittin' me of lettin' things go, and bein' off on a tower, and my high mission goared me, and principle nerved me up to give her a piece of my mind ; and says I to her :

“ There is cobwebs a hangin' from your brain this minute Mahala Spicer, more'n a yard long.” Says I, “ You have chased me round with a mop, and kinder limbered me up, so I feel like marchin' forred nobly in the cause of Right ;—and I say to you, and I say it in a friendly way,—that if there was *ever* any brightness to your intellect, there is dust over it now a inch thick. You twit me about lettin' things go, and bein' off on a tower ; you say *you* wont let things go ; in my way of thinkin' you *do* let things go ; you let all the beauty and brightness of life go ; all the peace and enjoyment and repose of home go ; all your husband's and children's rest, and enjoyment, and love, and respect for you, go. You say you don't even git time to look into a book from one year's end to another. Think of that great world of delight and culture you leggo. You say you don't find time to step or look out of doors. Jest think of God's great picture-book that He spreads out before your blind eyes from day to day—every page filled with wonder, surprise and admiration. Think of how that book looks when the leaf is turned down to sunset, or when it is turned over to bright Indian summer and etcetery.” My tone was eloquent, very ; and my hand waved out in noble waves as I went on :

“ Jest think how from day to day the sun’ rises in splendor and goes down in heavenly glory; how the white clouds like feathered out chariots for the baby angels to ride out in, float over the beautiful blue sky unbeknown to you; how the winds kinder rustle the green leaves in the woods, and the sun shoe’s down her gold arrers through ’em, a chasin’ the cool shadders over the green moss, and never catchin’ of ’em. How the white lilys fatigue their sweet selves a perfumin’ the air and the roses and pinks blush crimson at their own prettiness, and the violets hide their blue eyes down under the grass, so awful pretty that they are fairly ashamed of themselves, and the ferns wave their green banners in triumphant delight to let ’em know they have found ’em out. How the lake changes to more’n forty pictures a day, every one handsomer than the other, from the time it looks kinder blue, and hazy, and dreamy in the mornin’ twilight, till the settin’ sun makes a shinin’ path on it, that seems to lead right out into that city of golden streets.

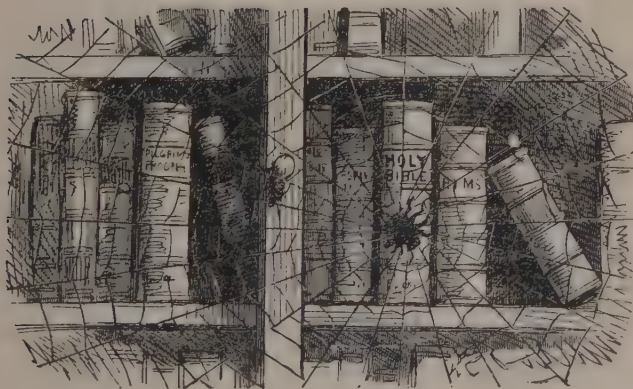
Think what low and kinder contented songs the brook sings to the pussy willow, and what the willows whisper back to the brook. How the birds chirp and twitter and sail and sing, a well behaved melodious orkustre givin’ free tickets to everybody; and your ears as deaf as a stun to it all. Think of all these things you leggo to pore over ruffles and knife pleat-in’s. You *used* to be a fine musician—made first-rate

music—and that melodious job, the only piece of work you can begin on earth and finish up in heaven, all that happiness for yourself and family, you leggo. If you was obleeged to do all this, I should pity you; and if you was obleeged to wear yourself down to a early grave—as I see you are a doin',—leavin' your childern plenty of ruffles and no mother, I should pity you; but your husband is abundantly able, and more'n willin' to hire help for you to do your work decently and comfortably, and leave you time to make your home a place of delight and rest to him and the childern. But instead of that, instead of throwin' open the doors of your heart and your house to the free air of heaven, and the sunshine;—instead of keepin' your husband's and childern's love and makin' their happiness and hisen and your own life beautiful by culture, and sweet thoughts, and generous deeds; instead of liftin' your eyes heavenward and seein' with the eyes of your soul some divine ideal and pursuin' after it, you have set your aim in life on a fly and chase that aim blindly, and prefer to go through life on all fours with a scrub rag."

If you'll believe it, that woman was mad; it does beat all how good advice will make some folks squirm; but as we was on the very pint of leavin', I didn't care a cent; and I didn't feel in the least mite beholden to her, for they come to our house when they was first married, and stayed three weeks right along, and I guess they didn't git treated much as she treated

Josiah and me. I done well by 'em—killed a hen most every day—and made a fuss. That was before she took to chasin' flies; she was bright as a new dollar, didn't act like the same critter, nor he nuther; that was before he had the nip took out of him, by bein' chased round by a mop.

I kissed the little childern all a settin still in a row—or little old wimmen I ort to say, bid Mahala a glad and happy good bye, and then we went out to the barn and took leave of Philander in the manger, and sot forred again on our tower.





MELANKTON SPICER AND HIS FAMILY.

PHILANDER SPICER told Josiah and me that he did wish we would stop and visit his brother Lank, seein' we had to pass right by his house. Melankton Spicer, Philander's twin brother, married Mahala's sister Delila Ann, makin' 'em double and twisted relations, as you may say. And we told him that seein' it was right on our way we would stop a few minutes, but I guessed we wouldn't stay long for we wasn't much acquainted with 'em, though she had visited me years ago, and we had seen 'em to Father Allen's once or twice.

Philander told us mebbly we hadn't better stay long, for they had hard work to git along; he said Delila Ann wasn't a mite such a turn as Mahala, for whereas Mahala, havin' a husband that was well off, would work and scrub every minute with no need on it, Delila Ann, havin' married a poor man who needed help, wouldn't work a mite; hadn't been no

help to him at all sense they was married, only by puttin' on appearances, and havin' seven girls and they bein' growed up, and their ma not allowin' 'em to do a speck of work only to dress up to catch a bo. Lank had to work from mornin' till night in the store where he was a clerk, and then set up half the night to copy papers for a lawyer, to try to pay their milliner bills and the hired girls; but he couldn't, he was in debt to everybody. And he didn't git no rest and peace to home, for they was a teasin' him the hull time for gold bracelets and silk dresses and things; he said they lived poor, and their morals was all run down.

Lank hadn't ever been able to git enough ahead to buy a Bible; he hadn't nothin' but the Pokrafy, and a part of the Old Testament that had fell to him from his grandfather, fell so fur that the 'postles and all the old prophets—except Malachi—had got tore to pieces, and *he* was battered considerable. Philander said Lank told him it was hard work to bring up a family right, with nothin' but the Pokrafy to go by, and he wanted to git a Bible the worst way; and when he got his last month's wages he *did* mean to git enough ahead to buy one, and a sack of flour; but when he got his pay, his wife said she was sufferin' for a new gauze head-dress, and the seven girls had *got* to have some bobinet neck-ties, and some new ear-rings; that after they had got these necessarys, then, if there was anything left, they would git a sack of flour and a Bible. But there wasn't, and so they

had to git along with the Pokrafy, and without the sack of flour; and he said that workin' so hard, and farin' so awful bad, Lank was a most used up; he said Lank wasn't more'n two or three moments older than he was, but he looked as if he was seventy-five years old, and he was afraid he wouldn't stand it more than several months longer if things went on so.

I said to myself, when Philander wastellin' us this, here is mebbly another chance for me to burn myself up and brile myself on a gridiron (as it were) in the cause of Right. I felt a feelin' that mebbly I could win a victory, and advise Delila Ann for her good. And so I spoke up mildly, but with a firm noble mean on me, and says to him: "Philander, we will stop there an hour or two."

When we got to the village where Lank lived, Josiah said he guessed he would go right down to the store where Lank worked and see him, and I might go in and call on Delila Ann. A small white-headed boy with tow breeches held up by one lonely gallus told me he would show me the way—the same boy offerin' to hitch the mare.

It had been a number of years sense I had seen Delila Ann, and I didn't s'pose I should know her if I should see her in my porridge dish, Philander said she had changed so. He said she had that sort of anxious, haggard, dissatisfied, kinder sheepish, and kinder bold look—a mean that folks always git by puttin' on appearances; I've heerd, and I believe,



"THAT DOOR WANTS MENDIN' BAD."

that is jest about as wearin' a job as anybody can git into to foller from year to year. There didn't seem to be anything hull and sound about the front door, except the key-hole; but it had a new brass plate on it, with a bell kinder fixed in it, and the plate bore Lank's name in bold noble letters which I s'pose was a comfort to the family, and rose 'em up above the small afflictions of the snow and rain that entered at will, and when they was a mind to.

The white headed boy, with the solitary and lonesome gallus, said to me as he stood waitin' for the five cent bill I was a gettin' for him out of my port-money: "That door needs mendin' bad!"

I give him his bill and started him off, and I was jest a musin' on his last words, and thinkin' that Lank's best way would be to take the key-hole and have a new door made to it, when the hired girl come to the door. I told her who I was and she seemed to be kinder flustrated and said she'd go and tell the family. And I, a standin' there in the hall, and not knowin' how long she would be gone, thought I would set down—for it always tires me to stand any length of time on my feet. There was a elegant imposin' lookin' chair by the side of a real noble lookin' table, but to my surprise and mortification when I went to set down, I sot right down through it, the first thing; I catched almost wildly at the massive table to try to save myself, and I'll be hanged if that didn't give way and spilte on my

hands, as you may say; it tottled and fell right over onto me; and then I see it was made of rough shackly



APPARENTLY STRONG.

boards, but upholstered with a gorgeous red and yellor cotton spread, like the chair; they both looked splendid. I gathered myself up, and righted the table murmurin' to myself, "Put not your trust in princes, nor turkey red calico, Josiah Allen's wife; set not down upon them blindly, lest you be wearied and faint in your mind, and lame in your body."

I was jest a rehearsin' this to myself, when the hired girl come back, and says I:

"I am glad you have come, for I don't know but I should have brought the hull house down in ruins onto me, if you hadn't come jest as you did."

And then she up and told me that that chair and table wasn't made for use, but jest for looks; she said they wanted a table and a reception chair in the hall, and not bein' able to buy sound ones, they had made 'em out of boards they had by 'em."

"Well," says I mildly, "I went right down through the chair the first thing, and it skairt me."

I got along through the hall first-rate after this, only I most fell twice, for the floor bein' carpeted with wall paper varnished (to be oil-cloth appariently) and tore up, and the varnish makin' it stiff, it was as bad as a man-trap to catch folks in, and throw 'em.

Jest before we got to the parlor door I see, that in the agitation of body and mind I had experienced sense I come in, I had dropped one of my cuff buttons, nice black ones that I had bought jest before I started at a out-lay of 35 cents, and the hired girl said she would go back for it; and while she was a lookin' for it—the plasterin' bein' off considerable, and the partition jest papered over—I heard 'em a sayin' and they seemed to be a cryin' as they said it:

"What did she want to come here for? I should think she would know enough to stay away."

"To think we have got to be tormented by seein' her," says another voice.

"I hate to have her come as bad as you do children," says a voice I knew was Delila Ann's; "but we must try to bear up under it; she wont stay probable more'n two or three hours."

"I thay, I hope she wont sthay two minith," says another voice with a lisp to it.

"We wont let her stay," says a little fine voice.

I declare for't, if it hadn't been for my vow I would have turned right round in my tracks; but I remembered it wasn't the pious folks that needed the most preachin', and if ever promiscuous advisin' seemed to be called for, it was now. And jest as I was a rememberin' this, the hired girl come back with my cuff button.

The minute she opened that parlor door, I see that I had got into the house of mournin'. The room, which resembled the hall and the front door as much as if they was three twins, seemed to be full of braize delaine, and bobinet lace, and thin ribbin, all bathed in tears and sobs. When I took a closer look, I see there was eight wimmen under the gauzes and frizzles and folderols and etcetery; some of 'em held dime novels in their hands, and one of 'em held a white pup.

The moment I went in, every one of 'em jumped up and kissed me, and throwed their arms round me. Some of the time I had as many as six or seven arms at a time round me in different places, and every one of 'em was a tellin' me in awful warm tones, how glad, how highly tickled they was to see me; they never was so carried away with enjoyment and happy surprise in their hull lives before; and says four of 'em tenderly:

"You must stay a week with us anyway."

"A week!" says the little fine voice, "that haint nuthin', you must stay a month, we wont let you off a day sooner."

"No, we wont!" says six warm voices, awful warm.



APPARENTLY WELCOME.

"Sthay all thummer—do," says the lispin' voice.

"Yes do!" says the hull seven.

And then Delila Ann threw both her arms round my neck, and says she:

"Oh if you could only stay with us always, how happy, happy we should be." And then she laid her

head right down on my shoulder and begun to sob, and weep, and cry; I was almost sickened to the stomach by their actin' and behavin', but the voice of sorrow always appeals to my heart. I see in a minute what the matter was; Lank had give out, had killed himself with hard work; and though I knew she was jest as much to blame as if she was made of arsenic and Lank had swallowed her, still pity and sympathy makes the handsomest, shineyest kind of varnish to cover up folks'es faults with, and Delila Ann shone withit from head to foot, as she lay there on my neck, wettin' my best collar with her tears, and almost tearin' the lace offen it with her deep windy sithes. I pitied Delila Ann, from pretty near the bottom of my heart; I forgot for the time bein' her actin' and behavin'; I felt bad, and says I:

"Then he is gone Delila Ann, I feel to sympathize with you; I am sorry for you as I can be."

"Yes," says she, pretty near choked up with emotion, "he is gone; we have lost him."

I wept; I thought of my Josiah, and I says in tremblin' tones: "When love is lost out of a heart that has held it, oh, what a goneness there must be in that heart; what a emptyness; what a lonesomeness; but," says I, tryin' to comfort her, "He who made our hearts knows all about 'em; His love can fill all the deep lonesome places in 'em; and hearts that He dwells in wont never break; He keeps 'em, and they are safe with an eternal safety."

All the hull of the girls was a sobbin', and one of 'em sithed out: "Oh, it does seem as if our hearts must break, right in to."

Then I spoke up and says in tremblin' tones: "If you are willin' Delila Ann, it would be a melancholly satisfaction to me to see the corpse."

The girls led the way a sobbin' and sithin', and I follered on kinder holdin' up Delila Ann, expectin' every minute she would faint away on my hands. We was a mournful lookin' procession; they led the



THE HOUSE OF MOURNIN'.

way into the next room, and led me up to a sofy, and there laid out on a gorgeous yeller cotton cushin, lay a dead pup; I was too dumb-founded to speak for nearly half a moment.

Oh! what feelin's I felt as I stood there a lookin' on 'em, to think how I had been a sympathizin' and a comfortin', a pumpin' the very depths of my soul to pour religious consolation onto 'em, and bewailin' myself, a sheddin' my own tears over a whiffet pup. As I thought this over, my dumb-founder begun to go off on me, and my mean begun to look different, and awfuler; I thrust my cotton handkerchief back into my pocket again with my right hand, and drew my left arm hautily from Delila Ann, not carin' whether she crumpled down and fainted away or not; I s'pose my mean apauled 'em, for Delila Ann says to me in tremblin' tones:

"All genteel wimmen dote on dogs." And she added in still more tremblin' tones, as she see my mean kep' a growin' awfuler, and awfuler every minute: "Nothin' gives a woman such a genteel air as to lead 'em round with a ribbin." And she says still a keepin' her eye on my mean: "I always know a woman is genteel the minute I see her a leadin' 'em round, and I never have been mistakin' once; the more genteel a woman is, the more poodle dogs she has to dote on."

I didn't say a word to Delila Ann nor the hull set on 'em, but my emotions riz up so that I spoke right out loud, unbeknown to me; I episoded to myself in a deep voice:

"Fathers bein' killed with labor, and a world layin' in wickedness, and wimmen dotin' on dogs; hundreds

of thousands of houseless and homeless childern — little fair souls bein' blackened by ignorance and vice with a black that can't never be rubbed off this side of heaven, and immortal wimmen spendin' their hull energies in keepin' a pup's hair white; little tender feet bein' led down into the mire and clay, that might



GENTILITY.

be guided up to heaven's door, and wimmen utterly refusin' to notice 'em, so rampant and sot on leadin' round a pup by a string. Good heavens!" says I, "it makes me sweat to think on it;" and I pulled out my

cotton handkerchief and wiped my forred almost wildly. I s'pose my warm emotions had melted down my icy mean a very little, for Delila Ann spoke up in a little chirker voice, and says she :

"If you was one of the genteel kind, you would feel different about it;" says she—a tryin' to scare me—"I mistrust that you haint genteel."

"That don't scare me a mite," says I, "I *hate* that word and always did," says I still more warmly, "there is two words in the English language that I feel cold, and almost haity towards, and they are 'affinity,' such as married folks hunt after, and 'genteel.' I wish," says I, "that these two words would join hands and elope the country; I'd love to see their backs, as they sot out, and bid 'em a glad farewell." She see she hadn't skairt me, and the thought of my mission goared me to that extent, that I rose up my voice to a high key and went on wavin' my right hand in as eloquent a wave as I had by me—I keep awful eloquent waves a purpose to use on occasions like these—and says I :

"I am a woman that has got a vow on me; I am a Promiscuous Advisor by trade, and I can't shirk out when duty is a pokin' me in the side; I must speak. And I say unto you Delila Ann, and the hull on you promiscuous, that if you would take off some of your bobinet lace, empty your laps of pups and dime novels, and go to work and lift some of the burdens from the breakin' back of Melankton Spicer, you

would raise yourselves in my estimation from 25 to 30 cents, and I don't know but more."

"Oh," says Delila Ann, "I want my girls to marry; and it haint genteel for wimmen to work; they wont *never* catch a bo if they work."

"Well," says I almost coldly, "I had ruther keep a clear conscience and a single bedstead, than twenty husbands and the knowledge that I was a father killer; but," says I in reasonable tones—for I wanted to convince 'em—"it haint necessary to be lazy, to read dime novels, and lead round pups, in order to marry; if it was, I should be a single woman to-day."

"Oh I love to read dime novelth," says the lispin' one; "I love to be thad and weep, it theemth tho thweet, tho thingularly thweet."

Says I, "There is a tragedy bein' lived before your eyes day after day that you ort. to weep over; a father killin' himself for his wife and children—bearin' burdens enough to break down a leather man—and they a spendin' their time a leadin' round whiffet pups."

"Whiffet pups!" says Delila in angry tones, "they are poodles."

"Well," says I calmly, "whiffet poodle pups, if that suits you any better, it don't make any particular difference to me."

Says Delila Ann, "I paid seven dollars a piece for 'em, and they have paid their way in comfortin' the girls when they feel bad; of course my girls have **their** dark hours and git low-spirited when they

tease their pa for things that he wont buy for 'em; when they want a gold butterfly to wear in their hair, are sufferin' for it or for other necessaries, and their pa wont git 'em for 'em; in such dark hours the companionship of these dear dogs are such a comfort to 'em."

"Why don't they go to work and earn their own butterflies if they have got to have 'em?" says I.

"Because they wont never marry if they demean themselves and work."

Says I, "It haint no such thing! A man whose love is worth havin' would think the more of 'em;" and I went on eloquently—"do you s'pose Delila, that the love of a *true man*,—a love that crowns a woman more royally than a queen, a love that satisfies her head and her heart and that she can trust herself to through life and death; a love that inspires her to think all goodness and purity are possible to her for its sake,—that makes her, through very happiness, more humble and tender and yet fearless, liftin' her above all low aims and worryments; do you s'pose this love that makes a woman as rich as a Jew if she owns nothin' on earth beside, can be inspired and awakened by a contemplation of sham gentility and whiffet pups? Can bobinet lace spangled with gilt butterflies weave a net to catch this priceless treasure? Never! Delila Ann Spicer, never! that is,—a love that is worth havin'; some men's love haint worth nothin'; I wouldn't give a cent a bushel for it by the car-load.

But, as I said, Delila Ann and the hull eight on you

promiscuous, a earnest, true, noble man would think as much again of a girl who had independence and common sense enough to earn her own livin' when her father was a poor man. Good land! how simple it is to try to deceive folks; gauze veils, and cotton-velvet cloaks haint a goin' to cover up the fact of poverty; if we be poor there's not a mite of disgrace in it. Poverty is the dark mine where diamonds are found lots of times by their glitterin' so ag'inst the blackness. The darkness of poverty can't put out the light of a pure diamond; it will shine anywhere, as bright in the dark dirt as on a queen's finger, for its light comes from within; and rare pearls are formed frequent by the grindin' touch of poverty, tears of pain and privation and patience crystalized into great drops of light that will shine forever. Honest hard workin' poverty is respectable as anything can be respectable and should be honored, if for no other reason, for the sake of Him who eighteen hundred years ago made it illustrious forever. But poverty hidin' itself behind the appariently; poverty hidin' itself under a sham gentility; pretentious, deceitful poverty—tryin' to cover a empty stomach with a tinsel breast-pin—is a sight, and enough to make angels weep, and sinners sick. Let your girls learn some honest trade Delila Ann, let 'em be self-respectin', industrious—"

"Oh my! I wouldn't have 'em miss of bein' married for nothin' in the world."

“Good land!” says I. “Is marryin’ the only theme that anybody can lay holt of? It seems to me that the best way would be to lay holt of duty now, and then if a bo comes lay holt of him. But if they catch a bo with such a hook as they are a fishin’ with now, what kind of a bo will it be? Nobody but a fool would lay holt of a hook baited with dime novels, lazyness, deceitfulness, and pups. Learn your girls to be industrious and to respect themselves. They can’t now, Delila Ann, I *know* they can’t. No woman can feel honorable and reverential towards themselves, when they are a foldin’ their useless hands over their empty souls, waitin’ for some man—no matter who—to marry ’em and support ’em. When in the agony of suspense and fear they have narrowed down to this one theme all their hopes and prayers: “Good Lord, anybody!” But when a woman lays holt of life in a noble earnest way, when she is dutiful, cheerful, and industrious, God-fearin’ and self-respectin’, though the world sinks, there is a rock under her feet that wont let her down fur enough to hurt her any. .

“Oh dear;” says Delila Ann again, “I should think she would want to get married—want to awfully.” Truly everybody has their theme, and marryin’ is hern. But I kep’ cool and says I in calm axents, but sort o’ noble and considerable eloquent:

“If love comes to board with her, so much the better; she will be ready to receive him royally, and

keep him when she gets him—some folks don't know how to use love worth a cent, can't keep him any length of time. Such a woman wont git crazy as a loon, and wild-eyed, and accept the wrong man—so dead with fear that the right one wont be forth comin'. She wont barter her truth and self respect for a home and housen stuff, and the sham dignity of a false marriage. No mom, or moms; though a regiment of men are at her feet a askin' her in pleadin' axents if their bride she will be, her ears will be deaf as a stun to the hull caboodle of 'em, unless the true voice speaks to her; and she wont listen with the ear of flesh, she wont hear it unless her soul can listen. Mebby that voice, that *true* voice is soundin' to her heart through the centuries; mebby, like as not, she was born a century too soon, or a hundred years too late—what of it? That don't scare her a mite, she will keep right on a livin' jest as calm and collected and happy and contented as anything, till the eternal meetin' of true souls crowns him and her with the greatness of that love. No, Delila Ann Spicer, such a woman as that, no matter whether she be single or double, I am not afraid of her future."

"What! not get married! Oh dear me suz," screamed Delila Ann, for truly the thought seemed to scare her nearly to death. Oh how awful, how lonely, lonely, they must be."

"Who said they wasn't?" says I in pretty middlin' short tones—for she was a beginnin' to wear me

out some—but I continued on in more mild axents:

“I have seen married folks before now, that I *knew* was in their souls as lonesome as dogs and lonesomer,” says I, a disagreeabler feelin’ I never felt, than to have company that haint company, stay right by you for two or three days. And then what must it be to have ’em stand by you from forty to fifty years. Good land! it would tucker anybody out. A desert haint to be compared to a crowd of strangers; woods can’t be compared to human bein’s for loneliness, for Nater is a friendly critter, and to them that love her, she has a hundred ways to chirk ’em up and comfort ’em. And solitude is sacred, when the world’s babble dies away, you hush your soul, and hear the footfalls of the Eternal. Hear His voice speakin’ to your heart in better thoughts, purer aspirations, nobler idees. No! for pure loneliness give me the presence of an alien soul, whose thoughts can never be your thoughts, whose eyes can no more see what your eyes see than if they wore leather spectacles, whose presence weighs you down like four Nite Mairs and a half. And if for any reason, fear, thoughtlessness, or wantin’ a home, you are married to such a one, there is a loneliness for you Delila Ann Spicer.” But she kep’ right on, with her former idees, for she felt ’em deeply.

“Oh Dear! I don’t see how folks git along that haint married. Nothin’ in the world looks so poverty-struck, and lonesome as a woman that haint married.”

“Yes,” says I reasonably, “they *do* have a sort of a one sided look I’ll admit, and sort o’ curious, at certain times, such as processions, and etcetery; I always said so, and I say so still. “But,” says I, “in my opinion, there haint no lonesomeness to be compared to the lonesomeness of the empty-headed and aimless, and no amount of husbands can make up to any woman for the loss of her self-respect. Them is my idees, howsumever everybody to their own mind.”

Whether I did ’em any good or not I don’t know, for my companion arrived jest that moment, and we departed onto our tower; but it is a sweet and comfortin’ thought, that whether you hit the mark you aim at or not, you have done your best and a good pile of arrers somewhere will bear witness that you have took aim, and fired nobly in the cause of Right





UNCLE ZEBULIN COFFIN

EVER sense I had married to Josiah Allen, I had heerd of Uncle Zebulin Coffin, what a good man he was. Every time Josiah would git low spirited and kinder back slid in his mind, he would groan out, "Oh, if I could only be as good as Uncle Zebulin is!"

And when he would be in this deprested state, if he and I would laugh out kinder hearty at sunthin' the childern said or done, he would mutter :

"Oh Samantha, what would Uncle Zebulin say if he should hear us laugh ! I don't believe we shall ever get to be so good as he is in this world."

"What has he done so awful good ?" I would say.

"Why," says Josiah, "Uncle Zebulin haint laughed in over forty years. You don't have no idee what a good man he is."

"That don't raise him 7 cents in my estimation," says I. "What else has he done so uncommon good ?"

"Oh," says Josiah. "I don't know of anything in

particular. But you never see so good a man as he is. He's made a regular pattern of himself. He never smiles, and he would sooner cut off anybody's head than to joke with 'em; and he is so quick to see if anybody else does wrong. He'll make anybody feel so wicked, when they are with him; they'll see so plain how much better he is than they be. He is so uncommon good, that I never could bear to stay there; I realized his goodness so much, and see my own wickedness so plain. A dretful good man, Uncle Zebulin is, dretful."

I knew when we sot out for the Sentinal that we should go within a few miles of him; we had got to go right through Loon Town, where his letters was sent to. (Josiah had helped him to money to pay up a mortgage, and they had wrote back and forth about it.) I beset Josiah to stop and visit him, not that I had such a awful high opinion of him, but I wanted to go more out of curiosity, a sort of a circus feelin'; but Josiah hung back, and I says to him:

"Anybody would think Josiah Allen, that after praisin' up a Uncle Zebulin day and night for goin' on twenty years, a man would be willin' to let his lawful pardner git a glimpse on him;" but Josiah hung back, and says he:

"He is so tarnal good, Samantha, you haint no idee how powerful uncomfortable and unsatisfactory he makes wickeder folks feel." But I says cheerfully:

"If he is so dretful good as you say, he wont be

likely to hurt us, and I don't go for comfort, I go in a sort of a menagery way; and also," I added with dignity, "as a P. A. and a P. I."

"Well," he kinder whimpered out, "mebby it is all for the best. We'll go if you are so sot on it, but there don't seem to be no need of our stayin' any length of time."

"Well," says I, "we'll see, when we git there."

But after we got started off on our tower, and as we drew near Loon Town, (thirteen miles from Melankton Spicer'ses) and I spoke to Josiah about our visit to Uncle Zebulin, he made as strange of it, as if he never had heerd of the idee; said he never had borrowed any trouble about it, never had had an idee of goin' nigh him.

"Then what made you say so," says I.

"Say so!" says he in a wanderin', unbelievin' tone, "I haint said so," says he, "you must have dremp it."

I argued with him for quite a spell, but he stuck to it; said he didn't blame me any for sayin' it, for I had most probable dremp it.

It madded me so to hear him go on, that I wouldn't multiply no more words with him, and I should probable never have sot eyes on Zebulin Coffin, if it hadn't been for a axident that took place jest as we was a enterin' Loon Town.

I thought there had been sunthin' kinder loose and shackly about the buggy for some time, and so I says to Josiah:

“There seems to be sunthin’ wrong about the buggy Josiah Allen, I believe the whiffletrys are loose.”

“The whiffletrys are all right. You are notional Samantha—wimmen always be, not havin’ such strong firm minds as we men have they git the hypo.”

Says I, almost coldly, “After you throw us out, and kill both on us, mebby you wont twit me of havin’ the hypo.”

“I haint never killed you yet, Samantha,” says he, “and you have been a lookin’ out for it for the last twenty years.”

But that man hadn’t hardly got the words out of



CHEATED.

his mouth, when all of a sudden jest what I had been bewarin’ him of happened; sunthin’ *did* break down; he said it was the ex. But everything seemed to give

way all of a sudden under us ; I was skairt, very. The old mare bein' a ornament to her seat stopped stun still, so there wasn't no killed nor wounded to repent on, but the top buggy had got to go to the wagon shop to be repaired upon. Josiah acted mad ; says he :

" That darned man cheated me on that buggy, I'll bet a cent. We'd done better to have bought a phantom ; I told you so Samantha in the first on't."

Knowin' it was the nater born in every man to want to blame somebody or sunthin' in a time like this, and knowin' if anything could be a comfort to my companion *that* would, I didn't feel like arguin' with him a mite about our buyin' or not buyin' a phantom to ride. I was sorry for him, but feelin' I had a vow onto me, and knowin' it was my duty to look arms (as it were) with my companion, and lead him gently back if I see him a strayin' off into the wrong, I says to him in a kind of a roundabout way, **but mildly and firmly :**

" When companions was falsely told they had drempt things, mebbey judgments was sometimes sent onto Josiahs'."

I had hinted this in a dretful blind way, but he took it in a minute, and snapped out enough to take my head off.

" Well, well ! I s'pose we can go to Uncle Zeb's, if you are so sot on it, while this is bein' mended ;" and he added with a gloomy face : " I guess you'll have the worst on't, when you see how good he is."

I felt glad to go, for I had a curious feelin' that I was needed there as a Promiscuous Advisor; as if I had a job there to tackle in the cause of Right. The blacksmith sent a boy for a man that did such jobs, and in a few minutes time we was on our way to Uncle Zebulin Coffin'ses. It was a good lookin' iron grey man, about the age of Josiah who was a carryin us. He had a nice span of horses, and we rode in a respectable democrat with two seats. Josiah sot on the front seat with the driver, and the satchel and umberell and I sot on the back seat. After we had got started, the man spoke up and says he :

“ You are a goin' over to Deacon Coffin'ses? ”

“ Yes,” says Josiah.

His face grew sad, and he shook his head in a mournful way.

“ A dretful good man the Deacon is.”

Says I, “ Sunthin' in the line of Paradise Lost, or the Course of Time; sunthin' like Milton or Pollock, haint he? ”

Says he “ I haint acquainted with the gentlemen you speak of.”

He looked so kinder sharp and curious at me, that I spoke up again, and says I :

“ I have got the idee from what I have heerd, that he is sunthin' like them books I spoke of. Everybody knows they are hefty and respectable, but somehow they don't take so much comfort a perusin' 'em as they do in admirin' 'em at a distance – bein' wrote

in 'blank verse, they make folks feel sort o' blank."

The man didn't answer me but put on a still more melancholly and deprested look, and says he:

"He haint smiled in more'n thirty years, and haint snickered in goin' on fifty. It's curious, how anybody can be so good haint it? You see, I carry passengers back and forth, and the Deacon rode with me about a year ago, and he labored with me powerful about my son Tom, Tom Pitkins! my name is Elam Pitkins."

He was a settin' on the same seat with Josiah, and they had been a visitin' together like old friends. But Josiah turned right round and shook hands with him, and say he: "How do you do Mr. Pitkins, happy to make your acquaintance, sir."

And then he took his hat off, and held it in his lap for a few moments; then he put it on his head again. I was almost proud of that man at that minute, to see how well he knew what belonged to good manners; (I had took him in hand, and tutored him a sight, before we sot out on our tower,) and bein' Josiah's teacher in politeness, I wasn't a goin' to be out done by him; so I riz right up, and made a low curchy and shook hands with him. The democrat jolted jest then, and I come down pretty sudden, and bein' a hefty woman I struck hard—but I didn't begreech my trouble. True politeness is dear to me; true courtesy is a near relation to principle, as near as 2nd cousin.

This little episode over, and polite manners attended to, Elam Pitkins continued on :

“ As I say, the Deacon give it to me strong about my son Tom—he made me feel wicked as a dog—said I’d be the ruination of him. You see the way on’t was, Loon Town is a great place for politics; lots of congressmen make it their home here summers, and so it is run down in its morals—lots of drinkin’ saloons, and other places of licenced ruination, and billiard-rooms, and so 4th—and Tom bein a bright, wide-awake lad, got kinder unstiddy for a spell. You know boys at that age take to fun and amusement as naterally as a duck takes to water; its nater, jest as much as the sun is nater or the moon, and can’t be helped any more than they can. Well, his ma and I talked it over; I was a great case to read nights—solid books, such as Patent Office Reports and the Dictionary bein’ my holt—and she was great on mendin’—socks bein’ her theme and stiddy practice. But Tom was a gettin’ unstiddy; and we talked it over and come to the conclusion that these occupations of ourn, though they was as virtuous as two young sheep’s, still they wasn’t very highlarious and happyfyin’ to a boy like Tom. And what do you s’pose we did—his ma and I? Well sir, if you’ll believe it, we learnt to play dominoes, that woman and I did and both on us a goin’ on fifty. You ort to seen us handle them dominoes at first! We’d never either on us touched one before, but we kep’ at it, a studyin’ deep, till we could play a good

hand; and if I had give Tom a 50 dollar bill, he wouldn't have been half so tickled as he was when his ma and I sot down to play dominoes with him for the first time.

And then if you'll believe it, his ma and I tackled the checker board next, and mastered that; Tom



COMPETING WITH THE BAR-ROOM.

beats us most every time, and I am glad on it, and his ma is too. Then I got a box of authors; it don't take near so much mind to play that as it does dominoes, most anybody can learn that, and it is a beautiful game—Thackuary and Dickens and all on 'em painted out as plain as day on 'em—and we bought lots of interestin' books wrote by these very

men that we got acquainted with in this way. And before winter was out, I got a set of parlor crokay; and when the bar-room winders was all lit up, seeminly a beconin' Tom and others like him to come and be ruined, we lit up our sittin'-room winders brighter still, and bein' considerable forehanded, and thinkin' it is cheaper than to pay whisky bills, and gamblin' debts, and worse—we lay out—Tom's ma and I do—to have fruit, and nuts, and pop-corn, and lemonade and so 4th every evening; and Tom's mates are made welcome, when they come. Why good land! You can't git Tom away from home now hardly enough to be neighborly. We have kep' up such doin's year after year, and Tom is goin' on twenty-two; and between you and me—you are related to Deacon Coffin'ses folks, you say?"

"Yes," says Josiah and I.

"Well, you look so sort o' friendly, and you'd be apt to hear of it any way, so I'll tell you; Tom got sweet on the Deacon's Molly; perfectly smit by her, and before they knew it, as you may say, they was engaged. Nater, you know, jest as nateral as the sun is, or the moon, or anything; but when Tom told us about it, and we had always been so kind of familiar with him, sort o' mated with him, that it come nateral in him to confide in us—he thinks a sight on us Tom does—I told him to be honorable and manly, and tackle the old Deacon about it. Tom is brave as a lion—he wouldn't hang back a inch from

bears or tigers or crockydiles or anything of the kind—but when I mentioned the idee of his tacklin' the old Deacon, I'll be hanged if Tom didn't flinch, and hang back. Says he:

“I hate to; I hate to go near him, he is such a good man;” says he, “he makes me feel as if I could crawl through a knot hole, as if I wanted to.”

But my advice to Tom was from day to day, “tackle the old Deacon.”

And finally Tom tackled him; and the old Deacon was madder than a hen.

“A *pious* hen,” says I coldly, for I was a beginnin' to not bear the old Deacon.

“Yes,” says he, “bein' so darned good, he said Molly shouldn't marry any feller that laughed and played dominoes and danced—and Tom had danced once or twice to one of our neighbors, and the old Deacon had heerd of it—so he turned Tom out doors, and forbid Molly's speakin' to him again; Molly, they say, took it bad, and it come powerful hard on Tom. He is a soft hearted feller Tom is, and he fairly worshipped her; but his ma and I brought him up to meet trials bravely, and it is a pattern to anybody to see how brave, and calm, and patient he is, with his trouble makin' him as poor as a snail. Stiddy to work as a clock, cheerful, and growin' poor all the time; awful good to babys, and childern Tom is, sense it took place, and growin' pale, and poor as a rat. I tell you it comes pretty tough on his ma and

me to see it go on; but Tom wont be underhanded, and he'll have to grin and bear it, for the Deacon says he never changes his mind, and he is so tarnal good I s'pose he can't.

"He talked powerful to me the day he rode with me; I don't know when I ever felt wickeder and meaner than I did then; I can truly say that when the old Deacon got out of the buggy, and for several hours after that, I could have been bought cheap—probable from 25 to 30 cents—he give it to me so for lettin' Tom play games, and playin' with him myself. He said I was doin' the devil's work; a immortal soul left to my charge, and I a fillin' it up with dominoes and checkers.

"'But,' says I, 'Tom got to runnin' to the tarven; he got into bad company; I did it to stop him; factorum Deacon, honor bright.'

"And then the Deacon give it to me for swearin'; he was so good, he thought honor bright and factorum was swearin', and says he:

"'S'posen Tom *did* git to runnin' to the tarven and other places of ruination; *then* was the time for you to do your duty. Preach his wickedness to him; keep at it every time he come into the house day and night, down sullen, and up stairs, to the table and the altar. I s'posed you was a prayin' man, and prayed in your family.'

"'I haint missed a night nor mornin' sense I joined the meetin'-house,' says I.

“ Well, what a weapon that family altar might be, if you handled it right, to pierce Tom to the heart; to show him how gloomy his sins made you; to make him see *your* goodness, and *his* sinfulness; to make a pattern of yourself before him; and then evenin’s you ort to be stern and gloomy, and awful dignified, and spend ’em, every one of ’em, in readin’ religious tracts to him; warnin’s to sinners, and the perils of the ungodly. I would lend you half a bushel that I have used in bringin’ up my own family; and if you took this course, what a happyfyin’ thought it would be, that, whatever course he took, whether he went to ruin or not, you had done *your* duty, set him a pattern of righteousness, and his wickedness couldn’t be laid to *your* charge; and you could have a clear conscience, and be happy, even if you looked down from the shinin’ shore, and see him a wreathin’ in torment.’

“ ‘ But,’ says I, ‘ what if my preachin’ his wickedness into him, and readin’ tracts at him had the effect of makin’ him hate religion, and drivin’ him away from home to the tarven and wickedness? After Tom was ruined, my makin’ a pattern of myself, and feelin’ innocent, wouldn’t bring Tom back. And,’ says I, ‘ if I kep’ Tom from goin’ to ruin, by keepin’ him to home, and playin’ dominoes with him—and didn’t feel innocent—lemme see—where be I—’ ”

“ And I scratched my head till every hair stood up on end, I was so puzzled, and kinder worked up, a

thinkin' how I would go to work to be innocent in the matter, and whether after I had lost Tom, my bein' a pattern would be much of a comfort to me or his ma; but though I scratched my head powerful, I couldn't scratch a clear idee of the matter out of it. But I tell you, the Deacon made me feel small, so small that when I got home, I was most tempted to go in through the key-hole; and mean—I knew I was the meanest man in North America, I could have took my oath on it with a clear conscience.

“But Tom's ma felt different about it when I talked it over with her; and she went on and give *her* views on bringin' up children and religion, and things, for about the first time I ever heerd her in my life—she bein' one of the kind that believes in doin' more and sayin' less; though, if there is anybody livin' that can beat her in piety, I'd love to see 'em. As I say, I never see her talk so earnest and sort of inspired like, as she did then; it went to my heart so, took me so 'right where I lived'—as the poet says—and I have thought it over so many times sense, that I can remember every word on it, though there was powerful long words in it. But good land! long words haint nothin' for Tom's ma to handle; she's dretful high learnt, teachd a deestrick school for years; I never shall forget how she looked when she was a talkin' it to me; how her eyes shone; she has got big brown eyes jest like Tom's, and they sort o' lit up, jest as if there was a kerosine lamp a burnin' inside of her face,

or several candles; she talked powerful. She said she didn't think we need feel condemned; says she:

“‘We have always taught our boy to love God, and taught him that He was the one reality in an unreal world.’ Says she, ‘I have tried from his childhood to make Him who is invisible, a real presence to him, not an abstract idee; taught him that unseen things were more real than the seen; that love—even his mother’s love for him, which was as intangible as a breath of air—yet was still so much more imperishable than the form that enshrined it—stronger than life or death—was but a faint symbol of that greater love that so far transcended mine. That this love was the one rock of safety standin’ for evermore the same amid the ebb and flow of this changeful earthly life; and that safe in that love he could not by any possibility be harmed by life or death or any other creature; and if he was lost, it would not be because God desired it;’ says she, ‘I could not teach our boy to love God with a slave’s love for a tyrant, made up of fear and doubt; to think of Him as a far-off unapproachable bein’, in a remote inaccessible heaven; lookin’ down from a height of gloomy grandeur with a stern composure, a calm indifference, on the strugglin’ souls below, he had created; indifferent to their sufferin’s, their gropin’s after light and truth, their temptations, their blind mistakes; ready and anxious to condemn; angry with their innocent happiness.’ Says she, ‘It would be as impossible for me to worship

the God of some Christians, as to worship a heathen God; and I have not taught our boy to worship such a bein', but I have learned him from a child, to look upon Him as his nearest and dearest friend, the truest, and the tenderest; the one always near him, ready to help him when all other help was vain; grieved with his wrong doin'; rejoicin' in his efforts to do right; helpin' him in his struggles with his small temptations; drawin' his soul upward with his divine love and tenderness. We have tried to teach him by our lives—which is the loudest preachin'—that the best way to show our love to God, is by bein' helpful and compassionate to a sorrowful humanity.'”

Says I, “The old Deacon don't look on religion in that light at all; he don't seem to want to do any good, but jest gives his whole mind to bein' wretched himself, and condemnin' other folks'es sins, and makin' them wretched. He seems to think if he can only do that, and keep himself from bein' amused in any way, he is travelin' the straight road to heaven; that truly is his strong pint.”



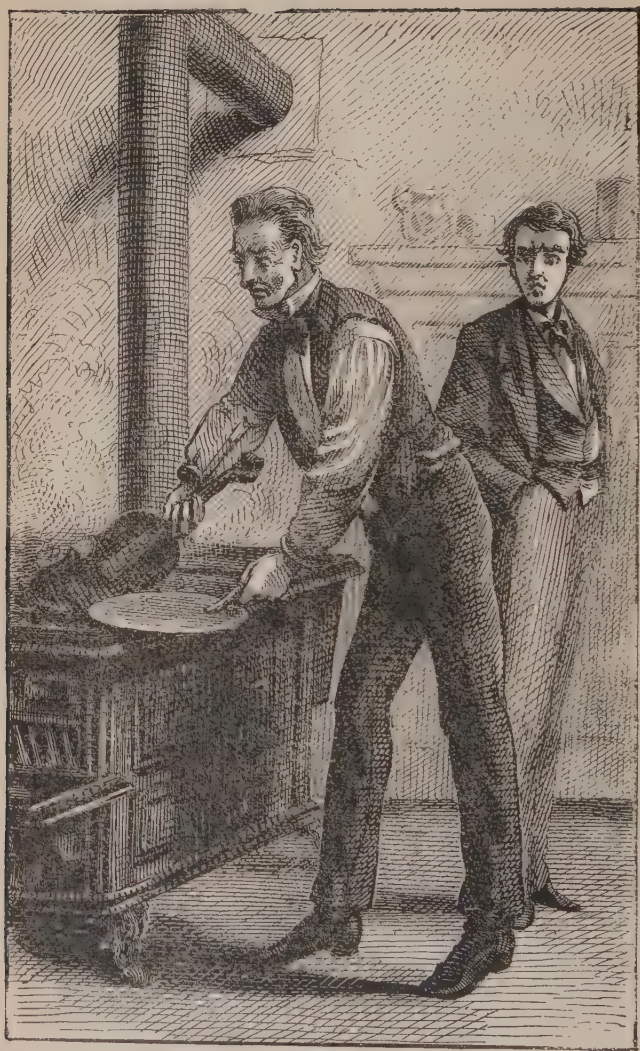
THE DEACON.

“Well, she said she thought of the Saviour's last

charge to his disciples after his death and resurrection, when his words might well contain all earthly experience, and heavenly wisdom. Three times he asked that disciple, 'Lovest thou me?' And each separate time he bade him prove that love, not by bein' gloomy faced and morose, not by loud preachin' and condemnation of others, and long prayers and vows to Him, but in carin' for the flock He had left. And when he pronounced the doom of the condemned, it was not because they had been happy and cheerful; not because they had neglected the creeds and forms of religion, but because they had seen Him in the form of a sufferin' humanity, naked, athirst, and faint, and had not ministered unto Him.

"She talked like a little female preacher, Tom's ma did; it was the first speech she had made sense I knew her, and that was goin' on forty years, countin' in seven years of stiddy courtin'. And says she in windin' up—you know preachers always wind up, and Tom's ma did—says she:

"I guess we won't begin to be stern and dignified with Tom now, for we don't care in particular about gainin' the admiration of an awe-struck world, or awakenin' Tom's fears by makin' patterns of ourselves;" and says she, 'I have always found, that people who set themselves up for patterns are very disagreeable as companions.' Says she, 'What we want is to save our boy, make him good and happy, and I am not a bit afraid of makin' him too happy in



THE CONDEMNED FIDDLE.

an innocent way;' says she, 'for goodness is the own child of happiness on its mother's side.'

"Who is the other parent?" says I.

"Says she with a reverent look:

"'Goodness is born of God, and happiness is its own mother, nursed and brought up by her.' She talked powerful, Tom's ma did. But as I was a say-in', in the matter of Molly the Deacon stands firm, and Molly bein' the only child there, the old Deacon most probable hates to be left alone, though they do say that the Deacon is goin' to marry a Miss Horn, who spent last winter here to her brother's, and—'"

But my Josiah interrupted him: "Molly the only child? Where's Zebulin Jr."

"Oh he run away in war time. He'd worked day and night to make a fiddle. His mind was all sot on music, and they said the fiddle sounded first-rate; but when he got it done, the old Deacon burnt it up; he was so everlastin' good, that he thought fiddlin' was wicked. But Zeb Jr. not bein' so good, couldn't look at it in that light, so he left."

"Where's Zacheus?"

"Oh Zack, he run away a few weeks after Zeb did. It was sunthin' about a checker-board that ailed Zack—I believe the old Deacon split it up for kindlin' wood. Anyway it was someway where the Deacon showed up his own goodness and Zack's sinfulness."

"Well, where are the twins, Noah and Nathan?"

"Oh the twins got to runnin' to the tarvern. They'd

get out of the winder nights, after pretendin' to go to bed early; said they couldn't stay to home. I s'pose the Deacon was so good, that it made 'em powerful uncomfortable, they bein' so different. It was jest about that time I had such a tussle to keep Tom to home. They was both of 'em jest about Tom's age, they was next older than Molly. Well, as might be expected, they got into bad company to the tarvern, got to drinkin' and carousin', and the Deacon turned 'em out doors. Bein' so good he naturally couldn't stand such doin's at all, and they went from bad to worse. I don't know where they be now, though I heerd they had gone to sea. They seemed to be the most sot ag'inst religion of any of 'em, the two twins was. I heerd they vowed they'd be pirates before they died, but I don't know whether they ever got up to that aim of theirn or not."

"Well, there was another boy, between Zebulin Jr. and Zack. Where is he?"

"Oh, that was Jonathan. A real good-hearted feller Jont was, and full of fun when his father wasn't round; of course the old Deacon wouldn't stand no fun. Jont was the smartest one of the lot, and his mother's idol. Well, the old Deacon was bent on Jonts preachin', was determined to make an Elder of him, and Jont hadn't never experienced religion, nor nothin'. He told his father, I've heern, that he never had no call to preach, and that he was sot on bein' a carpenter. Always putterin' round a carpenter's shop,

and makin' little housen, and wheels and things, Jont was; his nateral nater all seemed to run that way,



FOOLIN' AWAY TIME.

but the old Deacon wouldn't give in, said *he* called him, himself. He atted Jont about it all the time, preachin' at him, and exhortin' him. He was bound at convertin' Jont himself. I s'pose he exhorted him powerful, and Jont not bein' good enough to stand it, the upshot of the matter was, he jined a circus; turns summersets and so 4th."

"What did Uncle Zebulin say to that?"

"Oh, the old Deacon is so dignified you can't never see no change in him, he haint one of the kind to squirm. He said in a conference meetin' that week, that it was dretful consoln' to think he had always done his duty by Jont, sot his sinful state before him day and night, and been a pattern before him from his youth. He was thankful and happy that his sin didn't lay on *his* coat-skirts. But it jest killed the old lady; she didn't live only a few weeks after Jont left."

"Then Aunt Patience is dead?" says Josiah sithin'.

"Yes, she had been in a kind of a melancholly way for some time, had kind o' crazy spells, and when Jont left home that used her completely up."

"It seems to me there was another boy, but I can't call him by name this minute."

"Oh, you mean Absolom."

"Yes, Absolom! Where's he?" says Josiah.

"Oh, Absolom stole a cow and was sent to jail. He said he'd always been called ungodly, and if he had the name, he'd have the game; so he stole a cow and was shet up."

"I was a thinkin' I heerd that Aunt Patience's neice's boy was a goin' to live with him,—the one that never had no father in particular."

"Yes," says Elam Pitkins, "he did go to live there, but the old Deacon was so tarnal good that the boy couldn't stand it with him."

"What was the matter?" says Josiah,

“ Well, the old Deacon bein’ sot so firm onto the docterines himself, thought the boy ort to think as he did, and be willin’, if it was for heaven’s glory, to be burnt up root and branch. The old Deacon worked at that boy eight months night and day to make him willin’ to go to hell; and the boy, bein’ a master hand for tellin’ the truth, and not bein’ good enough to be willin’ to go, wouldn’t say that he was. But the old Deacon had ‘got his back up,’—as a profane poet observes—and he was bound to carry the day, and he’d argue with him powerful, so they say, as to why he ort to be willin’. He’d tell him he was a child of wrath, and born in sin; and the boy, bein’ so mean, would sass him right back again, and tell him that he didn’t born himself; that it wasn’t none of his doin’s and he wasn’t to blame for it; and that if he had had *his* way, and been knowin’ to it at the time, he’d drather give ten cents than to have been born at all.

“ And the Deacon couldn’t stand no such wicked talk as that, and he’d lay to and whip him, and then he’d try again to make him willin’ to go to hell.

“ And finally, the boy told him one day that he was willin’; he’d drather go, root and branch, than to live with him. And then the Deacon whipped him harder than ever; and the boy got discouraged and took to lyin’, and probable there haint so big a liar to-day in North America. He’s studyin’ for a lawyer.”

Again my companion seemed to be almost lost in thought, and says he:

"It is the most astonishin' thing I ever see, that so good a man as Uncle Zebulin, should have a family that turned out so bad. It seems to be a mysterious dispensation of Providence."

"Yes!" says Elam Pitkins. "It is Providence that done it, I haint a doubt of it."

This made me so agitated, that entirely unbeknown to myself I riz right up in the wagon, and says I:

"Josiah Allen if you lay any more such doin's to Providence, I'll know the reason why." Says I, "Not bein' Elam Pitkins'es natural gardeun, if he's a mind to slander Providence I can't help it, but *you* shant, Josiah Allen. You shall not talk ag'inst Providence, and abuse him by layin' conduct to him that He is as innocent of as a infant babe.

"Well! well! do set down Samantha. How it does look for you to be a standing up a ridin'."

The democrat give a awful jolt jest that minute, and truly I did what my companion advised me to, I sot down. But though my body was a settin' down my mind was up and a doin', for I see what was before me. I see that as a Promiscuous Advisor there was a job ahead of me to tackle in the cause of Right.

When Elam Pitkins sot us down in front of Uncle Zebulin Coffin'ses house door, (two miles and a half almost, from Loon Town), the sun was jest a goin' to bed for the night; a settlin' down into a perfect pile of gold and purple and crimson bed clothes and comforters. But it seemed as if after he had pulled up

the great folds of shinin' drapery over him and covered his head up, he was a laughin' to himself down under the bed-clothes, to think he had left the world lookin' so beautiful and cheerful. Everything seemed to appear sort of happy and peaceful and still, still as a mouse, almost. It was the time of daisies and sweet clover, and all along the quiet country road, the white daisies was a smilin' and noddin' their bright heads. And the sweet clover, and the wild roses with their pretty red lips that the bees had been a kissin' the biggest heft of the day, seemed to take a solid comfort in lookin' bright, and makin' the air sweet as honey, and sweeter.

There had been a shower of rain in the mornin', and old Nater's face was all washed off as clean as a pink; not a mite of dust on it. The medder was green as green could be, and the wavin' wheat fields, looked first-rate. There was a strip of woods towards the west, quite a considerable ways off, shady and still it looked, and beyond that we could see the lake, part of it blue and serene like, and part of it lookin' like them streets of gold, we read about.

The birds was a singin' sort o' low and sweet in the trees in the orchard. The sky overhead blushed up kinder pink, but the east was blue and clear, and the moon was sailin' up in it like a silver boat that had sot out for the land of Pure Delight and expected to get there in a few moments. I don't know when I ever see a handsomer time.

There are times you know, when it seems as if heaven and earth got so near to each other, that the stream of the Unknown that divides our world from the world of eternal light and beauty, could be spanned by one minute, if you could fix that minute onto an arrer, and aim it right, and shoot it straight. Oh! how beautiful and consolin' and inspirin' and happy-fyin' every thing looked, and I remarked to my pardner in tones of rapped admiration and extacy :

“Josiah, did you ever see so handsome a time?”

Josiah realized it; that man has a great eye for beauty. Though he don't say so much as some men do, he feels the more. His eyes looked dreamy and sort o' mediatin', and his tones was low and gentle, as he replied to me :

“I hope they haint eat supper yet Samantha.”

Before I could answer him, a man come round the corner of the house, a walkin' slowly along with his hands clasped under his coat-tails, and I knew the minute I sot eyes on him it was Uncle Zebulin Coffin. He was tall, and big boneded, but in dretful poor order; he had wintered bad, I knew. His face was from half to three-quarters of a yard in length. (I may not git the exact number of inches, never havin' laid a yard stick to him, but I made a careless estimate in my mind, and have probable got it pretty near right.)

He seemed lengthy everyway. His nose was long, and his chin was long, and his mouth was drawed down lengthways dretful long, and his vest was long,

and his coat tails was long, and black as a coal his clothes was, every mite of 'em; his vest was buttoned up tight to his chin, and he had a black stock on that come up to his ears. His head was well



MEETIN' THE DEACON.

lifted up, partly by the stock, and partly by dignity—about half-and-half I should judge; or come to think it over, there was probable more dignity than there was stock. He was awful dignified, and oh! how

cold he looked. Why, when he come round the corner of the house and faced the west with his cold disapprovin' eyes, I'll be hanged if I didn't think that he would freeze all the beauty and gladness out of the sky. And sure enough when I looked round, the sun had stopped laughin' in a minute, and in order to hide himself from the Deacon (as it were) had begun to haul up over his shinin' bed-clothes, a old faded out coverlet, grey as a rat; and a dark shadder was a fallin' over all the brightness of the world.

When his eyes fell onto us, Josiah trembled imperceptably; but though cold shivers was a runnin' over his back, he approached him—because he must—and I, not being one to desert my companion in the time of trouble, marched close by his side.

“How do you do, Uncle Zebulin,” and Josiah tried hard to smile. “We have come to see you.”

His face looked more dignified than ever, and several degrees colder. I declare it did seem as if Josiah's whiskers must show signs of frost, if it kep' on.

“What stranger cometh to see me out of a world of darkness and sin? Who claims me as his kinsman?”

And his voice was as cold as a axe in a December mornin', jest as cold and icy.

“It is Josiah Allen, Uncle Zebulin, don't you know me? and this is Samantha.” (And Josiah again made a fearful effort to smile.)

But Zebulin Coffin drew his hands back, and folded 'em up under his coat-skirts, and looked at Josiah a

minute or two in complete stillness, and his mean was as cold as a thermomiter hangin' up right on the North pole. It was a awful time. Finally he spoke :

"I remember you Josiah Allen ; you tarried with us occasionally in your youthful days. The last time you were here you snickered at prayer time, one of my own ungodly sons piercin' you with a pin. Have you repented of your sinful ways, Josiah Allen ? Are you weary of husks ?"

Oh ! how wretched and meachin' Josiah Allen looked. He felt too mean to speak, and Uncle Zebulin went on :

"If you are weary of husks and tired of swine, I can forgive you Josiah. Have you repented ? Are you worthy of forgiveness ? Speak, Josiah Allen ; have you come to eat of the fatted calf ?"

If Josiah Allen had been a sheep, a full blooded merino, he couldn't have looked any more sheepish.

Jest at that minute a real sweet voice, but sort o' sad like, called out from the other side of the house :

"Supper's ready, fathér."

And then Zebulin Coffin ungripped his hands from under his coat tails, and shook hands first with Josiah and then with me. But it was done in such a way that takin' the clammy feelin' of his hand, and the cold icy look of his eye, and his name bein' Coffin, and all, I declare I felt jest as if I was at a funeral, and was one of the first mourners.

A prettier girl than Molly Coffin I don't want to

see! Nater is likely and well behaved,—does lots of work too ; but sometimes through havin' so much on her mind, I s'pose the old gal gits frisky and cuts up curious capers. And if she had made a rosebud spring up and blow out in a dark sullen bottom, it wouldn't have been a mite curiouser caper than for such a blossom of a girl to blow out of such a soil as the Deacon's soil.

Pretty, and patient, and tender-hearted, and sad, and hopeless, and half broken hearted, I could see that too ; and the minute we was introduced, I jest laid holt of her and kissed her as if she had been my own girl. And Josiah kissed her too, and I was glad on it. I haint one of the jealous kind, and I know my companion is one man out of a thousand. He has perfect confidence in my behavior day and night, and I have in hisen ; and oh ! what a consolin' comfort that is. Confidence is the anchor of the heart ; if it holds fast and firm, what safety and rest it gives ; but if the anchor wont hold, if it is waverin' and goes a driftin' back and forth, a draggin' the ropes of your affections that try to grip holt of it—through the mud and the mire, oh, how wearin' it is to the rope and to the heart. But my trust in Josiah is like a cast-iron anchor that grapples the rock every time ; no shock of the waves of change and chance and other wimmen can unhitch it ; for truly I know that though Josiah Allen is a short man, his morals are as high and towerin' as a meetin' house steeple ; but I am a episodin'.

Molly had baked potatoes and cold meat, besides pie and cake and preserves, and such stuff; and as we had gone in entirely unexpected, I knew that Molly was a good housekeeper, for her vittles was good enough for the very best of company. But the Deacon didn't seem to be satisfied with a thing she did. His eyes, as cold as the middle of last winter, follered her all the time chuck full of disapproval. Her big sorrowful eyes watched his face anxiously and sort o' fearful like, every time he spoke, for she was one of them gentle, lovin' ones, that a harsh word or a cold look stabs like a blow; and I know it was them words and looks added to sorrow and Tom Pitkins, that had made her pretty cheeks so thin and white, and give that wistful, frightened, sorrowful look to her big brown eyes. There she sot not darin' to say a word, and there my companion sot lookin' as if he had stole a sheep.



MOLLY CONSOLIN' TOM PITKINS.

The Deacon asked a blessin', remindin' the Lord

how awful good a christian he was, and asked him for mercy's sake to pity the sinners assembled round his board. It was about as long as one chapter of Pollock's Course of Time. Josiah thought when we was a talkin' it over afterwards, that it was as long as the hull book, the hull course of time itself, but it wasn't. We stood it first-rate, only his words was so condemnin' to us, and frigid, and he did it in such a freezin' way that I was most afraid it would make the potatoes cold as snow-balls. I am a great case for potatoes; the poet made a mistake as fur as I am concerned, for truly to me potatoes are "the staff of life"—or staffs I suppose would be more grammarius.

And as I see that man set at the head of the table almost completely wrapped up in dignity—like a great self-righteous damper a shettin' off all the warmth and brightness of life from the hull on us, and a feelin' so uncommon big over it—I declare, duty and principle kep' a hunchin' me so, and puttin' me up to tackle him, that I couldn't hardly eat. I knew the hour drew near for me to set fire to myself as a martyr, and as a Promiscuous Advisor to tackle him in the cause of Right and Molly.

Most all the while we was a eatin', the Deacon kep' a hintin' and a preachin' about the wickedness and depravity of wimmen dressin' themselves up; and every time he would say anything, he would look at Molly as if he was determined to freeze her as stiff as a poker. When we got up from the table, and

sot out in the settin'-room, I see what his talk meant.

It seemed she was a makin' a white dress for herself out of muslin—jest a finishin' it off with some modest lookin' lace on the neck and sleeves, and a small—a very small and reasonable amount of puckers; she could make the hull on it in a day and a half at the outside, and I could see she would look as pretty in it as a pink. When the old Deacon went to set down, he took the skirt of the dress that happened to be a layin' over his chair, and handlin' it with considerable the countenance he would a checkered adder, he broke out colder and frigider than ever:

“No wonder the national debt haint paid; no wonder ruin and bankruptcy are in the land, and it is wimmen's base carnal extravagance that does it.”

“Yes,” says Josiah—who seemed to want to curry the Deacon's favor—“it is jest as you say; wimmen is tarnal extravagant.”

Oh how he looked at Josiah; “I said *carnal*, I am not in the practice of profane swearin'.”

Oh how sorry my Josiah looked, to think he had tried to curry him down.

And then the Deacon went on about wimmen's base and vile extravagance, as much as seventeen minutes by the clock, givin' such a look once in a while onto my respectable overskirt, and lace head-dress, and Molly's dress, enough to make icikles hang to 'em. I heerd him go on as long as I could, and then says I:

“No doubt some of my sect are extravagant; I

dare persume to say that some of the big wimmen in Washington and New York, and other big villages of the Union, git new clothes sometimes before the old ones are wore out; I hear they say, that they have to dress up or they can't git any attention paid to 'em from the more opposite sect; I hear they say, that the men there look down on 'em, and slight 'em, and treat 'em like perfect underlin's if they haint dressed right 'up in the height of fashion. Why, they say there was a fashionable woman at Washington whose bo had wrote a witherin' piece ag'inst wimmen's base wicked extravagance, bewarin' 'em, and urgin' 'em in the name of all that was great and good to come out and wear thick shoes, and dress with republican simplicity; and she, bein' converted by his burnin' elo-



DRESSED FOR THE BALL.

quence, and bein' anxious to marry him, thought she could bring him to terms by follerin' on after his advice. So she arrayed herself in a brown, high-necked alapaca dress, barren of ruffles and puckers, made to clear the floor and show her sensible calf-skin shoes, and went to a big party, expectin' her bo would be so thankful to her for follerin' his advice; so proud of her; so highly pleased with her behavior, that she would go home as good

as married to him. But they say, when he see how she was dressed, he wouldn't speak to her, nor look at her; it broke up the match, he treated her with awful contempt, and witherin' scorn; and she went into extravagance more than ever; spent every cent of her property in gauzes, and bobinet lace and things, wore 'em all out, and then went to the poor-house, a victim of leanin' too heavy onto such men's bewares. Lost and ondone; broke down and mortified by hangin' too blindly onto that man's moral apron strings; I pity her, but I don't uphold her, nor him neither; their heads was soft, both on 'em, too soft for comfort.



• EXTRAVAGANT WIMMEN.

"I dare say that there are lots of wimmen besides her that git new bunnets when they haint a sufferin' for 'em, and buy new dresses when their old ones haint hardly come to mendin', and mebbly some of 'em have two or three sets of jewelry at one time; and these dresses, and bunnets, and jewelry, folks can lay holt of, and shake out before

the eyes of the public, and the public can look at 'em, and shed tears onto 'em, and bewail over 'em about wimmen's extravagance; but men's extravagance haint so easy to git holt of as store clothes be. You can't weep over cigar smoke when it is evaporated, and after they are over with, you can't git holt of costly wines, and club dinners, and yot races, and rides after



FRUGAL MEN.

fast horses, and bets, and gamblin' debts, and worse. As I said, their extravagance is harder to git holt of, but it is worse than hers; for if she and he gits hungry, she can sell her jewelry and fine clothes to buy bread for 'em, but who—no matter how big a speculator he is—who can sell costly lunches years afterwards,

and wines after they are drunk up, and gamin' and horse debts after they are paid up, and old pleasure rides after fast horses, and etcetery. A man couldn't sell 'em at any lay at all, if he starved to death; so man's extravagance is *more* extravagant than woman's.

The Deacon didn't mind my words no more'n the wind a whistlin' round the corner of the barn; but he give a look onto the little white waist that was a layin' on the table, as angry and rebukin' a look as I ever see, and says he: "To think an immortal soul will peril its hopes of heaven on such wicked vanity."

"Wicked!" says I, holdin' up the little waist admirin'ly on my thumb and forefinger. "It haint wicked, it is as white as chalk clean through;" says I, "who told us to consider the lilies, and they are puckered up, and ruffled off as much again as this is, and all ornamented off with little gold ornaments; if there was any wickedness in 'em would He have sot us to considerin' of 'em? No! Zebulin Coffin, no!" And then I went on in pretty reasonable tones: "No woman can have stronger principles than I have on the subject of ruffles and knife pleatin's, when pursued after as a stiddy business and a trade. But I say it is jest as sensible to expect young folks in the spring of life, to want to kinder trim themselves out and look pretty, as it is to expect everything else to kinder blow out in the spring of the year; apple trees, and pozy beds and so 4th." Says I, "I am a Promiscuous Advisor by trade Uncle

Zebulin, and I feel it my duty to say to you promiscuously, that you are unreasonable; you don't have charity enough for folks."

And then as I calculated to all the time, I give him a very, very blind hint about Tom Pitkins—for I thought mebby I could mollyfy the old Deacon about him—and so says I in a awful roundabout, blind way: "Mebby you haint charity enough for a certain person that is likely as likely can be; mebby you condemn this certain person because he plays dominoes, and has danced a very little in a neighborly way.

The Deacon acted mad; and he run on about dancin' almost fearfully, when I asked him considerable calmly: "Did you ever dance when you was young, Uncle Zeb?"

If a look could have cut anybodys head off, my Josiah would have mourned over a guluntined companion that very minute.

"Dance! *I dance!*" Oh how he went on; and says I, "I s'pose you went to parties and played?"

"Oh yes," says he, "In youthful mirth I gambolled through the innocent forms of 'Wink 'em Slyly' and such, but I never danced, I never committed that sin."

"No," says I, "but you went through with all the motions of dancin', caperin' round the room, chasin' likely wimmen to Copenhagen; and a runnin' 'em through the Needles-eye till they was most dead. Winkin' of 'em slyly, and racin' 'em round till you most run your precious legs off and theirn too. You

went through all the motions of dancin', only instead of takin' their hands and promenadin' down the room with 'em at a slow respectable gait to the sound of music, you laid too and chased 'em, galloped after 'em like a wild Injun till you chased 'em down; takin' the advantage of 'em by dodgin' unbeknown to



THE DEACON'S OLD GAME.

'em—catchin' holt of 'em and a tearin' their dresses, rippin' of 'em off at the waist; steppin, through their flounces, towzelin' their hair, and lamin' of 'em. You chased 'em round in a particular form jest like dancin' only what took the wickedness off was your

kissin' 'em when you caught 'em ; every man in the room kissin' every woman promiscuous ; that made it moral and religious, so Deacons and all other meetin' house folks could foller it up."

He looked wrathful, very ; but I continued on in more reasonable axents :

"I never had no call to be a dancer, I always thought my time could be spent in a more profitable way ; and my Tirzah Ann never had no call that way, and neither did she ever take to those promiscuous kissin' parties. When she was a little mite of a girl she didn't want to kiss anybody but her pa and me, and I wouldn't make her. Some thought she was too dainty and I ort to punish her. Wimmen with their faces covered with scotch snuff, have argued with me that it was my duty to whip her for hangin' back from kissin' 'em ; but I says to 'em what if some big giant should stand over me and make me kiss Simon Slimpsey or Solomon Cypher, how should I feel ? And Tirzah Ann has her rights as well as I have—children's rights are jest as right as wimmen's rights. Why should I, because I am physically stronger than she is, force her to do what is disagreeable and repulsive to her ? There is no justice in it. Little children forced into this life entirely unbeknown to them, called out of the peaceful land of Nowhere into this troublesome world by no will of their own, ort to be treated well, Zebulin Coffin, by their fathers and mothers and parents. It is a solemn

thing, one of the solemnest things that ever was done to wake up a deathless soul, to be endlessly happy or miserable. An immortal soul, that can't through time or eternity—no matter how tired it is, ever go to sleep again; can't never lay off for half a moment, if ever so weary and despairin', the burden of life's responsibilities, the burden of life's sorrows; can't never lay down the awful—awful because so mysterious—gift of immortality; can't never go back to the serene if lonesome land you called 'em from—they have got to face sorrow and weariness and death. You have sot 'em down in front of them troubles anyway; and the least you can do for 'em is to make 'em as happy as you can; treat 'em with respect and civility and do well by 'em. And if their hearts seem to be sot on certain persons, if them certain persons are likely—which they be—we ort to do as we would be done by if we was in Tom's and Molly's place."

But I see then that even these roundabout hints wouldn't be took. I see how hard it was to mollyfy him about Molly, and I hastened to continue on.

"As I was a sayin', I wouldn't make Tirzah Ann kiss folks promiscuous when she was a child, and when she grew up sort of bashful like, it didn't trouble me, for I knew her little dainty, timid, modest ways was jest like the blush on a peach or a bunch of grapes; if that got brushed off by rough handlin', all the world couldn't never put it back again. As I said, she never had no drawin' towards balls and promiscuous

parties, and runnin' off nights away from home. And though I don't consider it the height of wickedness at all, still it didn't worry me a bit to have her contented and willin' to stay to home. She said home was the pleasantest spot in the world to her, and so Thomas J. said. Josiah and I did our best to make home pleasant to the childern; we had all sorts of virtuous and harmless games, music and etcetery, to make 'em happy—and they *was* happy. We worked hard to git 'em headed right—and they did head right; and when a likely young man come along that loved Tirzah Ann, and she him, why we give our consent, jest as in my opinion certain persons ort to have the free and full consent of a certain Deacon."

I *would* give him a blind hint once in a while, if he took my head off; but I see by his looks that it wouldn't do to come out plain jest yet, so I went on:

"I tried to make myself a sort of a mate to my Tirzah Ann, brought her up so's not to feel awe-struck, and afraid of me; afraid to confide all her little tribulations and worryments to me." Says I, "We worked head work to keep 'em good and happy; Josiah and me did."

The Deacon had sot for the last several moments with his head right up in the air, and his eyes rolled up so I couldn't see much besides the whites of 'em, and as I stopped a few moments (for truly my breath had give out, my deep principle tone uses up breath dretful fast) he groaned out; "*Works.*"

But I says mildly, "don't you believe in works?"

"No I don't, I believe in faith; you seem to lay out to be saved by works." And again he spoke out that "works," as if it was the meanest thing he ever heerd on; he lifted up his nose in as unbelievin, and scornful a way as I ever see a nose lifted up.

But I kep' cool, and says I, "No, I don't; but I believe faith and works ort to go together; they ort to work in one harness a drawin' the soul along the straight and narrer way." Says I, "They haint calculated to work in a single harness, either of 'em; they are double breasted, and folks ort to realize that they be." Says I, "I have seen folks before now that kep' the eye of their faith bent so stiddy upwards, that they didn't know nor care how many weak and helpless ones they was crunchin' down under their heels; how many infant babes was a perishin' with hunger about 'em, starvin' physically, and spiritually; the air full of the groans and prayers of a sufferin' humanity, and they a walkin' calmly on, a hangin' on to their faith, and their old beliefs, as if it was the most delightful and consolin' thing they ever heerd on, to think *they* was goin' to be saved, and somebody else wasn't. And then I've seen them that laid themselves out on their good works, thought they was goin' to earn a deed of the heavenly homestead by doin' day's works below; think they made themselves, and worship their maker. But there haint either of these ways the right way."

Says I, "If you was a drowndin', you would believe in faith and works both. You would want somebody to have faith, they could git you out, and then you would want 'em to lay to, and haul you ashore." Says I, "Faith alone in that case would drownd you stiffer'n a mush-rat; and jest so in various cases,—poor widders for instance. Now several hundred deacons may git together in a warm meetin'-house, and lean over on their creeds and have faith that a certain widder will come through the winter all right. And probable it wouldn't be half the help to her that one



HELPIN' THE WIDDER.

small deacon would be that loaded up his Bobs with stove-wood, and flour, and potatoes, and side-pork, and jest worked his way along through the snow to her

cold empty sullen. And then on the other hand not to have any faith, that I couldn't stand. Some folks say they wont believe in anything they can't see for themselves. Good land ! how will they git holt of the perfume of a rose, or tackle a gust of wind ? One is sweet enough to fill you with happiness, and the other is strong enough to blow you over ; but you can't git holt of one, with your two hands, or wrastle with the other and throw it.

“ We work by faith every day of our lives ; we plant seed in the dark earth, believin' that though the seed perishes, it will break the bands of death, and rise in greenness and bloom ; though jest how it does that job you cant tell, nor I cant, nor Josiah. They needn't talk to me about not believin' anything they don't understand ; for what *do* we understand come to look at the matter fair and square ? ” Says I, “ Life itself is a sober riddle, the solemnest conundrum that was ever put out to humanity. Who has ever been able to git the right answer to it by reasonin' it out himself, and if he did cypher out an answer, to suit himself, how would he know it was the right one ? We see that things be, but why they be so, you can't tell, nor I, nor Josiah.

“ Truly, if anybody gits to pryin' into hidden things, and reasonin' on first causes, he finds that the flood is deep and the rain is descendin' onto him, and the proud peaks of his own reason and judgment is drowned completely out. But God has sent forth

an ark that rides triumphant on the face of the waters ; His revealed word floats above the rainy deluge of our fears and wonderments. Not to have any faith would tucker me completely out ; there would be a looseness to it I couldn't stand, a waverin' unstidiness that would upset me, and take me offen my feet."

Says I, "Faith and works ort to be twisted in one strand, and when they are, they make a cord that anchors the soul to the Rock of Ages, and holds it there fast and firm, so that change, and chance, and sin, and temptation, and all the storms of this stormy life will beat ag'inst it in vain, and bimeby that very cord will draw the soul right up through the pearly gates into the city of our Lord."

I declare I didn't hardly know where I was, nor who I was, I was so almost lost and carried away some distance by my emotions. But I was soon drawed back to the realities of this life by Zebulin Coffin. His mind was a roamin' back to the subject on which he had went on, and again he spoke out with a groan : "To think ! to think I have lived to see and hear a church member uphold dancin'."

"I haint a holdin' it up," says I, coldly. "With the firm cast-iron principles I have got, I never would dance a step with anybody but my Josiah ; and it haint much likely we shall begin to learn the trade now, as old as we be, and most dead with the rheumatiz, both on us. Why, if we should waltz together, as lame as I be, I couldn't keep my feet half a minute ;

and if I should fall on my pardner, he would be a dead man, and I know it; I am hefty, very, and he is small boneded, and weighs but little by the steel-yards. I love that man devotedly, and I don't want to dance; but I say and I contend for it, if I was a follerin' up 'Wink-em-Slyly' and etcetery, I wouldn't have too much to say ag'inst other kinds of caperin' round the floor, such as dancin' and so 4th."

"I say all this to you, Uncle Zebulin, not as Josiah Allen's wife, but as a woman with a vow on her. When folks set out on towers as Promiscuous Advisors, they set out as sufferers and martyrs; they set out expectin' to be burnt up on various stakes of the same. I have locked arms with Principle, I am keepin' stiddy company with Duty, and they are a drawin' me along and a hunchin' of me in the side, a makin' me say to you, that you are as self-righteous as the Old Harry; that you are more sot on makin' a pattern of yourself than in makin the world 'round you happier and brighter; that instead of reflectin' heaven's peace and glory back again upon a sad earth as christians ort to, you have made a damper of yourself, shet-tin' off all warmth and light and happiness; a damper for sinners to set down and freeze to death by."

"To think!" he groaned out, "that anybody should dare to find fault with me when I haint committed a sin in thirty-five years, nor smiled in over forty."

"Not laughin' haint no sign of religion Uncle Zeb; because a man makes himself disagreeable and repul-

sive, that haint another sign ; gloom and discomfort haint piety ; because a man is in pain it haint no sign he is enjoyin' religion. I wouldn't give two or three straws for a religion that didn't make folks happier as well as better ; more tender and charitable and pitiful ; more loving and helpful to all humanity. Bigotry and intolerance never was religion, Uncle Zeb, nor never will be, though they have been called so time and again ; religion is sunthin' different, it is as beautiful as *they* are hegus ; it is gentle, full of joy and peace, pure, easily entreated, full of good works, mercy, and charity—which is love.

"It is not Samantha, but a woman on the battle-field of Right, who is a rakin' you down with the arrers of Truth ; it is a Promiscuous Advisor who says to you, that you have for years been doin' what a great many do in the name of religion ; you have wrapped yourself in your own dignity and self-righteousness, and worshipped yourself instead of God."

I didn't say no more then to the old Deacon in a martyr way ; I pulled in the reins and dismounted down from the war horse that was a canterin' away nobly with me, and a snortin' in the cause of Right. Though ready and willin' in spirit to mount this war horse and foller on where Principle leads, without saddle or bridle, and to suffer as a Promiscuous Advisor, still it is a tuckerin' business, and if anybody don't believe it, let em ride off this war-horse on a tower.

And the very hardest and most tuckerin' place it

ever cantered into, the most gaulin' and awfulest place it ever pranced round in, is other folks'es housen. When it comes to advisin' folks promiscuously, under their own "vials and mantletrees," never, never do I feel such temptations to give up my shield and fall offen his back. Oh, John Rogers! you never, never suffered more excruciatin'ly than does Josiah Allen's wife in such moments. Nothin', nothin' but principle could nerve me up to the agonizin' effort. As I said, I didn't say no more to the old Deacon that night in a martyr way, and oh! what a relief it was to dismount from the prancin' steed of Duty, throw off the sharp moral spur from my achin' feet, curl in my lofty principle tone, and assume again the gentle and almost affectionate axents of Samantha.

And another reason why I thought I would be kinder easy with the old Deacon and not say anything to git him mad, was my determination to mollyfy him about Molly—and a plan I had in my head growin' bigger and stronger every minute—to *marry that girl to Tom Pitkins, myself, before I left that house.*

The hired girl had told me—I went out to wash my hands to the sink and I happened to ask her in a polite way if she was goin' to see the Sentinal, and she said she was, that the old Deacon had told her that day he was goin' to be married in two weeks to Miss Horn, and shouldn't want her no longer—and if he was a goin' to marry that Horn what good was Molly a goin' to do there, only in a martyr way. Some

gentle souls seem to be born martyrs, not to principles and idees, but ready to be offered up on a Horn or anything; ready to be pricked and scattered over with snuff in their pinnin' blankets, and grow up ready to sacrifice themselves to any idol that calls on 'em to—crumple right down and be sot fire to—such was Molly. And it is for some strong hearted friend to snatch 'em away from the fagots and the kindlin' wood,—such a friend is Samantha. Some see happiness right in front of 'em, and are too weak to grasp holt of it; such need the help of a hand like hers.

I lay awake the biggest heft of that night, a thinkin' in deep thought, and a layin' on plans. And finally I guess about three o'clock, I spoke out and says I:

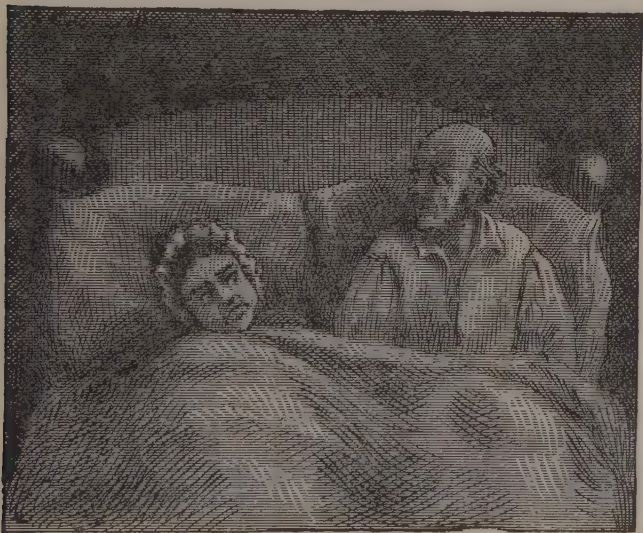
“Josiah Allen, we have got to marry Molly to-day before we leave this house.”

“Good land!” says Josiah startin' up on his piller full of horrer. “Good land,” says he, “I haint a Mormon, Samantha, I can't marry to another woman.”

Says I coolly, “Lay down and compose yourself Josiah Allen; I am a goin' to marry her myself.”

This skairt him worse than ever I could see, and he started up, with a still more ghastly look onto him. He was so pale with horrer that his bald head shone in the moonlight like a big goose egg, and his eyes stood out about a quarter of an inch with fear and excitement. He thought I was delerious; says he in tremblin' tones: “What does ail you Samantha! Shant I rub your back? Don't you want sunthin' to take?”

Says I calmly, "I want a companion that wont interrupt me before I finish a speech. I am a goin' to marry Molly to Tom Pitkins myself before I leave



"I HAIN'T A MORMON."

this house. Lay down Josiah Allen and keep still while I talk it over with you."

"Talk it over!" says he in loud angry tones, throwin' his head back on the piller. "I would break out in the dead of night, and scare a man to death, a talk-in' and a arguin'. Do go to sleep, and lemme."

But I held firm, and would tell him about the plan I had been a layin' on through the night. I would tell him how I meant to mollyfy the Deacon about Molly.

Says I, "Josiah Allen, I am a woman that has got

a vow on me, and I love that girl, as little as I have seen of her, and I am a goin' to do by her as I would want our Tirzah Ann done by." Says I, "We shant probable never visit Loon Town again; Tom Pitkins is liable to die off any time with the feelin's he feels for her; she is liable to die off any minute with her unhappiness, and her feelin's for him. I shouldn't wonder a mite if they didn't live more'n ten or fifteen years if things go on as they be now. And as bad off and wretched as Molly is now, worse is ahead of her, the gloom of a Coffin is enough, let alone the hardness of a Horn. Molly haint a goin' to be sacrificed on that Horn, while I have got a life left. Desperate diseases require desperate medicines."

"Well, do for mercy's sake go to sleep and lemme."

"What if it was our Tirzah Ann that was in her place." Says I in a low deep voice, "Haint you a father, Josiah Allen?"

"No I *haint*!" he snapped out enough to tear my night cap in to. "No I haint, nothin' nor nobody, nor I wont be at this time of night."

"Haint you no principle?" says I.

"No I haint! not a darn principle."

"I'd lay and swear if I was in *your* place Josiah Allen," says I almost coldly.

"Well! the idee of roustin' anybody up in the dead of night, and callin' on 'em for principle and things. But you wont git any principle out of me at this time of night, you'll *see* you wont," he hollered.

He was almost a lunny for the time bein'. I pitted him, and says I soothin'ly :

"Go to sleep Josiah, and we'll talk it over in the mornin'."

He dropped off to sleep, and I kep' on a thinkin' and a layin' on my plans to marry Molly off till most mornin'. And I did it, I married off Molly about one o'clock and we started for the Sentinal in the neighborhood of two.

Jest how I mollyfied the old Deacon about Molly, and brought him to terms, I thought I wouldn't tell to anybody but Josiah. Mebby there was hints throwed out to him that there was Horns that would be meddled with, and sot up ag'inst him. I guess I hadn't better tell it, for I made up my mind that I wouldn't say nothin' about it to anybody but my Josiah. But I dressed Molly up that very afternoon,—she a blushin' and a laughin' and a cryin' at the same time—in that very white dress, and married her myself (assisted by a Methodist minister) to Tom Pitkins.

And I have learned by a letter from Molly, and she sent me her new picture, (they have gone to housekeepin' and are as happy as kings) that her father is married to Miss Horn. And all I have got to say is, that she needs a good horn disposition to git along with him. And he, unless I am mistaken, will wish before the year was up that he was a sleepin' peacefully inside of his own Surname.



THE GRAND EXHIBITION.

FROM the first minute I had give a thought to goin' to see the Sentinal, my idee had been to git boarded up in a private house. And I had my eye (my mind's eye) upon who was willin' and glad to board us. The Editor of the Auger'ses wife's sister's husband's cousin boarded folks for a livin'—she was a Dickey and married to a Lampheare. The Editor of the Auger'ses wife told me early in the spring, that if *she* went, she should go through the Sentinal to her sisters', and she happened to mention Miss Lampheare and the fact that she boarded up folks for a livin'. So when we decided to go, I told her when she wrote to her sister to ask her, to ask Miss Lampheare if she was willin' to board Josiah and me, and how much she would ask for the boards. She wrote back ; her terms was moderate and inside of our means, and my mind was at rest. I almost knew that Josiah would want to throw himself onto his relatives

through the Sentinal, but the underpinnin' was no firmer and rockier under our horse barn than the determination of her that was Samantha Smith, not to encamp upon a 2nd cousin. We had quite a lot of relations a livin' out to Filadelfy—though we never seen 'em,—sort o' distant, such as 2nd cousins, and so 4th, till they dwindled out of bein' any relations at all; descendants of the Daggets and Kidds,—Grandmother Allen was a Kidd—no relation of old Captain Kidd. No! if any of his blood had been in my Josiah's veins, I would have bled him myself if I had took a darnin' needle to it. No! the Kidd'ses are likely folks as I have heerd—and Josiah was rampant to go to cousin Sam Kidds (a Captain in the late war), through the Sentinal. But again I says to him calmly but firmly:

“No! Josiah Allen, no! anything but bringin' grief and trouble onto perfect strangers jest because they happened to be born second cousin to you, unbeknown to 'em;” and I repeated with icy firmness—for I see he was a hankerin' awfully,—“Josiah Allen I will not encamp upon Captain Kidd through the Sentinal.”

No! Miss Lampheare was my theme, and my gole, and all boyed up with hope we arrove at her dwellin' place. Miss Lampheare met us at the door herself. She was a tall spindlin' lookin' woman, one that had seen trouble—for she had always kep' boarders, and had had four husbands, and buried 'em in a row, her

present one bein' now in a decline. When I told her who I was, she met me with warmth and said that any friend of she that was Alminy Dickey was dear to her. But friendship, let it be ever so ardent can not obtain cream from well water, or cause iron bedsteads to stretch out like Injy Rubber. She had expected us sooner, if we come at all, and her house was overflowin' — every bed, lounge, corner and cupboard, being occupied, and the buro and stand draws made up nightly for childern."

What *was* we to do? Night would soon let down her cloudy mantilly upon Josiah and me, and what was to become of us. Miss Lampheare seemed to pity us, and she directed us to a friend of hers; that friend was full; he directed us to another friend; that friend was overflowin'. And so it went on till we was almost completely tired out. At last Josiah come out of a house, where he had been seekin' rest and findin' it not; says he:

"They said mebbly we could git a room at the 'Grand Imposition Hotel.'" So we started off there, Josiah a scoldin' every step of the way, and a sayin':

"I told you jest how it would be, we ort to have gone to Captain Kidd's."

I didn't say nothin' back on the outside for I see by his face that it was no time for parley. But my mind was firm on the inside, to board in grocery stores, and room under my umberell, before I threw myself onto a perfect stranger through the Sentinal.

But a recital of our agony of mind and body will be of little interest to the gay, and only sadden the tender hearted; and suffice it to say in a hour's time, we was a follerin' the hired man to a room in the "Grand Imposition Hotel."

Our room was good enough, and big enough for Josiah and me to turn round in it one at a time. It had a bed considerable narrer, but good and healthy—hard beds are considered healthy, by the best of doctors—a chair, a lookin' glass, and a wash-stand. Josiah made a sight of fun of that, because it didn't have but three legs.

But says I firmly, "That is one more than *you* have got Josiah Allen." I wouldn't stand none of his foolin'.

The room bein' pretty nigh to the ruff,—*very* nigh on the backside,—Josiah complained a sight about hittin' his head ag'inst the rafters. I told him to keep out then where he belonged, and not go to prowlin' round at the foot of the bed.

"Where *shall* I go to Samantha," says he in pitiful axents. "I let you have the chair, and what will become of me, if I don't set somewhere, on the bed, or sunthin'."

"Well," says I mildly, "less try to make the best of things. It haint reasonable to expect to be to home and on a tower at the same time, simultaneous."

When we eat supper we had a considerable journey to the dinin' room, which looked a good deal on the

plan of Miss Astor'ses, with lots of colored folks a goin' round, a waitin' on the hungry crowd. I didn't see the woman of the house—mebby she was laid up with a headache, or had gone out for an afternoon's visit—but the colored waiters seemed to be real careful of her property; they'd catch a tea-spoon right out of their pocket and put it in your tea; she couldn't have kep' a closer grip on her tea-spoons herself.

I can truly say without stretchin' the truth the width of a horse hair, that the chamber-maid was as cross as a bear, for every identical thing I asked her for was a extra—she couldn't do it without extra pay, but she did git me some ice water once, without askin' me a cent extra for it. After we got to bed Josiah would lay and talk. He would speak out all of a sudden:

“Grand Imposition Hotel!”

And I'd say, “What of it, what if it is?”

And then he'd say: “They have got a crackin' good name, Samantha. I love to see names that mean sunthin'.” And then he'd ask me if I remembered the song about Barbara Allen, and if it would hurt my feelin's if he should lay and sing a verse of it to me, the bed put him in mind of it so.”

I asked him what verse—but there was that in my tone that made him say no more 'about singin'—he said it was the verse where Barbara wanted her mother to have her coffin made “long and narrer.” And then he'd begin again about the pillers, and say

how he wished he had brought a couple of feathers from home, to lay on, so he could have got some rest. He had pulled out a little wad of cotton-battin' before we went to bed to convince me of their ingredients.

But I says to him: "Josiah Allen, a easy conscience can rest even on cotton-battin' pillers," and I added in awful meanin' tones, "*I* am sleepy, Josiah Allen, and want to go to sleep. It is time," says I with dignity, "that we was both reposin' in the arms of Morphine."

Nothin' quells him down quicker than to have me talk in a classical high learnt way, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep. But though, as I told Josiah, my conscience was at rest and I felt sleepy, the musquitoes was *dretful*, and I don't know as a guilty conscience could roust anybody up much more, or gall anybody more fearfully. They was truly tegus. And then the partition bein' but thin, I could hear folks a walkin' all night—and take it with their trampin' and the musquitoes payin' so much attention to me, I never got no good sleep 'till most mornin'; but *then* I got a good nap, and felt considerable chirk when I got up. We eat our breakfast in pretty good season and laid out to git a early start.

I didn't have but one draw-back worth mentionin' and that was, I had lost one eye out of my specks somewhere on our way from Melankton Spicer'ses, and I told Josiah I felt mortified, after I had lotted so on seein' the Sentinal, to think I had got to see

him with one eye out ; says he : " I guess you'll see enough with *one* eye before night."

Then I put on my things and we sot sail. It was a lovely mornin' though considerable warm, and I felt well, and almost gay in spirits as we wended our way on our long and tegus journey from our room to the outside of the house ; (we was goin' to walk afoot to the Sentinal, the distance bein' but short and triflin') but at last we reached the piazza, and emerged into the street ; I see that every man, woman and child was there in that identical street, and I thought to myself, there haint no Sentinal to-day, and everybody has come out into this street for a walk. I knew it stood to reason that if there *had* been a Sentinal there would have been one or two men or winmin attendin' to it, and I knew that every man woman and child on the hull face of the globe was right there before me, and behind me, and by the side of me, and fillin' the street full, walkin' afoot, and up in big covered wagons, all over 'em, on the inside, and hangin' on to the outside, as thick as bees a swarmin'. Some of the horses was hitched ahead of each other, I s'pose so they could slip through the crowd easier. I couldn't see the village hardly any owin' to the crowd a crushin' of me ; but from what little I *did* see, it was perfectly beautiful. I see they had fixed up for us, they had whitewashed all their door-steps, and winder-blinds, white as snow, and trimmed the latter all off with black ribbin strings.

Everything looked lovely and gay, and I thought as I walked along, Jonesville couldn't compare with it for size and grandeur. I was a walkin' along, crowded in body, but happy in mind, when all of a sudden a thought come to me that goared we worse than any elbo or umberell that had pierced my ribs sense we sot out from the tarvern. Thinks'es I all of a sudden; mebbly they have put off the Sentinal 'till I come: mebbly I have disappointed the Nation, and belated 'em, and put 'em to trouble.

This was a sad thought and wore on my mind considerable, and made me almost forget for the time bein' my bodily sufferin's as they pushed me this way and that, and goared me in the side with parasols and umberells, and carried off the tabs of my mantilly as far as they would go in every direction, and shoved, and stamped, and crowded. I declare I was tore to pieces in mind and body, when I arrove at last at the entrance to the grounds. The crowd was fearful here, and the yells of different kinds was distractive; one conceited little creeter catched right holt of the tabs of my mantilly, and yelled right up in my face: "Wont you have a guide? Buy a guide mom to the Sentinal." And seven or eight others was a yellin' the same thing to me, the impudent creeters; I jest turned round and faced the one that had got holt of my cape, and says I:

"Leggo of my tabs!"

He wouldn't leggo; he stood and yelled out right

up in my face, "Buy a guide, you haint got no guide!

Says I with dignity, "Yes I have; duty is my guide and also Josiah; and now," says I firmly, "if you don't leggo of my tabs, I'll *make* you leggo." My mean skairt him; he leggo, and I follered on after my Josiah; but where *was* Josiah? I couldn't see him; in tusslin with that impudent creeter over my cape, my companion had got carried by the crowd out of my sight. Oh! the agony of that half a moment; I turned and says to a policeman in almost agonizin' tones:

"Where is my Josiah?"

He looked very polite at me, and says he:

"I don't know."

Says I, "Find him for me instantly! Have you the heart to stand still and see husbands and wives parted away from each other? Have you any principle about you? Have you got entirely out of pity?"

Says he with the same polite look, "I don't know."

"Have you a wife?" says I in thrillin' axents: "Have you any childern?"

Says he, "I don't know."

I had heerd that there wasn't no information to be extracted from 'em as a class, and I give up; and I don't know what my next move would have been, if I hadn't catched sight of that beloved face and that old familiar hat in front of me; I hastened forred and kep' considerable calm in mind, while my body *was* bein' crowded and pushed round, for I thought



IN THE CROWD.

if my conjectures was true they would have reason enough to goar me.

But presently, or about that time we found ourselves carried by the crowd, and stranded (as it were) before some little places that looked some like the place the ticket agent looked from at Betsey Bobbet and me, when we bought our tickets for New York village; and I begun to feel easier in my mind, for they seemed to be purchasin' tickets for the Sentinal. There was one place for winmen, and one for men, not but a little ways apart; and my Josiah and me kinder divided up and waited our turn, and when he got a chance I see him step up in a peaceable way and ask how much a ticket cost.

"Fifty cents for a adult," says the man.

Says Josiah, "I haint a adult."

Says the man, "You be."

Josiah looked as if he would sink to be accused—right there in company—of sunthin' he never was guilty of in the world; it took him so aback that he couldn't say another word to defend himself; he looked as mortified and sheepish as any black sheep I ever laid eyes on; and I jest stepped forred and took his part—for it madded me to see my pardner so brow-beat and imposed upon. Again Josiah says in a meachin' way, for as mortified as he felt he seemed determined to stick to the truth, and not own up to what he wasn't guilty of. "I haint a adult," says he.

"No!" says I, "anybody that says that of my

pardner, says what they can't prove. Josiah Allen is a likely man; his character stands firm; he never had no such name, and it can't be proved onto him; he is as sound moralled a man as you will find in Jonesville or the world!"

"I mean," says the man, "50 cents for everybody except childern carried in the arms."

"Well," says I out of all manner of patience with him, "why didn't you say so in the first on't, and not go to hintin' and insinuatins'."

He tried to turn it off in a laugh, but his face turned red as blood, and well it might; tryin' to break down a likely man's character and gettin' found out in the mean caper. Josiah took out a dollar bill and handed it to him, and he handed back sunthin' which was tickets as Josiah s'posed; but when he handed me one soon afterwards or thereabouts, I see they was two fifty cent bills. Josiah was dumb-founded and so was I; but I spoke right out and says I, "That mean creeter is tryin' to make us trouble, or else he is tryin' to hush it up, and bribe us not to tell of his low lived conduct." Says I firmly, "Less go right back and give him back his money and command him to give us a lawful ticket, and tell him we haint to be bought or sold; that our principles are elevated and we are on a tower."

So we went back again; and oh the sufferin's of that season; if our agony was great when we was bore along by the crowd, what was our sufferin's when we

was stemmin' our way ag'inst it. Two or three times my companion would have sunk beneath his burdens, but boyed up by my principle I held him up (as it were) and at last almost completely exhausted and wore out, and our faces covered with perspiration we stood before him again. He looked mad and cross, but tried to turn it off in a laugh when Josiah told him our business, and handed him back the money. He said it was all right and told us to give the money to a man near the turn stile and go in. I see he was in earnest, so I told Josiah we would go back and try it, and we did, and found it was jest as he said, but there was a great mystery to it; we handed out fifty cents a piece to a man, and he dropped it down through a little slit in a counter; and a gate that looked some like my new fashioned clothes bars, sort o' turned round with us and let us in one at a time; and the minute I was inside I see my gloomy forebodin's had been in vain—they hadn't put off the Sentinal for me! That was my first glad thought; but my very next thought was, Good land! and Good land! and Good land! Them was my very first words, and they didn't express my feelin's a half or even a quarter. Why, comin' right out of that contracted and crushin' crowd, it seemed as if the place we found ourselves in was as roomy and spacious as the desert of Sarah, s'posen she, the desert, was fixed off into a perfect garden of beauty, free for anybody to wander round and git lost in.

And the majestic Main Buildin' that nearly loomed up in front of us! Why! if old Ocian herself, had turned into glass, and wood-work, and cast-iron, and shinin' ruffs, and towers, and flags, and statutes, and everything, and made a glitterin' palace of herself, it couldn't, (as it were) have looked any more grand and imposin' and roomy; and if every sand by the sea-shore had jumped up and put on a bunnet or hat as the case may be, there couldn't have been a bigger crowd (seeminly) than there was a passin' into it, and a passin' by, and a paradin' round Josiah and me.

Under these strange and almost apaulin' circumstances, is it any wonder that I stood stun still, and said, out of the very depths of my heart, the only words I could think of, that would any where nigh express my feelins, and they was "Good land!"

But as my senses begun to come back to me, my next thought was, as I looked round on every side of me, "Truly did my Josiah say, that I could see enough with one eye;" and jest then a band commenced playin' the "Star Spangled Banner." And hearin' that soul stirrin' music, and seein' that very banner a wavin' and floatin' out, as if all the blue sky and rainbows sense Noah's rainbow was cut up into its glorious stripes, with the hull stars of heaven a shinin' on 'em,—why, as my faculties come back to me, a seein' what I see—and hearin' what I heerd, I thought of my 4 fathers, them 4 old fathers, whose weak hands had first unfurled that banner to the

angry breeze, and thinks'es I, I would be willin' to change places with them 4 old men right here on the spot, to let 'em see in the bright sunshine of 1876, what they done in the cloudy darkness of 1776.

I felt these feelin's for I persume most a minute. But nobody—however strong principle may soar up in 'em—can be willin' to die off when it haint a goin' to be any particular benefit to anybody; they can't feel so for any length of time, especially in such a strange and almost curious time as this was; souls may soar, but heart clings to heart—I thought of Josiah and without sayin' a word to him, or askin' his consent, I jest reached out my arm and locked arms with him for the first time in goin' on thirteen years—not sense we had went to grandfather Smith's funeral, and walked in the procession.

He begun to nestle round and wiggle his arm to make me leggo, but I hung on tight and never minded his worrisky actions, and finally he come out plain and says he:

“What is the use of lockin' arms Samantha, it will make talk.”

Says I in a deep warnin' voice, “Do you keep still, or you will be a lost Josiah.” Says I, firmly, “I think more of my pardner than I do of the speech of people, and if this endless host and countless multitude swallers us down, and we are never heard from again in Jonesville or the world, we will be swallowed down together Josiah Allen,—a sweet thought to me.”

So we walked round, lockin' arms, and not sensin' of it, (as it were) a lookin' on the grandeur and imposin' doins on every side of us. Presently, or not fur from that time—for truly I could not keep a correct run of the time of day, feelin' as I did—I told Josiah that we would take the cars and ride round the Sentinal; there was a little railroad a purpose. So we crossed a square—green as green grass could make it—and all of a sudden I felt Josiah give a shudder, and heerd his teeth chatter; he was lookin' at that fearfully wonderful statute of Washington crossin' the Deleware. Oh dear! what a situation George was in.

Then he hunched me again, to look at a fountain made they say to show off light and water. Three handsome female girls a holdin' up a bowl or rather a platter, bigger than any platter I ever see, to catch the water other female wimmin' was a pourin' down into it; and as many as ten globe lamps, a bein' held up by beautiful arms. I'll bet the hull on it was forty feet high, and I don't know but more. Josiah would have staid there some time if I had encouraged him in it; he said with a dreamy look, that them girls was first-rate lookin', but he should think their arms would ache a holdin' up that platter and them big lamps. But says I, "Josiah Allen you haint no time to spend a pityin' cast-iron wimmen in such a time as this, or admirin' of em;" so I hurried him onwards to one of the stations of the railroad, and we paid five cents apiece and they let us up into the cars, and oh,

how lovely everything did look as we rode onwards, drawn by as stiddy and smart a little enjun as ever I see hitched to a car. How cool and wet the lake did look on that hot day, with its great fountain sprayin' out the water in so many different sprays, as we passed between it and the green, level grass all flowered off with gorgeous flower beds.

Anon, (or nearly that time) the enjun stopped before the Woman's Pavilion—a noble big buildin' that filled me with such proud and lofty emotions as I looked at it, that I don't know to what height I should have soared up to a gazin' on it, and thinkin' of the sect that built it, if one of them very sect weighin' about three hundred and fifty, in gittin' out of the car, hadn't stepped on my foot and crushed it so fearfully that instinctively my emotions was brought right down to the ends of my toes. In two minutes more, or two and a-half, we went round the head of the dell, and though my foot still felt the effects of tramplin', I didn't sense it, as I looked down the beautiful shady paths, all a seemin' to lead to some handsome buildin' and then up at the Agricultural Buildin', big enough (seeminly) for old Agriculture and all his family all over the country to settle down and live in ; and then we went on a little further by a cheese and butter house, and Brewers' Hall. And then the enjun turned round and we went back most to the Woman's Pavilion, and then sailed off down the avenue of State Buildins, by Machinery Hall

(big enough for every machine in the world, and several of the planetary system's machines, as it were) clear the hull length of this buildin', back to the place we started from.

Here Josiah would have got out, rather than paid five cents more; but I says to him, "Never before, Josiah Allen did five cents buy pleasure for me anywhere near the size and heft of this pleasure;" and I added kindly but firmly, "I am goin' round again Josiah Allen." He argued some, but I stood firm, and round we went again', and then twice more which made four. I paid for the two last rides out of my own pocket, and didn't begreech the money. No sooner would we go by one grand majestic buildin' and mebbly a few smaller ones, but perfectly beautiful, than another one would rise up before us seeminly still more majesticer than the last one.

And we wouldn't no more than git 'our mouths well open with great astonishment and admiration and almost extacy, and our specks well sot on 'em, before another one would rise up before us, and we with our mouths not yet shet up from the last one. Oh dear! what a time we did have in our 2 minds. And seein' what I see wouldn't have been half so much, if I hadn't had such a immense quantity of emotions; and every one of 'em the very biggest and noblest size they make. Eloquent, happy emotions of patriotism and grand pride in my Nation's honor, and majesty, and power, and glory.

Oh ! what a time I did have a settin' there crowded in body but soarin' in soul ; the eye of my speck a calmly gazin' into the faces environin' of me round, and not seein' of em, (as it were) but seein' with my mind's eye the Spirit of '76, a risin' up through the ghastly clouds of war, a misty shape that Hope could jest make out ; a pale face, and shadowy hands with a little handful of stars and stripes most slippin' out of 'em.

And then to see that face growin' brighter and brighter, and more loftier and inspired ; to see both of them hands reached heavenward in triumph, holdin' firm clasped above her head the stars and the stripes a floatin' out over the hull land ; to see them eyes full of glory and mystery bent forever onwards and outwards, a lookin' on sunthin' I couldn't see if I had both eyes to my specks ; to see that lofty brow crowned with the Star of Empire, and that majestic form a floatin' in triumph from the Atlantic over the Rocky mountains, clear to the Golden Gate, while the radiance of that star, a burnin' on that almost inspired forward ; sheds a light ahead over the deep waters to some still grander future ; and then to see them deep mysterious eyes of glory and prophecy a follerin' that light outward and onward, a seein' what I couldn't see, nor Josiah, nor anybody.

I kep' a feelin' nobler and nobler every minute, and finally I told Josiah of my own accord that I wanted to git out of that little contracted car, and

walk afoot again. So we got out and roamed round, walkin' afoot down the broad noble paths, by buildings some that looked you square in the face, some a steppin' off sideways, (seemingly) some sot down flat on the ground, sort o' solid and heavy as if they had sot down for good, and some standin' up on tip-toe (as it were) on the top of big high steps, as if they was a startin' off somewhere a visitin'; and some of the curiourest shaped ones I ever see, with their ruffs pintoed up, with flags a flyin' like big darnin' needles threaded with red, white, and blue; some sort o' leanin' over as if they was a meditatin'; some ruffs shaped like a sheep's head night-cap, with a cross standin' up out of the crown; some long ruffs supportin' hull rows of little ruffs like offsprings. Some Gabriel ends loftier and majesticer than you can think on; some dretful kinder peaked up and polite lookin'.

Some of the houses was plain and glossy on the sides, some criss-crossed off, some up and down, some sideways. There was houses of every color that ever was colored, with winders of every shape that ever a pain was cut into, and every sort of ornament that ever a house was trimmed off with. Why some of 'em seemed to be clear ornament, and nothin' else. There was one in particular, with a flight of stairs on each side and some little slender pillows, that seemed to be clear trimmin'. It looked as light as if it was made of air and sunshine and ornament—which it was mostly. I says to Josiah: "That would be a beautiful

home for summer, Josiah, but it would be too cold and windy in the winter season for me." A young woman, sort o' vacant lookin', but dressed up slick spoke out to me, and says in a sort of a uppish tone:

"It haint a house, it is a music stand."

Says I, "It haint a stand."

Says she, "It is."

But I wasn't a goin' to be brow-beat by her, so I says in a dignified tone:

"Young woman I have seen furniture and housen stuff when you was in Nonentity, and I guess I know a stand when I see it." Says I, "I had two black cherry stands with curly maple drawers, with my settin' out, and I helped Josiah pick out a noble bass-wood stand for Tirzah Ann when she was married and I say that haint a stand."

Says she, "It is; don't you see the Muse on top with the lyre."

But I wouldn't look up, I had too much dignity, and I resented deeply her tryin' to lie to me so, and I jest looked at her keenly, and says I: "I can see liars without searchin' for 'em on the top of housen."

Says she, "I meant one of the Muses; one of Jupiter and Mnemosyne's daughters, with her lyre?"

Says I firmly, "I don't care whose daughters they be. I don't think no more of a liar because they happen to have a likely father and mother. I abominate 'em, and always did."

I looked very sharp at her, and she felt it; her

face looked red as blood, and all swelled up with mortification. But truly I had no time to waste on story tellers, or muse on their lies. Such sights as I see, such grand and imposin' grandeur, such beautiful and soarin' beauty; I wondered whether Paradise could have looked much better, and more foamin'; and if it did, I wondered more and more how Eve (a distant relative of mine on my mother's side) could have done what she did do. As we walked along a broad and shady path I says:

"Never, never did I feel towards E Pluribus as I do to-day, Josiah. When I think of that old map of Grandfather Smith's, and think how E Pluribus was huddled down there close to the shore, so insignificant and skairt lookin' that it seemed as if it wouldn't take but a very few more war-whoops and hatchets to tumble him right off into the Atlantic to drown himself. And then to think how that old man has got up and spread himself out from ocian to ocian, to look round here and see this Sentinal a tellin' to all the world how he has prospered;" says I, "never never did I feel towards E Pluribus U, as I do to-day;" and says I in tones tremblin' with pride and thankfulness, "how do *you* feel Josiah Allen?"

Says he firmly, "I feel as hungry as a bear."

I calmly took two cookies out of my pocket and handed them to him, and kep' right on: "Never! never, did I realize the size, the grandeur, the loftiness, of E Pluribus as I do now; how high and lofty

he stands, Josiah Allen; how forehanded he has got."

My lofty episodin' tone was ruther loud, and a bystander who had been a standin' behind me 'unbeknown to me spoke up and says he:

"Yes, E Pluribus has got pretty well off, but what do you think Madam of the rings he wears on his honored fingers? What do you think of his choosin' Tweed for raiment? What do you think of his wearin' such dirty clothin' as he has wore of late, and so thin too, so awfully thin."

I declare for't, I was most mad to think of anybodys tryin' to bring me down from the height I stood upon, by talkin' about store clothes and jewelry; but bein' very polite in my demeanor, I answered him mildly, that I didn't believe in anybodys wearin' dirty clothes, and I never had no opinion of Tweed, nor none of that kind of cloth; it was slazy, and liable to drop all to pieces, and I'd ruther look further and pay more for cloth that was firmer and would stand more of a strain.

"Yes," says he, "that is jest my opinion, and I think if E Pluribus wants to preserve his health he must keep cleaner, and be a little more careful about the material he chooses to protect his honored form; and in my opinion, he would look fur better if he didn't wear so many rings on his venerable fingers; money rings; and wheat rings; and railroad rings." He went on and named over a hull lot of jewelry, but I thought to myself that he was makin' a little

too free to talk with a perfect stranger, and I answered him in pretty cold tones :

Says I, "I never approved of old men's wearin' jewelry;" and says I, in still more frigid tones, "I never, even in my young days thought a man looked any the better for wearin' ear-rings;" then I drew Josiah onwards down a path that looked shady, and considerable still and quiet; but jest as we moved on a man standin' in front of us spoke up in a awe struck tone, and says he :

"That gentleman that jest spoke to you was a English Lord."

"Well," says I, "Lord or no lord, I don't over and above like his looks; he looks smart, but kinder mean."

Jest then all of a sudden, on happenin' to turn the eye of my speck onto a little bench under a shade tree, I see settin' there a friend I knew; I see a face that telescopes are bein' aimed at by the envious to spy out every little freckle, spot and wrinkle; (and where is there a complexion however light, that can stand firm under a telescope, and the strong glarin' light of the present time, without showin' a wrinkle?) It was the face of a man I respected, and almost loved, (a meetin' house love, calm, yet firm as a settin' hen.)

Without sayin' a word, I jest drawd Josiah right up in front of him. At the first glance he didn't know me, but I jest made him a 'noble curchy, and says I: "Ulysses how do you?" Says I, "The last

time I see you I had the honor to rescue you from pain and poetry and Betsey Bobbet."

Before I could say another word he took the cigar he had in his lips with one hand and reached out the other, and shook hands with me almost warmly.

"Josiah Allen's wife, my preserver! I am glad to meet you."

Then and there I introduced Josiah; but I was sorry to see at that moment that the knowledge that he was a talkin' with the President of the United States, made him act bashful and meachin'; but I was that inspired and lifted up, that even my pardner's meachin' and almost foolish mean didn't seem to have no effect on me. I spoke right out and says I:

"Ulysses, I never was so proud of my Nation before in my hull life as I be now, and never did I feel such feelin's for my 4 fathers. What a undertakin' they undertook! When a thing is done, and you are a standin' up on the results safe and happy, then you feel well, and at rest; but the curious time, and the solemn time, is when the thing haint done, and you are a settin' out to do it, with the risk and the uncertainty before you. When you are a steppin' off in the darkness and don't have no idee whether you are a steppin' on sunthin', or on nothin'; no idee where you are a comin' to next. I've got lost in our sullen several times when my candle went out, and it was a curious feelin', Ulysses, to grope our way along in the dark not knowin' whether we would come out

all right to the bottom of the stairs, or come up sudden ag'inst the wall, or the pork barrell. I've fell flat a number of times, when I thought I was a step-pin' high, and doin' the best I could; when you have reached the stairs and git holt of 'em, and Josiah has opened the door and stands there with a candle in his hand, then you feel well and safe, but you can't forgit your curious feelin's when you was in the dark, a gropin' and a feelin' and not knowin' where you was a goin' to.

Now, there was a time when the colonies was a gropin' their way along in the dark, not knowin' where the next step would take 'em to—whether they would come out to the stairs that led up to Freedom and Liberty and happiness, or come up sudden and hard ag'inst the wall of defeat. They was walkin' a slender, slippery path-way, and if they slipped off they knew black waters was under 'em, deep black waters, to drownd them and their posterity in. They fell a number of times, but they got up again nobly; they held firm, and stepped high, and at last they groped their way to the stairs that led up to Liberty. And by God's help, by prayer and hard work, they mounted them stairs; and then another long flight of lofty stairs was before 'em; and they rose them stairs, and have gone up on 'em, higher and higher, ever sense to national power, and honor, and glory. And now let 'em hold firm and examine the platform they are a standin' on."

Ulysses smoked his cigar with a very thoughtful and attentive smoke. And oh! how sort o' solemn and martyr-like my tone was as I went on a talkin' to him, and a thinkin' to myself: Here I be, advisin' the Nation for its good—a performin' my mission, and advisin' the United States, E Pluribus Unim, through its chief magistrate. I felt noble and curious, fearfully so, as I continued on:

“Oh! how awful it would be for 'em, Ulysses, a standin' up on the height they stand up on, if political rottenness should crumble away any of the tall proud ladder that holds 'em up. Oh! how it would hurt 'em to fall down flat, and lay on their backs with the ladder and platform on top of 'em. Let 'em be careful, and let 'em be prayerful; let 'em examine every inch of the lumber that they are a standin' on; if there is a rotten spot in it, or a weak spot, or a suspicious spot, let 'em spurn it nobly; let 'em not ask wildly and blindly: ‘Did this board grow in Republican forests, or did it grow in Democratic swamps?’ Let 'em throw that question down, and trample on it; and let 'em ask this question only, and let 'em ask it in a firm loud voice: *‘Is it a sound board?’*”

“And let 'em git a straight plain answer to it, before they set foot on it. Good land! The idee of shettin' your eyes blindly, and runnin' up a rascal because he happens to belong to your party. As for me, when I hold a rose I don't care a cent whether it grew in a marble basin, or in the corner of a rail

fence ; I only ask myself calmly, is it fresh and sweet ? If it is, I treasure it highly ; if it is wormy and rotten at the heart, I spurn it from me almost indignantly.

“ I advise this Nation as a friend and well wisher, to worship the true God, and not make a God of party and bow down to it. I advise it to choose men for leaders, who are true, and honest and God-fearin’. Men who are more careful of their character than of their reputation ; more careful to have the National capitol clean on the inside than to flower off the front gate with brass nails ; more set on the Nation’s well-bein’ and prosperity, than on a big pocket-book, or a post-office and some minin’ and railroad shares for that brother-in-law ; more anxious to have a white soul, than to white-wash their sepulchres. If the Nation votes for bad men, how does it expect to have good laws ? ” says I almost wildly. “ Tell me, Ulysses, and tell me plainly ; how can you expect to be led onward in a straight path by a blind man ? How can you obtain figs from thistles, or anything to carry from an ort ?

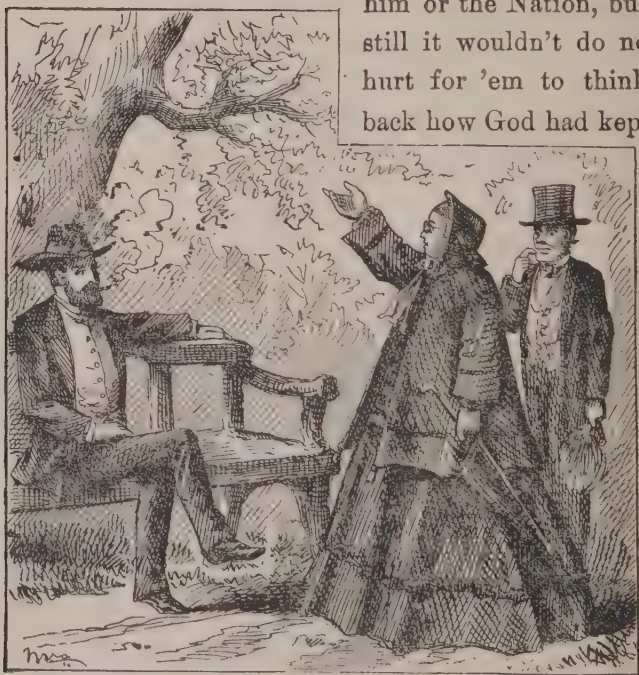
“ If this Nation trusts God, and prizes the **great** gift our 4 fathers died to leave us as it ort to be prized, who can paint the glory and splendor before it. It is the home of the oppressed, and (when its laws relatin’ to wimmen are changed slightly) the true and only land of liberty and freedom ; its virtues ort to be grand and lofty and picturesque—on a big noble New’World plan. It ort to be as rich in good-

ness, as its earth is rich in gold and silver and preciousness. Its dignity and calmness ort to be wide and level and even, like its boundless praries; and at the same time, it ort to have brilliant, unexpected streaks and flashes of dazzlin' generosities, jest like its flashin' water-falls. Its principles ort to be as firm and solid and high toned and soarin' as the biggest mountain peaks on the Yo Semitry; and these solid virtues ort to be trimmed and ornamented off with consideration for the rights of others, humanity, charity, courtesy and etcetery, and they ort to be jest as pined and as ever-green as the big pines them firm old mountains have trimmed themselves off with. It should be jest as set on follerin' the right, and headed jest as strong that way, and be jest as deep and earnest in that flow as Niagara is in hern; turnin' not to the right hand nor to the left, not multiplyin' words nor foolin', but jest keep on a mindin' its own business, and floodin' right on."

And then I advised the Nation (through Ulysses,) what to do in the great cause of Wimmen's Rights. I talked eloquent on that subject, and in closin' up I drawed his mind back a few years to the time when a great war was goin' on between justice and injustice, and how God wrought out of it the freedom of a race, before He gave the victory. I reminded him that another great battle was goin' on now between temperance and intemperance, and how, in that warfare, I believed God was helpin' another race of

human female beings to liberty; by showin' to man how He enabled *them* to win greater victories than had ever crowned *man's* efforts, and provin' what *they* would do for God and humanity if the power was given them. I told him I didn't want to scare

him or the Nation, but still it wouldn't do no hurt for 'em to think back how God had kep'



SAMANTHA ADVISIN' PRESIDENT GRANT.

that oppressed race from all harm while the warfare for 'em was a goin' on, while thousands of them who had unjustly denied them their rights went down on the battle-field; and I hinted to him in a kind of a blind way, that it wouldn't do no harm for the Nation once in a while to read over that old story of

Phariorh ; I told him—not knowin' how well off they was for such readin' in Washington—that he would find that story in the Bible.

“I talked about the Heathen Chinees ; I told him it seemed jest about as impossible to git a stun to keep company with a turnip, and make it its bride as to git a Chinees to fall in love with our institutions and foller 'em ; and after a man had tried to git water and oil to mix in a friendly and sociable way—after he has sot and stirred 'em, and sweat over 'em for weeks and weeks, I don't know as he would be to blame to empty the basin out for good ; but then when I'd think again, I'd know it was cruel and awful to turn anybody out doors, (as it were) especially a heathen. And I knew I never could have the heart to do it, never in the world.” So says I, “I cannot advise the Nation what to do. It must try to git along in this thing, without my tellin' it what to do ; it must think it over and do the very best it can.”

But on the warlike fightin' question, I come out strong ; I knew jest what advice to give the Nation, and I give it freely without money, and without price.

Says I, “I should think the Nations would all be perfectly ashamed of themselves to git together to show off their civilization and progress, when they hold on to that most barbarious of all barbarism, that ever come from Barbery. The most cruel and awful and the most simple too ; why,” says I, “you'd whip a lot of school childern that would go to settlin' their

quarrels with their jack knives; you'd make 'em leave it out to their teacher, or the trustees, or somebody; you'd spank 'em till their nose bled if they didn't, and," says I, "childern ort to grow wiser as they grow older instead of foolisher; it haint a mite handsomer in grown folks than it is in childern."

Says I, "Think how those bloody warfares are powerful for all sorts of evils and crimes; how they turn human beins into wild beasts of prey; think how humanity, and mercy, and purity and all goodness are trod down under the feet of the great armies; and how the more ghastly army of pestilence, and disease, and crime, and want, foller on after them—a phantom host shadderin' the land for years, mightier for evil than the army they foller. Why Ulysses, I couldn't begin to tell all the horrors and evils of war, not if I should stand here and talk to you till the year 1900; for it can't be told not by mortal tongue. It is a language writ in broken hearts, and despair, and want, and agony, and madness, and crime, and death, and it takes them to read it."

Ulysses haint much of a talker, but he took his cigar out of his mouth, and says he mildly: "How will Nations settle their difficulties then?"

"Why," says I, "leave it out to some good man to decide upon. Let 'em have a honorable-minded Peace Commissioner. Why," says I, "if it wasn't for havin' everything else under the sun on my hands, I would be one myself, and not charge a cent for my trouble."

The Nation, (through Ulysses) seemed to take my advice first-rate; he stood it like a major, and sot peacefully and smoked that cigar in as friendly and mediatin' a way as I ever see one smoked, and he said I spoke his mind about the Peace Commissioners. And then I spoke up and says I:

"Ulysses, I must also speak to you about Lo."

"Lo who?" says he.

"Why," says I, "Lo, the poor Injun."

The minute I said Injun, he give a kind of a groan, and begun to look as fractious and worrysome as I ever see Josiah look, and says he:

"Darn Lo, anyway."

"Well," says I, "when I look round here, and see how nobly Uncle Sam has stood up and spread himself out here, see what wonders of glory and enchantment he has wrought for his own race, it don't seem to me that I can bear to see him a settin' down on the Injun race, a tryin' to choke 'em to death." Samuel never took a posture that I hated to see worse than that posture. It haint Christian nor even dignified."

He looked very fractious, very, and he snapped out:

"He has got to take that posture or be scalped."

"If Samuel would let *me* pick out postures for him, I would have him stand up so far above Lo—in mercy, and justice, and patience, and truth,—that he couldn't reach up to his scalp; and standin' up on that height, he might deal less in glass beads, and more in common honesty," says I mildly.

But again Ulysses looked me full in the eye of my speck, and says he firmly :

"Darn Lo, anyway ;" and at that same minute Josiah whispered to me : "Lo haint no nearer starvin' than I am this minute."

He did look almost famishin' ; and so tellin' Ulysses to give my love to Julia, and my best respects to Mr. Dents'es folks, and Fred and his wife, and be sure and take good care of Nelly's baby, I curchied to him nobly and bid him good-bye.

So we wended our way along, the eye of my speck takin' in the heavenly beauty of the scene, when all of a sudden Josiah spoke up, and says he : "What a pity it is that they are a goin' to licence the Sentinal."

I stopped stun still, leggo of his arm, and turned right round and faced my pardner. "Licence the Sentinal, Josiah Allen !" says I.

"Yes," says he, "they be, and they are tryin' hard not to have no Sunday neither."

"A tryin' to have the Sentinal not keep Sunday ?"

"Yes," says he.

Says I firmly, "Who is the man to go to, to advise the Nation through in this matter? Never! never! did my mission as a Advisor soar up before me more promiscuously. Who is the man Josiah Allen ?"

Says Josiah, "I have heerd that Gen. Hawley is the head one. But it haint his doin's ; he has been tewed at, night and day."

I drew my companion onwards, almost wildly, he

a hangin' back and in pitiful axents, sayin' to me:

"Do less go back to the tarvern Samantha and git sunthin' to eat before we traipse off any further; do you want me to faint away on your hands?"

Says I, "You must have a different appetite from what *I* have, Josiah Allen, if you can swaller your conscience and set down at your ease, while the Nation is a destroyin' herself. I *must* advise her about this matter instantly and at once, before it is too late. But you can go home if you want to. Principle will be my pardner, and go a lockin' arms with me."

"I shall go if *you* do," says he in a cross surly voice. "I s'pose I can starve it out;" and then he says almost mekhanically, (as it were,) "Gen. Hawley is a handsome feller, they say."

"Well," says I in a almost dry tone, "you needn't worry about that; what if he is? I should be ashamed of myself Josiah Allen, to go to bein' jealous in such a time as this."

"Who said I *was*?" says he.

I didn't multiply no more words, and a policeman happenin' to come along that minute, I says to him:

"Can you tell me where to find Gen. Hawley?"

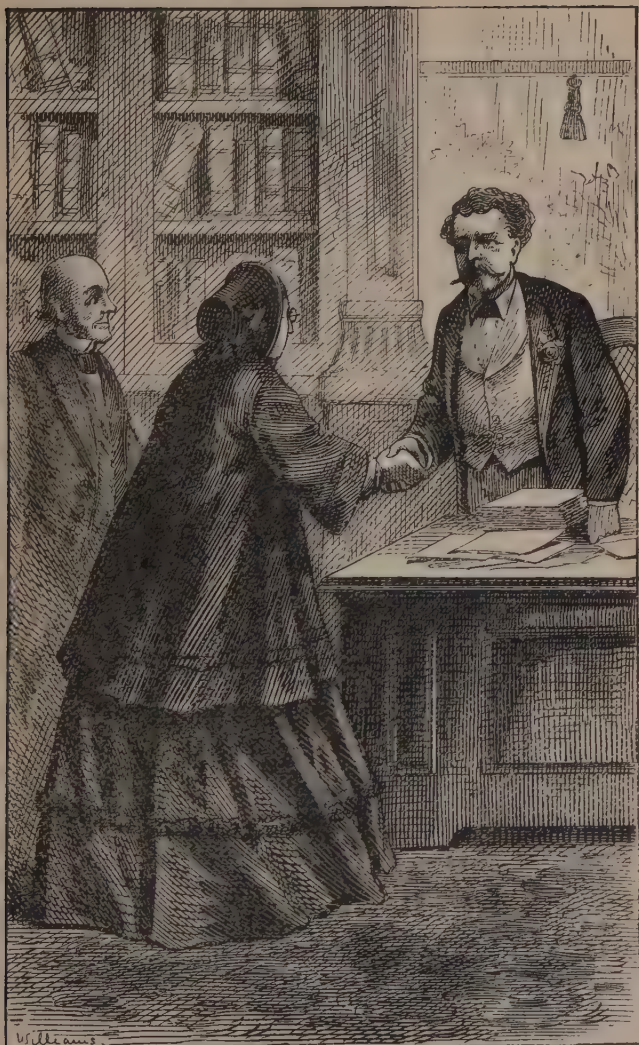
Says he, "You will probably find him in the 'Buro of Installation.'"

"In a *buro*!" says I coldly. "Do you s'pose young man, that I am a goin' to crawlin' and creepin' round into buro draws? Do you s'pose, at my age, and with my dignity I'm a goin' to foller any man

into a buro? Gropin' round, tryin' to find somebody in a buro draw."

His face looked red—he see I wasn't to be imposed upon—and he pintoed out the room where we should be apt to find him, he a goin' most there with us; and anon, or about that time, I found myself in the presence of Gen. Hawley, a shakin' hands with him and a introducin' Josiah. He was lookin' over a lot of papers, but he looked up dretful sort o' pleasant, and in that tryin' and almost curious time, I couldn't help thinkin' that Josiah was in the right on't about his looks; for never, on a tower, or off on it, did I ever see a franker, nobler, honester, well meanin'er face than hisen. I never asked him whether he was enjoyin' good health, or poor, but I says right out: "Joseph," (I knew his name was Joseph, and I thought he would take it more friendly in me if I called him that, and it would look more familiar in me—as if my noble mission didn't make me feel above him.) "Joseph," says I, "I have come to advise you as a P. A. about what I have discovered as a P. I."

He looked up at me from the awful pile of papers, sort o' dreamy and wonderin', and I come out plainer still, and says I, "Joseph, tell me; is it true that the Nation has licenced the Sentinal to git drunk, and not to keep no Sundays?" And says I, "Haint it the time for the Nation, if ever, for her to put her best foot forred, and if she has got any remnants of Puritan habits, and religion, and solid principles, to



INTERVIEW WITH GOV. HAWLEY

show 'em off? Haint it time to brush the dirt and dust off of Plymouth Rock, and let the world git a glimpse of the old original stun? Why," says I, "if the Mayflower could float back again from the past, and them old Mayflowers should hear what this Nation is a doin', they would say they was glad they was dead."

Joseph looked as if he felt what I said deeply. But he went on in a sort of apologisin' way, about his wantin' to treat our fureign guests with courtesy—and some of them was accustomed to beer and wine-drinkin' to home, and wasn't in the habit of havin' Sundays, and so 4th and so 4th.

"But," says I in tremblin' tones: "when a mother is weepin' over the ruin of what was once her son, and tracin' back his first love of strong drink to this place of beauty and enchantment, it wont remove her agony nor hisen, to think it was done to please the German, Dutch, or Tunicks, or even Turkeys." Says I, "If the Nation gives her lawful consent and lets the Sentinal drink all the beer and wine it wants to in 1876, in 1976 she will reap the seed she is a plantin' now; and if you happen to see me then, Joseph, you tell me if I haint in the right on't. And then, not havin' no Sundays! I never in my hull life see anything look so shiftless,—when we haint been out of Sundays for 1800 years, to all flat out now and not have none,—it would look poor as poverty in us."

He said it was handier for some folks; they could come better Sundays than any other day.

"Handier!" says I, in a almost dry tone, "it would be awful handy for me sometimes, to do my week's washin' Sundays, or knit striped mittens, or piece up bed-quilts, but you don't catch me at it." Says I "Had we ort to begreech one day out of the week to Him who give us the hull of 'em?" And says I, "I don't blame you a mite for wantin' to make our fureign visitors feel to home, and use 'em well; but when I go a visitin' I don't expect 'em to kill off their grandmothers if I don't happen to like the looks of the old lady and haint used to grandmothers. Good land! how simple it would be in me to expect it."

Says Joseph, "Josiah Allen's wife, you have presented the subject to me in a interestin' and eloquent manner." Says he, "The other matter is out of my power to change, but as for Sundays, I will get 'em back again; I will have 'em."

Oh, how earnest and good he did look out of his eyes (a bright blueish-grey) as he said this, and how fearfully handsome. And I a thinkin' to myself—here I be advisin' the Nation for her good, and she a takin' my advice. I felt noble, very. If I could have accomplished both of my undertakin's, I don't know but I should have felt *too* noble; but we all, like Mr. Paul, if we go to soarin' up too high, have to have a thorn in the flesh to prick us and keep us down in our place. So I bid Joseph a almost affectionate good-bye, and Josiah and me started homewards.



DOIN' THE MAIN BUILDIN'.

THE next mornin' I told Josiah we would tackle the Main Buildin'; so we follered a lot of folks from our tarvern—another spiked gate turned round with us and let us in, and—and what didn't that gate let us into? Oh, good land! Oh, dear suz! You may think them words are strong, and express a good deal, but they don't begin to explain to you how I felt. Why, a hull Dictionary of jest such words couldn't begin to tell my feelins as I stood there a lookin' round on each side of me, down that broad, majestic, glitterin' street full of folks and fountains and glitterin' stands, and statutes, and ornaments, with gorgeous shops on each side containin' the most beautiful beauty, the sublimest sublimity, and the very grandest grandeur the hull world affords. I advanced a little ways, and then, not sensin' it at all, I stopped stun still and looked round me, Josiah kinder drawin' me along—entirely unbeknown to me. Finally he spoke in a sort of a low, awe-stricken whisper:

“Do come along, Samantha!”

But I still stood stun still, lookin’ round me through the eyes of my specks (Josiah had got the other eye put in), and didn’t sense what he was a sayin’ to me till he spoke again—hunchin’ me hard at the same time: “What is the matter Samantha?”

Says I, in low strange tones, “I am completely dumbfounded Josiah Allen!”

“So be I,” says he, “but it won’t do to be a block-in’ up the path, and actin’ baulky; it will make talk. Less go along and do as the rest do.” So we walked along. And as my dumbfounder began to leave me, and I recovered the use of my tongue, my first words was:

“Josiah Allen, if I was as young as I once was, and knew I’d live to die of old age, I’d come right here to this village and live, and go through this buildin’ and see the biggest heft of its contents. But at my age, there haint no use of tryin’ to see a half or even a quarter of ’em.”

Says Josiah, “You know Tirzah Ann wanted you to remember what you see here and describe it to her.”

“Good land!” says I, “I might jest as well undertake to divide off the sands of the sea, set ’em off into spans and call ’em by name, and describe the best pints of each on ’em;” says I almost wildly: “if I should undertake the job I should feel so curious that I shouldn’t never git over it, like as not;” says I, “Josiah Allen, when anybody tackles a subject they

want a place to take holt, or leggo ; it makes 'em feel awful not to have neither."

Why, if you'd lift up your head a minute to kind o' rest your eyes, you would see enough to think on for a hull natural life. Havin' in all the emergencies of life found it necessary to stand firm, and walk even, and straight forred, I laid out to take the different countries on the north side, and go through 'em, and then on the south side, go through 'em coolly and in order, and with calmness of spirit. But long before I had gone through with the United States, my mind was in a state it had never been in before through my hull life. I thought I had felt promiscuous in days that was past and gone, but I give up that I never knew the meanin' of the word before. Why, if there had been a pain of glass put into my mind, and anybody had looked into my feelins through it, they would say if they wasn't liars that they see a sight long to be remembered ; though if they had went to dividin' off my feelins and settin' 'em in a row and tellin' 'em to set still, they would truly have had a tegus time. Why I haint got 'em curbed in, so's to keep any order now, when I go to thinkin' about that Main Buildin'.

Instead of travelin' right through it with dignity, they are jest as likely as anyway to begin right in the centre of that grand buildin' ; see that great round platform with broad steps a leadin' up to it on every side, and that railin' round it, a fencin' in the most

entrancin' and heavenly music that ever a earthly quire discoursed upon—music that would rest you when you was tired, and inspire and elevate you into a realm of Pure Delight when you wasn't. And see-in' way up and up to the ruff, little railins all ornamented off, tear after tear of 'em, and folks in 'em a lookin' down onto the endless crowd below ; and lions and eagles, and stars and stripes, and the honored forms and names of George Washington and B. Franklin up there, to make us feel safe and good. And then all of a sudden entirely unbeknown to me, my mind will work sometimes one way, sometimes the other. Sometimes it will give a jump clear to the west end, and see ornaments, and glass cases, and shin-in' counters with wimmen standin' behind 'em, and tall jars big enough to preserve my Josiah hull in, if it was the fashion to preserve pardners.

And it wont think things out with any order, or hardly decency ; sometimes the next thing after a pulpit I'll think of a dragon ; and then mebbly I'll think of a thermomiter with the quick silver a tryin' to git out at the top to walk out to cool itself, and the next thing a Laplander covered with fur, and a sled ; it beats all. There is no use tellin' what I *did* see, but I could tell what I *didn't* see in half a minute. I can't think now of but one thing that I didn't see and that is butternuts, though truly, I might have seen bushels, and not sensed 'em.

Why, along at first when I was a beginnin' my tower

through the United States, I would be fearfully surprised at the awfully grand and beautiful things ; but before noon I got so that I wasn't surprised at nothin', and Josiah couldn't make me, though he hunched me several times, a tryin' to surprise me, and couldn't. Why, I'd think I had come to an end of the grandeur and glory ; it *must* be there couldn't be any more, and I'd git my specks all ready to rest off for a minute—when I'd kinder grope round a little, and out I'd come again into another room full to overflowin' of splendor and beauty. Why, once I come out into a room that had six high pillows in the form of palm trees with long scalloped leaves towerin' clear up to the ruff, which was ornamented off with vines and flowers, and the counters was all covered with raised work, representin' the gatherin' of flowers and the extraction of their perfumes, and two noble silver-plated gold-tipped fountains, sprayin' out sweetness ; why, no posy bed I ever smelled of could compare with that room.

And then there was a beautiful pavilion all trimmed off with flowers ; and in the centre, one of the likeliest lookin' fountains I ever *did* see, with four different perfumes a jettin' out, and round each spray a design showin' what kind it was. And each one was more perfectly fragrant and beautiful than the other (as it were). I told Josiah I wished Shakespeare Bobbet could jest step in here ; I guessed he never would use peppermint essence again on his handkerchief. When

he used to come to see Tirzah Ann, he always would scent up high with peppermint or cinnamon ; he smelt like a apothecary.

But I kep' a lookin' round, and oh, such sights of pianos and organs as I did see ; it beat all. Why, there was one parlor organ with twenty-eight stops to it. Says I, " Josiah Allen what do you think of that ? " Josiah had seen so much he was a gittin' cross, and he said he had heerd folks play when he would have been thankful to have had one stop to it, if they had used it. And such iron and steel works ; why we see a rod over a mile long. And there was one lock that they said had four billion changes to it. Josiah told me he had jest as good a mind as he ever had to eat, to stop and count 'em, for he didn't believe there was three billions in it if there was two. And there was safes, large enough to lock up my Josiah in—who is indeed by far the most valuable ornament I possess—and teeth, and artificial eyes. There was one big black eye, that Josiah said he would buy if he was able.

Says I, " What under the sun would you do with it Josiah Allen ? "

" Oh," says he, " it might come handy sometime, I am liable to accidents."

" Why," says I, " your eyes are as blue as indigo."

" Well," says he, " I always liked black eyes, and that is such a awful smart lookin' eye, it would give anybody such a knowin' look."

I told him I guessed he would look knowin' ; I

guessed he would know it when he went round with one black eye, and one blue one. I didn't encourage the idee. He looked wishful at it to the last, and he has said sense, that that was the smartest lookin' eye he ever see in his life.

And such sights and sights of glass ware, and crystal fountains. I told Josiah that I had sung about 'em all my life, but never did I expect to see one. But I did, here it was; handsomer than song could sing. About three feet from the floor was a basin twelve feet wide, and round this, seventy-two cut glass vases for flowers, and four pillows havin' twelve lights and four more for flowers. In the centre column half way up, was the most beautiful crystal ornaments and doins you ever see, with burnin' jets inside; and over all was a dome held up by three columns, topped off with spread eagles. The age of this dome was all trimmed off with red, white, and blue, and under it was the Goddess of Liberty standin' on the globe. There is between three and four thousand pieces of glass in this fountain—so they told me—and they said it was the nicest one in the world; and I told 'em I didn't dispute it, for I had travelled round a good deal, and I never see the beat on't. And here it was that I got agitated and frightened; skairt most to death, and I wont deny it. I was a walkin' along, cool as a cluster cucumber at sunrise, and as calm, when I looked up and thinks'es I, there comes a woman that looks jest like the Smiths; thinks'es I, she looks *jest*

like me, only not quite so good lookin'. I stopped completely dumbfounded, and she stopped also in dumbfounder. I looked her in the face with a almost wild mean, and *her* mean looked almost wild.

I give right up that she *was* a Smith, and then realizin' what sort of a tower it was that I was on, I knew it was my place to make the first move towards gittin' acquainted with her; so I made her a low curchy, and she made me a low curchy. And then I walked right up and held out my hand to her, and she walked right up to me a holdin' out her hand. Says I, "Who you be mom, I don't know, but I believe my soul you are one of the Smiths, for you look as near like me as two peas, only you are a little fleshier than I be, and not quite so light complected." But what the next move would have been I don't know if all of a sudden right over her shoulder I hadn't seen the face of my Josiah, and I knew he was the other side of me. Cold shivers run over my back, when I felt a hand a seizin' and a holdin' of me back, and the voice of Josiah a sayin':

"What under the heavens Samantha, are you a tryin' to walk through that lookin'-glass for?"

I see then where I was, and says I in faint axents: "Josiah Allen, I should have been through it in a minute more;" and I should. I told him I was most glad it took place, for it truly seemed as if he renewed his age, it pleased him so. But he stopped it pretty sudden, for he had a little incident happen to him,



ONE OF THE SMITH FAMILY.

that made him pretty shy about pokin' fun at me. The way on't was, he had been sick all one night, and the next day he got so tired out that he said he guessed he would git into one of those rollin' chairs a few moments to rest him. He whispered to me that he shouldn't ride out but seven cents and a half, which would be only half a quarter of an hour. I whispered back to him that it would look small in him, and if I was in *his* place, I would ride a quarter of an hour, or not try to ride at all. But he whispered back to me, firm as brass, that seven cents worth and a half was all he should ride and that was more than he could afford. And knowin' well he was close, but honest, I didn't argue no more. He didn't tell the man, for fear he wouldn't want the bother for so little while.

That was the last I see of Josiah Allen for five hours and a half. He promised to meet me at a certain time and place, and I was skairt nearly to death. And I don't know as I should ever have seen him again, if I hadn't happened to meet him face to face. There he was a layin' back fast asleep, and that man had been a rollin' him round for five hours and a half by the clock, through the different worlds, and he not sensin' a thing—sleepin' jest as sweet in front of them horrible antediluvian monsters, and the crockydiles, as before calico and bobinet lace—treatin' 'em all alike, snorin' at the hull of 'em. I s'pose he had dropped to sleep the minute I left him, not sleepin' any the night before. I caught right holt

of his arm, and says to the man: "Stop instantly! it is my pardner that you are a rollin' on; it is a sleepin' Josiah."

I declare, the man looked almost as foolish as Josiah, only Josiah's mean had agony on it; and as



JOSIAH'S FIVE HOURS' RIDE.

he paid out the 3 dollars and 30 cents, his sithes were more like groans than common sithes. I haint heerd a word sense from Josiah Allen about my walkin' through a lookin' glass in search of a Smith.

We then went into Mexico and found it was a noble lookin' Nation, considerable on the castle plan;

trimmed off handsome at the top with several open places filled with statutes, and large minerals, and some of the handsomest plants I ever see. It seemed to have everything it needed to git along with.

But what was as interestin' to me as anything, was a great stone, weighin' about four thousand pounds, that fell right down out of some other world, landin' on ours, down in Mexico. Oh! what emotions I had in lookin' at it and thinkin' if I only knew what that stun knew, I should be a sight to behold. But I knew the stun wouldn't speak up and tell me anything about the world he had come from, or how he happened to start off alone, or whether he liked our world better than he did hisen, or anything, if I stood there till the next Sentinal.

And then we went in under a lofty arch, with curtains, and tassels, and banners, and lions, and crosses, and so 4th into Netherlands. And right there in the vestibule was pictures and drawin's and models; showin' plain what awful hard work they do have to keep their land from drowndin'; dretful interestin' it must be to inebriate drunkards there, seein' what strong barriers they have raised up between them and the water.

And we see a little brick house, with part of the thatched roof left open so you could see right down into the house; and a eatin' house with little folks settin' to the table, and some East India curiosities as curious as any curiosities I ever laid eyes on. And

then we travelled over into Brazil. I always knew Brazil was a noble Nation, but never, never did I imagine it was trimmed and ornamented off to such an extent. We went right in boldly under the ornaments and trimmings, and truly we did see enough to pay us for our trouble; there was flowers made out of the most brilliant feathers you ever see. Why I had s'posed old Hail the Day's feathers was shinin'; I've seen 'em look perfectly gorgeous to me when he was standin' round on one foot at the back door a crowin' and the sun was a shinin' down on him; but good land! what was his feathers compared to these. And then we see the big topaz, brilliant and clear as well-water almost, sunthin' the size of a goose egg—s'posen she, the goose, laid almost square eggs. And oh! if I only had a goose that laid such eggs, how well off I could git in one season if she done well; it is worth 150,000 dollars. And we see a sun dial fixed so the sun fired off a cannon every day at noon. Josiah said he never see the beat on't, to think the sun should be willin' to do such work for anybody—hire out to do day's works (as it were.) But I says, "if *anybody* could git him at it, it is Mr. Pedro;" says I, "it don't surprise me, that without makin' any fuss about it, or boastin' a mite, he has got the sun so it will fire off cannons for him or anything; it is jest like him." Says I, "Some monarchs are obleeged to wear a crown instead of a hat, and hold out a septer in their hand to make anybody *mistrust* they

are kings. But it haint so with *him*; *his* royalty haint put on the outside, it is inherient in *him*, and works out from his heart and soul."

I should have went on about him considerable more, —I have such a deep honor and respect, and such a strong (meetin' house) regard for him—but Josiah looked so restless and worrisky. He haint a jealous hair on the top of his head, (nor a hair of any description) but he worships me so, I s'pose it gauls him to see me praise up any other man; so we moved on and made a short tower into Belgium, and see their laces—I don't believe there is such splendid laces in the hull world as I see there, and they call 'em Brussels laces; mebby they be, but I don't believe it; anyway they haint made out of hog's brussels; that I know; and I told Josiah I knew it, and he said *he* did, or else they was different from any brussels he ever see—why you never see anything so perfectly fine and beautiful; the very nicest bobi-net lace that Mother Smith ever made into a cap border couldn't compare with the poorest of it. Jest one lace dress cost 7,000 dollars, and I wouldn't have made it for a cent less for anybody, even if they had found their own brussels. But where under the sun they ever found such brussels is a mystery to me, and to Josiah—we have talked it over lots of times sense.

And then we made a short call in Switzerland. She wasn't so big or trimmed off inside so much as some of the Nations. Her show cases was quaker color,

made up plain, but they looked well. And oh ! such watches as I did see there, and such music boxes ! There was one elegant lookin' one that played thirty-six tunes, and Josiah said he'd love to buy it, for he believed if he practiced enough, he could play on it first-rate. That man has a awful good opinion of himself—by spells ; says he : “ Don't you believe Samantha, that by tendin' right to it, and givin' my mind up to it, I could learn ? ”

Says I dryly, “ If you knew enough to play well on a fannin' mill, or a grindstun you probably could.”

And then we went back into the Main Aisle, that broad, and glitterin' highway, full of folks—for as big a crowd as you would see through all the Nations, you would always find a bigger one here, of Yankeys, Turkeys, German, Dutch, Tunicks, Jappaned men and Chinees, of all sizes, and every sex—and sot out for France. And truly if I hadn't give up bein' surprised long before, this place would have been the ruination of me. Why, if it hadn't been for a little episode that took place there, I don't know but I should be a wanderin' round there now. It beats all how the French race can look right down through even the useful, and see beauty in it, or make it. You could see everything there, from a necklace worth forty thousand dollars, to a clay pipe ; from a little gold bird that sings every half hour by the watch, up to Virgins, and sweet faced Madonnas and saints ; and the Shepherds and wise men worshippin' the infant

Christ in a stable, with real straw in the manger, and real hay in the oxen's rack. But good land! there's no use tryin' to tell what was there. I couldn't do it if I talked my tongue off, so I wont try.

I was a settin' down in the centre of the room on as soft a lounge as I ever sot on, a lookin' at the perfectly gorgeous and wonderful display of silks and velvets a displayin' themselves to me, when a good lookin' feller and girl come in, and sot down by me, and they was a talkin' over the things they had seen, and I a mindin' my own business, when the young feller spoke up, and says he to the girl:

"Have you seen John Rogers goin' to the Parson, to git married?"

"No," says she.

"Well," says he, "you ort to."

I turned right round and give that young feller a look witherin' enough to wither him, and says I: "That is a pretty story to tell to wimmen, that you have seen John Rogers goin' to the Parson to git married."

"I did see it," says he, jest as brazen as a brass candlestick.

Says I firmly, "You didn't."

"Says he, "I did."

Says I with dignity, "Don't you tell me that again, or I'll know the reason why. You never see John Rogers a goin' to git married. John was burnt up years ago; and if he wasn't, do you think he was a

man to go and try to git married again when he had a wife and nine childern, and one at the breast ! Never ! John Rogers'es morals was sound ; I guess it will take more than you to break 'em down at this late day."

The young feller's face looked awful red and he glanced up at the young woman and tried to turn it off in a laugh and says he :

" This is John Rogers Jr., old John Rogers'es boy."

" Why how you talk ! " says I in agitated tones :

" Which one is it ; is it the one at the breast ? "

" No ! " says he. " It is the seventh boy, named after his father. I am well acquainted with him," says he takin' out his watch : " I have an appointment to meet him in about half an hour, and I'll introduce you to him. You'd love to see his ' Goin' to the Parson,' it is a beautiful statute."

" Oh," says I, " then he is a Statuary by trade ! why didn't you say so in the first on't."

" Yes," says he, " he has got beautiful ones, and we will both go with you ; " and he smiled again at her, and she smiled back at him. My mind was all took up and agitated at the idee of seein' the son of that noble maytyr, my elevator over Betsey, the Widder and other sufferin's. I told Josiah I would be back again in a few moments, and then I told the young feller I was ready to go with 'em ; and presently I stood in the United States again, a lookin' at some beautiful little statutes.

John Rogers Jr. wasn't there when we arrived, and so I went to admirin' his statutes. They was perfectly beautiful, though middlin' small sized, and they all had clothes on, which was a surprise to me, and indeed a treat. The young couple comin' to the Parson, looked first-rate, though considerable sheepish. And there was the "Favored Scholar," lookin' pretty and important, and the little boy, who I persume got whipped several times a day, makin' up a face at her, jest as natural. And there was "We Boys," on the horse's back—goin' after the cows, mebbby; you could almost smell the clover blows, and the sweet hay a blowin' down the lane, and almost hear the tinklin' of the cow bell way off in the age of the woody pasture; the boys faces told the hull story. And then there was the confederate lady with the sick child, "Drawin' Rations" of the triumphant North. All the pride of a long race of proud ancestors looked out of her sad eyes, as she came to take charity of her conqueror; but it was done for love's sake—you could see that too, and that makes hard things easy. It is a middlin' quiet influence, but it is more powerful in movin' folks than a earthquake. And then there was the "Tap on the Window," and "Rip Van Winkle," and others; and before I had got half through admirin' of 'em, a good lookin' man come along that seemed awful tickled to see the feller and girl with me, and they laughed and whispered to each other real friendly, and then the young chap says he: "Allow me to

introduce you Madam, to my friend John Rogers Jr."

Says I, in tones tremblin' with emotion: "How do you do, John Rogers Jr., I'll make you acquainted with Josiah Allen's wife;" and then I made a low curchy and shook hands with him, and says I, "I am all well, and hope you are the same." And then politeness bein' attended to, I spoke out and says I:

"John Rogers Jr., you haint no idee how I have been admirin' your statutes, not only on account of their wonderful beauty, but on the account of your honored father. Your father, John Rogers Jr., was one of the noblest men I ever got acquainted with—in a history way, I mean. Folks may think they have got sound, well-seasoned principles that will stand most any strain, but I tell you, let anybody be sot fire to, and that will show what stuff they are made of." Says I, "I have heerd folks tell about gittin' up and bearin' the cross, in a room all carpeted off, and jest warm enough for comfort; I never loved to hear it, for if that means anything, it means bearin' the hull sin and sorrows of the world, the agony and despair, when earth destroyed and Heaven seemed to have forgotten. It means a good deal; I've heerd folks talk about bearin' their cross in gittin' up and exhortin' folks, when you couldn't tie 'em down they wanted to git up and talk so awful bad, and you couldn't stop 'em, when they got at it. Why, to look round on the congregation sometimes, you would think if there was any agony about it, the hearers was

the ones a sufferin' of it. It is all right to talk in meetin'; I have heerd them that I had jest as lives hear as any minister—tender, simple messages that come straight from a good lovin' christian heart, and went to other hearts, jest like a arrer from a bo.

But I never loved to hear folks say they was bearin' a cross when they wasn't. I say it is jest as bad to tell a wrong story in a meetin'-house as in a barn, or a sugar bush. I have heerd these same folks git up and say they was willin' to die off that minute for the Lord's sake, and after meetin' I would ask 'em to give 25 cents to help God's poor—work He left below for His childern to do in His name, and not a cent could I git from 'em. They was willin' to bear the cross for Him with their tongue, and die off for Him with the same, in conference meetin'; but when it come to lendin' the Lord 25 cents, this they truly felt was askin' too much of 'em. And then I had my own idees whether they was really willin' to die off, and I had my own mind too whether I was willin' to have 'em. When they was baptized they left their pocket books to home, in the stand draw, but *they* ort to have been baptized too—all over by immersion.

When the Lord gives a person health and strength to enjoy the beautiful world he placed him in, and powers to labor for Him and for humanity, I don't believe He requires at the same time dyin' grace of 'em. He wants them to have livin' grace, and use it. They ort to be willin' to live, which is a great deal harder

sometimes. But truly, I was drawn into this episod-
in' by comparin' your honored father in my mind with
these I have named. If they won't give 25 cents for
their religion, what would they say if they had to give
what your father gave. His principle and religion
bore the flames of agony and death and wasn't burnt



INTRODUCED TO JOHN ROGERS JR.

up—they couldn't make a fire hot enough." John
put his handkerchief to his face and I see he was dret-
fully affected, so I bid him a almost tender good-bye
and jined my pardner, and we went into England.

I took a sight of comfort in my tower through
Great Britain, a seein' her noble doins and meditatin'
how well off she was, and how she has prospered.

Of course I can't help feelin' a little parshal to America, but the old lady country seems awful near to me; I think a sight of her. You can't tear up a tree and set it out in a new place without leavin' lots of little roots in the old soil; a mother and daughter can't be parted away from each other without lots of memories and affections clingin' round each other's heart. Now, after I left Mother Smith's and had a home of my own, I was always glad to see Mother Smith have things for her comfort; the more dresses and housen stuff she had, the better I liked it. And so it was with me and England, I didn't feel a bit hurt because she seemed so well off; not a bit. Her display that she displayed to the Sentinal was next to our own in size and grandeur. It was beyond all description, so fur beyond, that description couldn't think of catchin' up, but would set right down.

I will merely mention one thing, a statute of the Saviour holdin' a child in his arms, "Safe in the arms of Jesus;" it was beautiful, extremely so; it almost brought tears to my eyes it was so affectin'.

And then we went to India, Josiah and me did; almost the oldest country in the world, and exceedingly curious. Here we see some of the most fine and delicate store clothes I ever laid eyes on; I could have hid a hull muslin dress of thirty-five yards in Josiah's vest pocket, if it would have been right so to do, and nobody would have mistrusted he was carryin' off a thing. Why, a double thickness hangin' over

my Josiah wouldn't hinder me from seein' my pardner a particle; and then we see dresses of the lower class, all made ready to put on; fourteen yards of cloth in a straight strip. Them wimmen don't fool away their time on boddis waists and overskirts.

Then we went through the hull of the British Colonies, stopped in front of the hull of 'em, treated 'em all friendly and alike. Then we tackled a hull lot of Islands, sailed round the hull of 'em from Victoria to New Zealand. While travellin' through the last named, I clung to Josiah's arm almost mekani-cally, though I knew his small weight by the steel-yards, (one hundred pounds, mostly bones) was in his favor. We see there the skeleton of the great wing-less bird Moa, bigger than the ostridge; by their tell, the eggs would be splendid for cookin'. Seven by ten—one biled egg would be enough for a large family. I asked 'em if they s'posed I could git a couple of eggs; I thought if I could, I would set three or four hens on 'em and a goose or two, and git a flock started.

And in Bermuda we see amongst lots of other things, some brain coral. And as the poet truly saith, "Every part strengthens a part," I thought what a interestin' and agreeable food that would be for some people to eat three times a day, till their symptoms was removed. We was travellin' through the Nations now pretty middlin' fast, not alone from principle heretofore named, but also from the fact that we had seen so much, that we didn't see nothin'.

In Sweden my feelins got worked upon to a very affectin' degree; first I knew, right there in the midst of life, and the brilliant animation of the scene, I see a little coffin and a cradle with a dead baby in it, and leanin' over it weepin', as if her heart would break was the afflicted mother; and in a chair nigh by, jest as if it was my Josiah, sot the father lookin' as if he would sink, with a little girl jest about the age of Tirzah Ann when I married her pa, a standin' by him. A man, a minister I thought by his looks stood by 'em, but not a woman nigh 'em, nobody offerin' to do a thing for 'em, and they in a strange land. I walked right up to 'em and says I in a tremblin' voice:

"You are a stranger to me, mom, but I see you are in deep trouble, and the hand of sorrow draws hearts that was wide apart close together, and the voice of pity and sympathy speaks through every language under the sun. Can I do anything to help you mom? If I can, command me do it, for I feel for you," says I drawin' out my white cotton handkerchief and wipin' my eyes, "I too am a stepmother."

She didn't say nothin'; I see grief was overcomin' of her, and I turned to him and says I, "If I can be of any use to you sir, if there is any preparations to make, I stand willin' and ready to make 'em."

He didn't say nothin'; so I says to the minister: "Respected sir, I see this afflicted family is perfectly overcome with their feelins; but I want 'em to know

when they come to and realize things, that if they need help I stand ready to help 'em. Will you tell 'em so?"

He didn't answer me a word; and thinks'es I, there haint but one more step that I can take to show my good will, and I says to the little girl in tender tones:

"Come to Aunt Samantha sissy, your poor pa is feelin' awfully." And I took holt of her hand, and there it was, nothin' but a dumb figger, and there they all was, nothin' but dumb figgers! And as I took a realizin' sense of it, I was a dumb figger myself (as it were), for most a minute I stood in deep dumbfounder—not shame, for my words had sot out from good motives, and the home of principle. But I put my handkerchief in my pocket and started along; Experience keeps a good school. There was more than twenty other figgers that I should have tackled as sure as the world, if I hadn't come right out of that school kep' by E. And in Norway I presume I should have asked that Laplander in a sledge, some questions about his own country; if reindeers was profitable as horses, or if he didn't think a cutter would be easier goin', or sunthin'. But as it was, I passed 'em with a mean almost marble for composure. I had had an idee that Sweden and Norway was sort o' hangin' back in the onward march of the Nations; why, I almost thought they was a settin' down; but I see my ignorance; they are a keepin' up nobly with Jonesville and the world

And then we, Josiah and me, went off into Italy, and there see more carved wood-work, perfectly wonderful, some of it; and jewelry and furniture, and statutes. There was one of David—I never see David look any better—and then there was one small statute of Dante. I wasn't formally acquainted with Dante myself, but I have heerd Thomas J. read about him a sight. Oh what troubles that man went through. It was very interestin' and agreeable to me to form his acquaintance here, (as it were.)

And then, not wantin' to slight nobody, we made a short tower, a very short one, through the Argentine Republic, though the news never had got to Jonesville—I never heerd in my life that there was such a Nation till I see its name wrote out. And there we see minerals, and shawls, and so 4th, and so 4th. Hearin' that Peru was right back of it, and feelin' that I would ruther lose a dollar bill than to have Peru feel slighted, we made 'em a short visit. I hadn't been there two moments before I told Josiah that I'd ruther have run the risk of hurtin' her feelins than to have gone near her, if I had had any idee what I was a goin' to see.

I can truly say without lyin' that they had the very humbliest skulls there that I ever did see. There haint any too much beauty in common skulls, but these were truly hegus. And such relies of humbliness; such awful lookin' water-jars—how anybody could ever drink a drop of water out of 'em is a

mystery to me. And such fearfully humbly mummys; there was eight on 'em, some with their knees drawd up to their breasts, and some in other postures, but every one on 'em enough to scare a cast-iron man—Josiah groaned aloud as he looked at 'em. I told him we ort to bear up under the sight as well as we could, for they was interestin' from the fact that they was dug up out of old tombs and mounds.

But he groaned again louder than ever, and says he, "What made 'em dig 'em up?" Says he, "If they had been on *my* land, I'd ruther give a dollar than to have had 'em dug out where I could see 'em."

I got Josiah out as quick as I could for I see them mummys and relics had overcome him so. I hurried him out, for I was afraid he would git completely unstrung, and I knew if he should, I was too afflicted with horror myself to try to string him up again. So we went back still further, into Orange, for I told Josiah I would be glad enough to git a couple of fresh oranges, for we both needed refreshin' after what we had passed through. But I didn't see an orange there, though I see some noble ostridge feathers, and diamonds, and wheat, and elephant tusks, and cream of tartar vegetable, and so 4th, and etcetery; and then we went right off into China.

I told Josiah it would look friendly in us to pay considerable attention to China, they bein' neighbors of ours, (their land joins our farm I s'pose, on the underside.) Some folks think that this is the most

strikin' Nation to the Sentinal, but I don't know as it struck me much harder than Japan did—they both dealt my mind fearful blows. We entered into this country through a tall noble gateway of carved wood painted in dark colors, with the roof turned up, and trimmed off with dragons like tea-chests and pagodas, and all other Chinese public structures. And the show cases was on the same plan, all fixed off with such curious figgers; and curious is no name for what we see there. Such carvin's of wood and ivory; why there was a hull meetin' house, most all steeple, seven or eight stories high, with bells a hangin' from every one of 'em. This meetin' house was all fenced in with trees in the door yard, and men and wimmen a walkin' up to the house of Joss. The hull thing was carved out of ivory. I almost disputed the eye of my spectacles as I see it. And then there was a hull procession of ivory Mandarins, meanderin' along; and balls within balls, fifteen in number, the outside one bein' not much bigger than a hen's egg, and every one of 'em carved with the most exquisite vines and flowers. How they ever done it is a mystery to me, and so it is to Josiah.

And then such splendid though extremely curious furniture as we see here; there was seven elegant pieces which was made of mahogany, trimmed off beautifully with whitewood and ivory; each piece was about the height of a table, and the seven could be formed into seven thousand shapes. Anybody could

change 'em into a new article of furniture every day for twenty years. For a restless woman that is always movin' round her bedstead and buro, and parlor table, these would be indeed refreshin' and agreeable housen stuff. And there was a four thousand dollar bedstead, all ornamented and embellished with different sorts of dragons, and other interestin' reptiles. There was sights of work on it. I haint got a bedstead in my house, that there is half the work on; but I have got them that I believe my soul I could sleep in as well again, for there was so many animals of different kinds a creepin' up, and lookin' down from overhead, and crawlin' along the sides, that, thinks'es I to myself, after layin' on it for several days, a nite mair would be almost a treat. I don't say that the mair would look so curious, but she would be a sort of a rarity.

But if I had disputed the eye of my spectacle in China, what could I say to 'em in Japan. Such nicety of work, such patience and long sufferin' as must have gone into their manufacturys. Why there was a buro, black and gold, with shelves and draws, and doors hung with gold and silver hinges, and every part of that buro clear to the backside of the bottom draw, was nicer, and fixed off handsomer than any handkerchief pin. They asked four thousand five hundred dollars for it, and it was worth it; I wouldn't make it for a cent less, and so I told the Jappaned man that showed it off to us. Though, as I said to him, bein' a literary woman doin' my own housework,



THE CHINESE DEPARTMENT.

and off on towers of principle every little while, it wasn't much likely I should ever git time to make one.

I was jest lookin' admirinly at a tall noble tea-pot, when a woman dressed up awful slick says to me: "Did you ever see such rare and lovely articles of virtu?"

"Says I coolly, "I have seen jest as virtuous tea-pots as that is, though," says I, "I don't know a thing ag'inst its character, and persume it is as likely a tea-pot as tea was ever steeped in; but I don't know as it is any more so."

Says she, "You didn't understand me Madam; I said they were rare articles of virtu."

Says I firmly, and with dignity, "I heerd you the first time; but I differ with you mom. I don't think virtuous tea-pots *are* rare, I never was one to be a mistrustin' and lookin' out for meanness so much as some be. I never should think of mistrustin' a tea-pot or sugar bowl no more than I should my Josiah, and I should jest as soon mistrust a meetin' house as him."

She looked me full in the face in a sort of a wonderin' way, and started off. I guess she didn't know much, or mebby she made a blunder. I know I never heerd anybody talk about stunware bein' virtuous in my hull life before. But folks will git things wrong sometimes; I persume I should myself if I wasn't so awful careful what I said and who I said it to.

After she went off I went to lookin' at the bronzes. Never before did I feel on such intimate terms with

dragons, and cranes, and storks. Why I felt as if I knew 'em like sisters.

There was one vase higher than my Josiah, that the handles of it was clear dragons, and nothin' else, and a row of wimmen a dancin' round it, each one carryin' a rose in her hand bigger than her head, and up the sides of it was foxes in men's clothes. And the handles of another vase was a flock of birds settlin' down on a rock, with a dragon on it, and on top of it a eagle a swoopin' down onto a snake. There was the most lovely blue and white vases as tall again as my pardner, with gold dragons on 'em; and scarlet and green vases with sandy complected dragons on 'em. Oh, how well acquainted I did git with 'em! I told Josiah I almost wished we could buy a span of 'em to take home with us, to remember Japan by, for she is a example to follow in lots of things. Her patriotism, her enthusiasm in learnin' is a pattern for Jonesville and other Nations of the world to foller. Better behaved, well-meaniner little men than them Jappaned men (though dark complexioned) I don't want to see; they are truly gentlemen. To see 'em answerin' questions so patient and polite, impudent questions and foolish ones and everything, and they a bearin' it, and not losin' their gentle ways and courtesy, not gettin' fractious or worrisky a mite; I hunched Josiah to take notice, and says I, "Josiah Allen you might set at their feet and learn of 'em with advantage to you. China and Japan are

both queer, but Japan's queerness has a imaginative artistic quirl to it that China's queerness don't have. Truly the imaginations of them Jappaned men must be of a size and heft that we can hardly realize.

Leavin' Japan, I told Josiah I guessed we would not go to Denmark, and he said he might live through it, and he might not, he was so near starved. But he hadn't hardly got into that country when all of a sudden he laid holt of me and pulled me out one side, and says he :

"Look out my dear Samantha, or you'll git hurt."

I looked up and I was most startled for a minute myself, for a man stood there holdin' a great stun over his head, a lookin' down as if he was a goin' to throw it right at our heads. But in a minute I says, "It is a statute, Josiah, it wont hurt us."

And he cooled down ; he hadn't called me "dear Samantha" before, for over fourteen years ; but truly danger is a blister that draws love to the outside. He almost worships me, but like other married men, he conceals it a good deal of the time. His affectionate mean had softened up my own feelins too, so I didn't stay to Denmark only jest long enough to see some very beautiful crockery, and a large collection of exceedinly curious curiosities from Greenland, and then Josiah and me (at his request) went and took a lunch at a little tarvern right in the buildin'.

I felt kinder disappointed about not stayin' no longer in Denmark, on account of Hamlet (he come from

that neighborhood, you know) and I always did think so much of him, and Ophelia too. I have often heerd Thomas J. read about 'em; and I've always thought if they had been let alone they would have done well, for she seemed to think everything of him, and he of her. I got to thinkin' over her affection and her disappointment while I was eatin' my dinner. Thinks'es I, love is too sacred and holy a emotion to be dickered and fooled with; it is a great emotion, and ort to be treated greatly and reverently; but their haint a single emotion in the hull line of emotions that is so meddled and fooled round with as this is. Folks that have it seem to be ashamed of it, and other folks make fun of 'em for havin' it. Curious! you haint ashamed of havin' gratitude, or pity, or generosity in your heart, and other folks don't make light of you for havin' 'em; but when it comes to love, which is the holiest of all, the shadder of the Infinite, the symbol of all that is heavenly and glorious, the brightest reflection we catch on earth of the Divine Nature, folks giggle at it and snicker; curious, very! But I always felt sorry for Ophelia and Hamlet.

Then we sot sail for Egypt. There was a heavy lookin' wall and gateway, and on each side was a big square column, or pillow, though some tippin'. Over the gate was the flags of Egypt and the United States, green and yellor, red, white, and blue, minglin' together jest as friendly as the green earth, and red and yellor sunsets, with stars a shinin' through 'em ever

did ; and some of the curiouset lookin' writin' I ever did see. On each side, amongst lots of other ornaments and things, was two as ancient lookin' females as I ever see on a bust, and these words printed out in good noble writin' : " The oldest people of the world sends its morning greeting to the youngest Nation."

As we went in, two Egyptians met us, dressed in their national costume, as loose and baggy as a meal bag, and Josiah looked admirinly at 'em, and says he, " How remarkable they do hold their age, Samantha ; they don't look much older than *I* do ;" and says he in a still more respectful tone, " they must be pretty nigh onto two hundred."

" What makes you think so, Josiah Allen ?" says I.

" Why" says he " you see it wrote out there ' the oldest people in the world', and we have 'em here over a hundred."

Says I, " Josiah Allen if it wasn't for me how little your tower would elevate you, and inform you ;" says I, " it don't mean them, it means most probable them old wimmen up there on a bust, or mebbly it means old sphynx—the old lady who takes care of the pyramids—you know she is old as the hills, and older than lots of 'em."

Says he " I wonder if that is her handwritin' clear up over the gate-way ! I should think she was old by that ; I should jest as lives go down to the creek and read duck's tracks and slate stuns."

And we see a bust of Pharioh, who was drowned

in the Red Sea. A good lookin' man for one that was twenty-two hundred and fifty years old, and was plagued so much, and went through with what he did. And in another room of the Court we see the man that built one of the pyramids, Cephenees by name,—a feller six thousand years old. Good land ! As I looked on him, I felt as if Josiah and me was two of the very smallest drops in a mighty ocian that hadn't no beginnin' nor no endin', no bottom and no shore. I felt almost choked up, and exceedinly curious. From Egypt we went straight into Turkey, and there we saw lots of beautiful articles them Turkeys had made out of olive-wood, and etcetery. We saw pipes with long stems for smokin' water ; Josiah said he'd love to try one of 'em, and I believe he would if it hadn't been for me. There was a Turkish Bazzar on the grounds where they go to smoke 'em ; but I told him almost coldly, that he had better go home and smoke the penstock that he draws water with from the canal ; and he give up the idee.

And there was handsome silks of all colors ; there was one piece of a soft grey color, that I told Josiah I would love dearly to have a dress of it, and after I said that, that man hurried me along so I didn't hardly see anything—I s'pose he wanted to git the idee out of my head, for he never seemed easy a minute till he got me out of Turkey back into Portugal. I never felt intimately acquainted with this Nation—I knew our port come from Portugal, and that they

raised considerable cork—but I found many handsome things there; splendid paper of all sorts, writin' paper, and elegant bound books, and some printin' on satin, invitations to bull fights, and other choice amusements. I told Josiah I should think they would have to be printed on satin to git anybody started to 'em. And jest as I was sayin' this, a good-lookin' woman says to me: "Splendid stationery, isn't it?"

I see she had made a blunder and it was my duty to set her right, so says I to her: "I don't know as it is any more stationery than paper and books commonly is; they are always stationary unless you move 'em round."

She looked at me sort o' wonderin' and then laughed but kep' her head up as high as ever. It beats all what mistakes some folks will make and not act mortified a mite; but if I should make such blunders I should feel cheap as dirt. Then we took a short tower into Spain, and we found she had trimmed and ornamented herself beautiful. You could stand for hours a lookin' at the front of this Nation painted to look like colored marble, and all figured off so emblematical and curious. And then we started for Russia, and we see that if any Nation had done well, and put her best foot forred, she had. Such furs as I see there I don't never expect to see again.

Such awful sights of silks and velvets, and embroideries in gold! There was one man all embroidered in gold that looked splendid, with a crown of the most

brilliant jewels on his head, and another shinin' one on the table by the side of him; and all round in a border was as many as twenty other gold saints; they looked rich. And then there was all sorts of linen and cotton goods and umberells and everything.

And in Austria and Hungary we see beautiful bent wood furniture of all kinds, and the awfulest sight of kid gloves, and chromos, and oil paintins, and musical instruments, and the most beautiful Bohemian glass anybody ever did see. And it was there we see the biggest opal in the world; it is worth 25,000 dollars, and the man told me it weighed six hundred and two carats.

I spoke right up and says I, "They must be awful small carrots then."

We didn't argue with him, but we didn't believe it, Josiah nor I didn't, for if the carrots was any size at all, six hundred of 'em would have made more'n two bushels. But it was a noble lookin' stun, and a crowd of wimmen was round it all the while. I declare I admired some of their jewelry fearfully; Josiah see that I did, and with a anxious mean he hurried me off into Germany. And here we see everything, etcetery and so 4th; makin' one of the nicest displays to the Sentinal—and jewelry, and gold and silver ware, and ivory ware, of all sorts. There was one case containin' velvet that was made of glass and velvet, the finest case in the hull Main Buildin'.

But now, havin' gone the rounds of the Nations,

and treatin' 'em all alike, so they couldn't one of 'em, call me uppish or proud spirited; politeness bein' attended to and nobody slighted, I told Josiah that I must git out in the open air and rest off the eyes of my spectacles a little, or I didn't know what the result would be. My head was in a fearful state; I had seen so much, it seemed as if I couldn't see nothin', and at the same time I could see everything, right where it wasn't, or anywhere. Why, when I would look up in my Josiah's face, it seemed as if I could see right on his forehead, dragons, and pulpits, and on that peaceable bald head I could see (as it were) crockydiles, and storks, and handkerchief pins; my mean must have looked bad. So we hurried out through the crowd, and went out under a venerable tree by the side of the path, and sot down; and anon, or about that time, my spectacles begun to be rested off, and I see clearer, and realized things one at a time, more than I *had* realized 'em. When I come out of that Main Buildin', everything was mixed up together to a degree that was almost alarmin'.

But the minute Josiah Allen got rested, he was all roused up with a new idee. He had caught a sight that day of a Photograph Gallery, and nothin' to do but he must go and have his picture took.

Says he, "I will go and be took Samantha; sunthin' may happen that we shall have to go home sudden, and I do want to be took before I leave the village, for I shant probable look so dressy, and have so pretty

a expression onto me for some time; I shall make a crackin' good lookin' picture, Samantha."

That man is vain ! but I didn't throw it in his face, I only told him almost coldly to be took if he wanted to. And then he beset me to be took too. Says he, "If you will, we will be holt of hands, or lockin' arms, or any way."

But I told him firmly, I was on a tower of Right, and though I expected and lotted on sufferin' and bein' persecuted as a P. A., I would not suffer as the foolish ones do; I would not, for nothin', go into a job I dreaded worse than makin' soap, or bilein' sap. But, says I, "I will set here and wait for you."

So he set off to be took, feelin' awful neat, and sayin' to me the last thing, what a crackin' handsome picture he was a goin' to make.

That man is as vain as a pea-hen ! I sot right there peaceful and considerable composed, though it give me solemn feelins to watch the crowd a passin' by all the time, no two alike, always a movin' on, never a stoppin'. They seemed like the waves of a river that was surgin' right on towards a sea whose name is Eternity; oh, how they kep' a movin' on ! Liberals from Liberia, Tunicks from Tunis, Sandwiches from Sandwich, Oranges from Orange, Turkeys from Turkey and Poles from Poland; white men, and yellor men, and black men, and red men, and brown men. Oh ! what a sight it was to see the endless wave and rush a settin' on and on forever.

And as I see 'em,—though in body I was a settin' there—I too was one of 'em a bein' carried on, and floatin' toward the ocian. I seemed to be kinder dizzy, “a ridin’,” as childern say when they set on a bridge and watch the current sweep by; I was one of the waves, and the river was a runnin' swift.

I hadn't allegoried (to myself) more than two or three minutes, probable, when I see a form I knew, Jonathan Beans'es ex-wife by name, and a vegetable widow by trade. I rose right up and catched holt of her pin back, and says I, “Jonathan Beans'es ex-wife, how do you do?” she turned round.

“Why Josiah Allen's wife! is it you?” And we shook hands, and kissed each other, (though I don't make a practice of it.) And then I told her that Josiah had gone to be took, and I was a waitin' for him, and she sot right down by me, cousin Bean did. Perhaps you will notice that I say Bean, and not ex-Bean, as formally; she is livin' with her husband again, so she told me the first thing. Bean has come back, and they are keepin' a hen dairy in Rhode Island; I asked her if the hens didn't bother her a fallin' off in the water, and she said they didn't; and I told her you couldn't always tell by the looks of a map how things really was. Then we talked a good deal about the Sentinal, and then I inquired about Miss Astor and the boys; and then we spoke about Alexander, and I told her I felt awful cut down when I heerd he was gone; and then we talked

about Alexander's Widder, and we felt glad to think that it wasn't likely she would ever be put to it for things to eat or wear, and had a comfortable house to live in, "most a new one," Miss Bean said.

I told her I was glad she had a house that wouldn't want shinglin' right away; it is hard enough to be a Widder without bein' leaked down on.

And then we meandered off into other friends in the village, and I asked her if Victoria had been cuttin' up and behavin'?

She said, she guessed my advice had quieted her down. She hadn't heerd of her actin' for quite a spell. I felt noble when she told me this, but her very next words made me feel different; I didn't feel so good as I did. Says she: "Beecher has been talked about some sense you was to the village."

Says I in a almost dry tone, "I have heerd his name mentioned once or twice durin' the past few years."

"I believe he is guilty," says she with a radiant look.

"Well *I* don't," says I almost warmly. "I don't believe it no more than I believe my pardner is a drumedary." And says I firmly, "I will come out still plainer; I don't believe it no more than I believe Josiah Allen is an ostridge."

"Oh!" says she with a still more delighted and lively mean, "I never see anybody talked about quite so bad as he has been; and that shows that meetin' house folks haint no better than common folks."

Miss Bean is a Nothingarian in good standin', and

loves to see meetin' house folks brought low ; loves it dearly. "Jest think," says she with that proud and raptuous look on her, "how high he has stood up on a meetin' house, and how he has been run down it."

But I interrupted of her by askin' her this conundrum, in about as cold a tone as they make.

"Miss Bean, which would be apt to have the biggest, blackest shadder at its feet ; a mullien stalk, or a meetin' house ?"

"Why, a meetin' house, of course," says she.

"Well," says I, "that is reasonable. I didn't know," says I in a very dry tone, "but you would expect to see a shadder as black and heavy as a meetin' house shadder, a taggin' along after a mullien stalk. But it wouldn't be reasonable ; the cloud of detraction and envy and malice that follers on at the feet of folks is generally proportioned to their size." Says I, "Jonathan Beans'es wife, you are not a runnin' at Henry, you are runnin' at Religion."

Says I, "If Christianity can stand ag'inst persecution and martyrdom, if it is stronger than death and the grave, do you s'pose Jonathan Beans'es wife, and the hull Nothingarian church is a goin' to overthrow it?"

Says I, "Eighteen hundred years ago the unbelievers thought they had hurt it all it could be ; they thought they had crucified it, buried it up, and rolled a stun ag'inst it ; but it was mightier than death and the grave, it rose up triumphant. And the fires of martyrdom in which they have tried to destroy it

ever sense, has only burnt away the chaff; the pure seed has remained, and the waves of persecution in which time and again they have tried to drown it, has only scattered the seed abroad throughout the world, wafted it to kinder shores: friendlier soils, in which it has multiplied and blossomed a thousand fold more gloriously. And," says I, "the wave of infidelity that is sweepin' over it now, will only sweep away the dross, the old dry chaff of dead creeds, superstitions, and bigotry—it can no more harm religion than you can scatter dust on the floor of heaven."

"Well," says she, "Sam Snyder'ses wife, she that was Cassandra Bean is a waitin' for me and I must go." She looked uneasy, and she told me she would see me the next day, and started off.

And I sot there and waited for Josiah, and when he did come I see he was wore almost completely out, and his mean looked as bad as I ever see a mean look. He didn't seem to want to talk, but I would make him tell the particulars, and finally he up and told 'em. He said he got into the wrong buildin'—one that had pictures to show off, but didn't take 'em. But a clever lookin' feller showed him the way to go to be took, way acrost Agricultural Avenue, and he got into the wrong house there, got into Judges Hall, right where they was a judgin'. He said he never felt so mortified in his life.

"I should think as much," says I.

But he looked still more deprest, and says he :

“Worse is to come, Samantha.” I see by his looks he had had a tegus time. I see he was completely unstrung, and it was my duty to try to string him up with kindness and sympathy, and so says I almost tenderly, “Tell your pardner all about it Josiah.”

“I hate too,” says he.

Says I firmly, “Josiah, you *must*.”

“Well,” says he. “I got into another wrong room, where some wimmen was a kinder drëssin’ ’em.”

“Josiah Allen!” says I sternly.

“Well, who under the sun would have been a look-in’ out for any such thing. Who would think,” says he with a deeply injured air, “that wimmen would go a prancin’ off so fur from home before they got their dresses hooked up, or anything.”

I knew there was a room there a purpose for ladies to go and fix up in, and I says more mildly—for his mean most skairt me—“I persume there was no harm done Josiah, only most probable you skairt ’em.”

“Skairt ’em!” says he. “I should think so; they yelled like lunys.”

“And what did you say?” says I.

“I told ’em,” says he, “I wanted to be took.”

“And what did they say?” says I, for he would keep a stoppin’ in the particulars.

“Oh! they yelled louder than ever; they seemed to think I was crazy, and a policeman come —”

“And what did you tell him?” says I.

“What *could* I tell him?” he snapped out. Of

course I told him I wanted to be *took*, and he said he'd take me, and he did," says Josiah sadly. Again the particulars stopped, and again I urged him. And says he: "Comin' out of that room, and down the



JOSIAH "BEIN' TOOK."

steps so awful sudden, got my head kinder turned round, and instead of goin' into the picture room, I went the wrong way and got into the Japan house."

"Did you make any move towards gittin' me a Japaned dust pan?" I interrupted of him.

"No, I *didn't*! I should think I see trouble enough, without luggin' round dust pans. I told them I wanted to be took, and they didn't understand me, and I come right out and offered a boy I see there, five cents to git me headed right, and he did it."

Josiah stopped here, as if he wasn't goin' to speak another word. But says I, "Josiah Allen was you took?"

"*Yes I was*," he snapped out.

"Lemme see the picture," says I firmly.

He hung off, and tried to talk with me on religion, but I stood firm, and says I, "You was a lottin' on a handsome picture, Josiah Allen."

"Throw that in my face will you, what if I *was*. I'd like to know if you expect a man to have a handsome dressy expression, after he has traipsed all over Pennsylvany, and been lost, and mortified, and helped round by policeman, and yelled at by wimmen. And the man told me after I sot down, to look at a certain knot-hole, and git up a brilliant happy expression, and git inspired and animated. I did try to, but the man told me such a gloomy expression wouldn't do no how, and says he, "my kind friend, you must look happier; think of the beautiful walk you had a comin' here; think of the happy scenes you passed through."

"I *did* think of 'em," says Josiah, "and you can see for yourselves jest how it looks."

It truly went ahead of anything I ever see for meachinness, and wretchedness. But I wouldn't say a word to add to his gloom, I only says in a warnin' way, "You had better keep by your pardner after this Josiah Allen." And I added as I heerd the hour a strikin' from the great clock on Machinery Hall, "It is time for us to go home." And we went.



WIDDER DOODLE AS A BRIDE.

THE next mornin' we went to the grounds early and walked along the broad, beautiful path (though very warm) and anon, we see through the tall, noble trees on the nigh side of us, beautiful Horticultural Hall a risin' up lookin' considerable like some splendid foreign pictures I had seen of Morocco (not Morocco shoes, but jography Morocco); and there I was calmly walkin' along admirin' the gorgeous, and stately but delicate and almost dream-like beauty of the structure, when all of a sudden I see a peaceable lookin' old lady a comin' along with her hair braided up in one long braid, and her dress cut night-gown fashion; she looked cool and comfortable and was mindin' her own business, and carryin' a umberell; and in her other hand she had some things done up in a paper. She was from some of the old countries I knew by her dress and her curious looks—her eyes bein' sot in sort o' biasin', and her complexion was too yeller for

health—she wasn't well ; she eat tea-grounds I knew the minute I looked at her ; nothin' will give the complexion that saffrony yellor look that tea-grounds will. And jest as she got most up to us three young fellers begun to impose upon her. They wasn't men, and they wasn't childern ; they was passin' through the land of conceitedness, feeble whiskers, and hair-oil.

And there she was, behavin' herself like a perfect



POLITENESS TO A STRANGER.

lady, and them three healthy young American fellers a laughin' and a scortin' and a pokin' fun at her—a pintin' at her hair and her dress, and her shoes, which was wooden—but none of their business nor mine if they was ; finally one of them took holt of her long braid and give it a yank, and called her "John" ; and

she, a tryin' to save herself, dropped her paper and it bust open and all the things in it scattered out on the ground. As she stooped down in a patient way and went to pickin' 'em up, I jest advised them young fellers for their good. I had been told that day that the fureigners had most all of 'em had to change their own costume for ourn, the Americans made such fun of 'em; it mortified me dretful to have my own folks show such awful bad manners; and says I:

"I would be ashamed of myself if I was in your places; are you such conceited fools as to think our dress is the dress of the world, and our ways all the ways there is under the sun? Although you probable don't know it, you are only a very small part of the world—a very little and mean part. You would do well to learn a little Japan gentleness, and some Turkey politeness," and says I, warmly, as I looked at their pert impudent faces, and then at her patient form—"Poles could learn you a good deal, and they would to, if I had my way." They started off lookin' kinder meachin', and I laid to and helped her pick up her things; and I told her she must overlook it in coots; says I, "most Americans would be ashamed of them, as they ort to be of themselves."

But Josiah hunched me, and whispered: "Be you a goin' to stand all day a talkin' to that man?"

"*Man*" says I, in witherin' tones.

"Yes, it is a Chinaman, and do come along."

Says I, "Josiah Allen, it is a pity if I can't have

the privilege of speakin' to a likely woman, afflicted with ganders, without your up and callin' her a man."

He argued back that it was a man, but I wouldn't multiply any more words with him, and we went on by the broad lawn, or so they called it—though I told Josiah it looked more like velvet than it did like any lawn I ever see. It looked jest like the green velvet I had a bunnet made out of when I was a girl; fresh, and green, and soft, and bright. And there was hundreds of the most gorgeous and brilliant flower beds scattered over it, and ornamental vases runnin' over with vines and flowers, and evergreens of all sorts; but I can't describe it and wont try.

I said before, that Horticultural Hall was dream-like in its beauty, but as I got nearer to it I see my mistake; it was fur handsomer. I couldn't have drempt out such a exquisitely lovely buildin' if I had gone to sleep a purpose; and so I told Josiah, as we went up the broad blue marble steps, past great century plants and oranges with oranges on 'em, up into a lofty place filled with folks, and flights of the most elegant steps on each side, and tall pillows standin' up at the foot of 'em, with clusters of lamps on top, and folks a goin' up and down on 'em—the stairs I mean. Goin' right in out of the blazin' sunshine, it seemed to me as if I never did see coolness so cool, and greenness so green, and shade so uncommon shady before. Never did I see such noble and almost foam-in' lookin' green leaves of all kinds and shapes,

from the size of a pusly leaf, to them big enough to make my Josiah a pair of pantaloons and a overcoat.

The floor was sort o' openwork, with plain stripes runnin' down through it, sunthin' as I knit stockings when I want 'em to look uncommon well. But oh! how lovely it did look to me, as I glanced down as fur as I could see ahead of me, to see clear from the floor to away up overhead, the beautiful green branches a spreadin' out, and the lovely poseys, and over 'em and amongst 'em great bunches of lamps a hangin' that looked like drops of light as the sun shone through 'em, and stars and ornaments of all kinds, a glistenin' up there on the lofty ceilin'; and down below there was white marble statutes a gleamin' and fountains a gushin' out.

There was one fountain that I took to dretfully. A noble big vase bound with acanthus leaves, was a shoot-in' up water, clear as a crystal, and at the foot of it on some rock work, sot three handsome childern jest ready to plunge down into the cool, wet water; one of 'em was blowin' a shell, he felt so awful neat. There was lots of fountains in the Hall but none so uncommon handsome as this; and that noble fountain was the work of a woman; and as I looked at it, I thought I should be proud and happy to take her by the hand and say:

"Miss Foley, I too am a woman, I am proud to sympathize with you."

A good lookin' woman, dressed up slick, with a little

book and pencil in her hand spoke up and says to me :

“It is wonderful, haint it?”

Says I, “Wonderful haint no name for it.”

“That’s so;” says she, and added, “have you seen the phantom leave?” or sunthin’ like that.

Says I, firmly, “There haint been no phantom here appearin’ to me, and how could I see it leave?” Then thinkin’ of my vow, and likin’ her looks first-rate, I says in a encouragin’ tone, “There has somebody been a tryin’ to fool you mom, there haint no such things as ghosts and phantom’ses. Ghosts and phantoms are made of moonshine, and fear and fancy are the makers of ’em.”

She took up her parasol—a pale blue one all covered with white lace—and pinte right up at a glass case, and says she :

“Phantom leaves I mean, you can see them.”

“Oh!” says I, “I thought you meant a ghost.” They was handsome; looked as white and delicate as the frost-work on our winders in December.

It wasn’t probable more’n half an hour after this that my pride had a fall. Truly, when we seem to be a standin’ up the straightest, tottlin’ may come onto us, and sudden crumplin’ of the spiritual knees. There I had been a boastin’ in my proud philosophical spirit that there was no such things as phantoms, and lo, and behold! within thirty-one minutes time, I thought I see a ghost appearin’ to me; I was skairt, and awe-stricken. The way on’t was, Josiah beset

me to go into some of the different hot-houses in the buildin', and I had told him firmly, that bein' very fleshy and warm-blooded, I was satisfied and more'n satisfied with the heat of the place I was in; but if *he* wasn't—bein' thinner in flesh, if he felt chilly, he could go and I would meet him in a certain place. So he went on, and I meandered back into the Main Hall. And there I stood a lookin' peacefully up into the boughs of a Injy Rubber tree, and thinkin' pensively to myself what fools anybody was to think that rubber-boots and shoes grew right out of the tree, for they didn't—no such thing; they had green leaves like any tree—when all of a sudden I heerd these words:

“Oh Doodle! Doodle! if you was alive, I shouldn't be in this perdic kerment!”

If I had had some hen's feathers by me, I should have burnt a few, or if I had had a tea-cup of water I should have throwed some in my face, to keep me from faintin' away. But not havin' none of these conveniences by me, I see I must make a powerful effort, and try to control myself down; and jest as I was a makin' this effort, these words come again to my almost rigid ear:

“Oh Doodle! Doodle! you never would have stood by, and seen your relict smashed to pieces right before your dear linement.”

And as I heerd these words I see her appearin' to me. I see the Widder Doodle, emergin' from the crushin' crowd, and advancin' onto me like a phantom.

Says I to myself, "Be you a ghost or be you a phantom? Are you a fore-runner, Widder?" says I, "you be a fore-runner, I know you be," for even as I looked I see behind her the form of Solomon Cypher advancin' slowly on, and appearin' to me too. I



THE PHANTOM.

felt fearfully curious. But in about three-fourths of a minute my senses come back—for the big wave of folks sort o' swept off somewhere else, and left the Widder Doodle some like a sea-weed nigh me. And on lookin' closer at her I see that no respectable ghost who thought anything of itself, would go out in company lookin' so like furyation—I felt better, and says I:

"Widder Doodle, how under the sun did you come here to the Sentinal?"

Says she, "Samantha, I am married; I am on my tower."

Says I in faint axents, "Who to?"

"Solomon Cypher," says she.

Again I thought almost wildly of burnt feathers, for it seemed so fearfully curious to think she should be a double and twisted ort, as you may say; should be a ort by name, after bein' one by nater all her days. But again the thought come to me, that I had no conveniences for faintin' away, and I must be calm, so says I, "Married to Solomon Cypher!"

And then it all come back to me—their talk the day he come to borry my clothes for the mourners; her visits to his housekeeper sense; and his strange and almost foolish errants to our house from day to day; but I didn't speak my thoughts, I only said:

"Widder Doodle, what ever put it into your head to marry again?"

Well, she said she had kinder got into the habit of marryin', and it seemed some like a second nater to her—and she thought Solomon had some of Doodle's linement—so she thought she would marry him. She said he offered himself in a dretful handsome style; she said the childern of the Abbey, or Thadeus of Warsaw couldn't done it up in any more foamin' and romantic way; she said he was a bringin' her home in his wagon from a visit I remembered her makin' to his housekeeper.

"Three weeks after his wife's death!" says I.

“Yes,” says she, “Solomon said the corpse wouldn’t be no deader than she was then, if he waited three months, as some men did.” Says she, “The way on’t was, I was a praisin’ up his horse and wagon—a new double wagon with a spring seat—when all of a sudden he spoke out in a real ardent and lover like tone: ‘Widder Doodle, if you will be my bride, the wagon is yourn, and the mares.’ Says he, ‘Widder, I throw myself onto your feet, and I throw the wagon and mares onto ’em; and with them and me, I throw eighty-five acres of good land, fourteen cows, five calves, four three year olds and a yearlin’, a dwellin’ house, a good horse barn, and myself. I throw ’em all onto your feet, and there we lay on ’em.’

“He waited for me to answer and it flustrated me so that I says: ‘Oh Doodle! Doodle! if you was alive you would tell me what to do, to do right.’” “And that,” says she, “seemed to mad him; he looked black and hard as a stove pipe, his forward all wrinkled up, and he yelled out that he didn’t want to hear nothin’ about no Doodle nor he wouldn’t neither.” Says she “He hollered it up so, and looked so threatnin’ that I took out my snuff handkerchief and cried onto it, and he said he’d overlook Doodle for once, and then he said again in a kind of a solemn and warnin’ way: ‘Widder I am a layin’ on your feet, and my property, my land, my live stock, my housen, and my housen stuff, are all a layin’ on ’em; make up your mind, and at once, for if you don’t consent I have got other

views ahead on me, which must be seen to at once, and instantly. Time is hastenin', and the world is full of willin' wimmen, Widder, what do you say ?'

"And then," says she, "I kinder consented, and he said we'd be married and he'd turn off his hired girl, and I could go right there and do the house-work, and help him what I could out doors, and tend to the milk of fourteen cows, and be perfectly happy. He thought," says she, "as he was hurried with his summer's work, we had better be married on Sunday, so's not to break into the week's work ; so we was."

Says I, "Be you perfectly happy, Widder?"

When I asked her this in sympathizin tones, she took her snuff handkerchief right out, and bust out a cryin' onto it, and said she wasn't.

"Does Solomon misuse you? Does he make you work too hard?"

"Yes," says she, "I have to work hard, but that haint my worse trouble." And she sithed bitterly.

"Does he act hauty and domineerin' and look down on you, as if you wasn't his equal?"

"Yes," says she, "but I expected that, I could stand that if I didn't have no harder affliction."

Is he a poor provider, does he begreech you things?"

Says she, "He is a poor provider, and he begreeches things to me, but that haint my worse trial; he wont let me talk about Doodle. And what is life worth to me if I can't speak of that dear man?" Says she, "I can't never forget that dear Doodle, never!"

“Well,” says I, “You ort to have thought of that before you promised Solomon Cypher his bride you would be;” says I, “mournin’ for Doodle was jest as honorable as anything could be; I never blamed you for it, I stood firm. But a woman hadn’t ort to try to be a mourner for one man, and a bride to another man at the same time; it haint reasonable; let ’em be fully perswaded in their own mind which business would be the most happyfyin’ and profitable to ’em, and then go at it with a willin’ heart, and foller it up.”

Says I, “If you wanted to spend your days as a mourner you ort to have done it as a Widder, and not as a bride.” Says I, “When a Widder woman or a Widder man embarks in a new sea of matrimony, they ort to burn the ship behind ’em that they sailed round with in them other waters. They hadn’t ort to be a sailin’ round in both of ’em to once, it is unreasonable; and it is gaulin’ to man or woman.”

On lookin’ at her closer I see what made her look so curious. She had tried to dress sort a bridey, and at the same time was a mournin’ a little for Doodle; she said she wouldn’t have Solomon know it, and git to rarin’ round for nothin’ in the world; she put on the white bobinet lace veil to please him, but says she, “though he don’t mistrust it, my black bead collar and jest half of my weddin’ dress means Doodle.” It was a black and white lawn, with big even checks; and she told me (in strict confidence) that she had

got a black bombazine pocket to her dress, and had on a new pair of black elastic garters. Says she, "I can't forget Doodle, I never can forget that dear man."

And she wont; I know she never will git over Doodle in the world. Everything we see put her in mind of him. But about this time Josiah and Solomon Cypher joined us, and the last named told us that the "Creation Searchers" had all come on the day before, and was makin' a great stir in the village, the literary and scientific world. And he said that as little a while as they had been here, they had found fault with a great many things, pictures and statutes and the like; he said anybody had *got* to find fault and not seem to be satisfied with anything, in order to be looked up to. He said it was a trade that, well fol-lered up, give anybody a great reputation.

"Yes," says Josiah, "I know lots of folks that have got monstrous big reputations for wisdom in jest that way."

But I was sick of this talk and was glad enough when they sot off for somewhere else. But his last words to me was:

"Josiah Allen's wife, we shall probable be heerd from before we leave the village."

"Well," says I, "I am willin';" and I was. It never worries me to see anybody git up in the world; I haint got a envious hair in my head—and I have got a noble head of hair for one of my age.



THE ARTEMUS GALLERY.

THE next mornin' we went onto the ground, (Mr. Fairmount's farm, where the Sentinal stands) in good season. I told Josiah we would go the first thing to the Artemus Gallery.

"Artemus who!" says he. "I didn't know as you knew any Artemus down here."

Says I with dignity, "I don't know the gentleman's other name myself; they call him Art, but *I* wont; I have too much respect for him to nick name that noble man." Says I, "When any man takes such pains as Artemus has, to git such a splendid assortment of pictures and statutes together for my pleasure, and the pleasure of the Nation, I admire and respect him, and feel almost affectionate towards him."

Presently, or soon after, the soft grey walls of that most magestic, and beautifulest of housen, loomed up before us as we passed up into it by some broad noble steps with a bronze horse on each side—lookin' considerable in the face like our old mare—only higher

headed with wings to 'em. I told Josiah that if she (the mare) was fixed off like them with wings, we shouldn't be all day a goin' a mile or two." And he said, after lookin' close and thoughtfully at the span, that he couldn't take a mite of comfort a ridin' after 'em, they looked so curious. So we went on, by them and two as big female statutes as I most ever see, with their minds seeminly roused up and excited about sunthin'. But we hadn't much more'n got inside the door, when we felt curious again, both on us, a seein' George Washington a ridin' up to heaven on the back of a eagle. George always looks good to me, but I never see him look heavier than he did there; he would have been a good load for a elephant. Oh what a time that eagle was a havin'! I never was sorrier for a fowl in my hull life.

But oh! what lovely forms and faces was round me on every side, as I moved on. Grace, and beauty, and sublimity, and tenderness, and softness all carved out of hard stun marble for my delight; all painted out on canvas and hung up for me to smile upon and weep over—for beauty always affects me dretfully. One little piece of beauty that I could take up in my hand, such as a bit of moss, or a sea shell, or a posey, has made me happy for over half a day. A pussy willow bendin' down to see its face in the water, has reflected its grace and pretty looks right into my soul. Why even a green grass blade in the spring of the year has had power to cut the chains that bound my spirit

down to unhappiness, and let it soar up nobly, clear away from Jonesville, Betsey Bobbet, Widder Doodle, and all other cares and worryments of life. And havin' such feelins for beauty, such a close affection for her that I was always a lookin' for her, even where I knew she wasn't nor never would be; jest imagine what my emotions must have been to walk right into acres and acres of the most entrancin' beauty; miles and miles of grace and loveliness; dreams of immortal beauty caught by artist souls from heaven knows what realm of wonder and glory, all wrought out in marble, and painted on canvas for me to wonder at, and admire over, and almost weep upon.

The tears did run down my face every few minutes all through that Artemus Gallery, entirely unbeknown to me; and I shouldn't have sensed it at all if I had cried out loud, for I was perfectly carried away from myself for the time bein'.

Oh what beautiful little white stun childern there was before me, in every beautiful posture that childern ever got into—a laughin' and a cryin', and a feedin' birds, and a pickin' thorns out of their feet and a hidin' and a seekin'. And one little bit of a girl baby was holdin' a bird in her hand, and she had bared her little chest on one side and was squeezin' up the flesh to form a breast, and holdin' up the bird to nurse. The roguish looks of her face would almost make a grindstun or Zebulin Coffin smile. And there was one gittin' ready for bed, and one tellin' his prayers

when he didn't want to. He looked exactly as Thomas J. did when I married his pa. *He* had run wild, and wouldn't pray; I'd git him all knelt down, and he'd say :

I wont lay me down to sleep,
I wont pray the Lord my soul to keep,
I wont die before I wake,
I wont pray the Lord my soul to take.

And when he'd say the Lord's prayer, he'd say : "Lead us into Temptation," jest as loud as he could yell, and cross as a bear. Jest as quick as I got him civilized down, he'd tell 'em off like a little pasture. But oh ! how cross and surly he did look at first, jest for all the world, like this little feller. I hunched Josiah to take notice, and he said if Thomas J. had been sculpted in the act, it couldn't look more natteral.

And there was such lovely female wimmen faces, innocent as angels—one with a veil over her face ; only think on it, a marble veil, and I a seein' right through it.

But there was some Italian statutes that instinctively I got between and Josiah, and put my fan up, for I felt that he hadn't ort to see 'em. Some of the time I felt that he was too good to look at 'em, and some of the time I felt that he wasn't good enough ; for I well knew when I come to think it over, that human nater wasn't what it once was, in Eden, and it wasn't innocence, but lack of innocence that ailed folks. But whether he was too good, or not good enough, and I couldn't for my life tell which ; either way I



SAMANTHA IN THE ART GALLERY.

felt it wasn't no place for him; so I hurried him through on a pretty good jog.

And among the statutes of my own Nation, was Aurora; it seems as if it struck me about as hard a blow as any of 'em. To see that beautiful figger of Mornin' risin' right up sailin' over the earth with her feet on nothin'; her arms over her head scatterin' the brightness of day down in roses upon the earth, and the stars and the shadders of night a fallin' away from her; it was as beautiful a marble thought, as I ever laid eyes on—or I'd think so till I see some other one, and then I'd think *that* was the beautifullest. There was Nydia the blind girl of Pompeii! What pain and helplessness was on her face, and what a divine patience born of sufferin'. What a countenance that was! And then there was two little Water Babies layin' in a sea shell—I don't believe there was ever any cunniner little creeters in the hull world.

And havin' such feelins for her, feelin' so sort o' intimate with her and Hamlet, it was very affectin' to me to see Ophelia, a lookin' jest as I have heerd Thomas J. read about her. She was standin' holdin' some flowers in her dress with one hand, and with the other hand she was holdin' out a posey jest as if she was a sayin':

“There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you love remember, and there's pansies that's for thoughts.” She was dressed up in store clothes too, which was indeed a treat, and a sweeter face I don't

want to see. And then there was a noble group—Death a tryin' to kill Honor, and couldn't. Strength and Courage and Perseverance had gone down before him, but Honor he couldn't kill; it was a very noble and inspirin' sight. And Media was another dretful affectin' statute to me; what trials and tribulations that woman did go through, killin' her childern, and ridin' after serpents, and everything. I was some acquainted with her (through Thomas Jefferson.)

And then there was Night and Mornin'; I never see 'em look better in my life, either of 'em. And Ruth a gleanin'; she was a kneelin' down on one knee, and looked first-rate, though I did think it would have been better if she had pulled her dress waist up where it belonged. Howsumever, everybody to their own mind. There was two statutes of Cleopatra, pretty nigh together, one by a man, and one by a woman. Mebby you'll think I am parshal to my sect, but if I wasn't a woman—if I was a man—I'd say and I'd contend for it that *her* Cleopatra looked fur handsomer and better than *hisen*. And there was a minute man, that looked stern and noble, and as if he would be right there jest to the minute.

But what's the use of tryin' to tell what pictures was the loveliest, amidst such acres and acres of loveliness, such sweet and nearly bewitchin' faces, such lovely and almost glowin' landscapes.

There was "Yankey Doodle" as interestin' as I always knew that yankey was; I never see him look

better than he did here ; there stood three generations with the soul of 1776 a shinin' through their faces, and the oldest face of all was lit up with the deepest glow and inspiration. It was a dretful animatin' and inspirin' picture to me and to Josiah. And then there was another picture called "Elaine" that dealt both my mind and my heart fearful blows. I had heerd Thomas J. read about her so much that she seemed almost like one of the relations on the side of the Smiths. She was a handsome girl, and likely as she could be, but she got disappointed, fell in love with Mr. Launcelot—and he, bein' in love with another man's wife, couldn't take to her, so she died off. But her last request was to be laid, after she died, in a boat with a letter in her hand for him she died off for, biddin' him good-bye; and that the boat—steered by her father's dumb hired man—should float off down to Camelot where he was a stayin' a visitin'. (I don't s'pose I have told it in jest exactly the words, Thomas J. reads so much, but I have probable got the heads of the story right). And there she lay, perfectly lovely—in her right hand, the lily, and in her left the letter; the dead steered by the dumb, floatin' down the still waters. It was exceedinly affectin' to me, and I was jest a goin' to take out my white cotton handkerchief to cry onto it, when all of a sudden I heerd behind me the voice of the Editor of the Auger a sayin':

"It is a false perspective."

"Yes," says Cornelius Cork, in the same fault-find-

in' tone: "it's awful false, not a mite of truth in it."

"A perfect lie," says Shakespeare Bobbet.

"The tone is too low down," says the Editor of the Auger again, in a complainin' way.

"Low down again as it ort to be," says old Bobbet.

I declare for't, I jest locked arms with Josiah and hurried him off, and never stopped till we got clear into Austria. But on the way there, I says, "How mad it makes me, Josiah Allen, to see anybody find fault and sneer at things they can't understand."

"Well," says Josiah mildly, "you know they have got a reputation to keep up, and they are bound to do it. Why, they say if anybody haint dressed up a mite, if you see 'em a lookin' at handsome pictures, or statutes, or anything of that sort, with a cold and wooden look to their faces, and turning their noses up, and finding fault, you may know they are somebody. "I s'pose" says Josiah, "the 'Creation Searchers' can't be out-done in it; I s'pose they put on as haughty and superior-silly-ous looks as anybody ever did, that haint had no more practice than they have."

Josiah will make a slip sometimes, and says I, "you mean super-silly, Josiah."

"Well, I knew there was a silly to it. They say," says Josiah, "that runnin' things down is always safe; *that* never hurts anybody's reputation. The pint is, they say, in not bein' pleased with anything, or if you be, to conceal it, look perfectly wooden, and not show your feelins a mite; that is the pint they say."

Says I, "The pint is, some folks always did make natteral fools of themselves, and always will I s'pose."

"Well," says Josiah, "there must be *sunthin'* in it, Samantha, or there wouldn't be such a lot a gittin' up a reputation for wisdom in that way."

I couldn't deny it without lyin', and so bein' in Austria, as I said, I commenced lookin' round me. Comin' right out of the United States I couldn't help thinkin' that Austria had a meller, rich look, *sunthin'* like Autumn in the fall of the year, while the United States looked considerable like Summer. The picture that arrested my attention first and foremost in Austria was, "Venice paying homage to Caterina Cornaro." It was a noble big picture, as big as one hull side of our house a most. I looked at that picture very admirinly and so did Josiah. We see a Emperor on a bust, and other interestin' statutes; we give a glance at a sleepin' Nymph—she was as handsome as a doll, but I thought then and I think still, that if Nymphs would put on store clothes, they would look better, and feel as well again.

"Convulsed with Grief," was a beautiful picture but fur too affectin' for my comfort. It was a bier all covered with flowers, and a dead child lyin' on it with a veil thrown over its face, but painted in such a way that the beautiful white face was plain to be seen under it; and the mother was settin' by it with grief, and agony, all painted out on her face. And as I looked on her, the tears jest started on a run down

my cheeks, for though I well knew it was one of the sweetest and holiest things in life to become the mother of a baby angel, still I knew it was one of the saddest things too. I knew that mother heart where the pretty head had lain, was as empty and lonesome as a bird's nest in winter; and the shadder of the little low grave would be high enough to cast its blackness and gloom over the hull earth. I felt for that mother so that I come pretty near cryin' out loud. But I didn't; I took out my white cotton handkerchief and wiped both of my eyes, and composed myself down.

And then feelin' a little tired I seated myself on a bench in the middle of the room, Josiah sayin' that he wanted to look at the Alps, and one or two convents, and a "Bull Dog." But I watched him out of one corner of my speck, and I see that he never went nigh 'em, but kep' a lookin' at a "Centeur carryin' off a Nymph" and a "Siesta of a Oriental Woman" and a "Nun's Revery," and a "Smilin' Girl," and some sirens, and other females. But I didn't care; I haint got a jealous hair in the hull of my foretop, or back hair; and I well know the state of my pardner's morals,—brass is no sounder. And I couldn't help takin' it as a compliment, and feelin' flattered in behalf of my sect, to see all through the Sentinal, how sot men did seem to be a lookin' at the pictures and statutes of wimmen. They looked at 'em as much again as they did at the figgers of their own sect; and it showed plain to me, that though they do some on

'em seem to feel rather haughty and proud-spirited towards us, they do think a sight on us—as a race.

So there I sot bounded by beauty on every side of me, and happy as a queen, when a likely lookin' woman come in and sot down by me. Says she, "I have jest been a lookin' at the Gobelin tapistry."

"Why how you talk?" says I, "I never believed there was any such things as Gobelins or spooks."

"I mean men;" says she, "men that foller the trade of the Gobelins."

"Oh Gobblers?" says I in an enquirin' tone.

"Weavers," says she. "They set at the back of their frame and never see the right side of their work till the picture is finished, and each color they weave in has twenty different shades."

"How you talk!" says I, and seein' she had a kind of a knowin' look, as if she would understand episodin'; (I hate to episode to anybody that don't know what I'm a doin'.) I says to her, "That is a good deal like our lives, haint it; we set in the dark a weavin' in our actions day by day, every act havin' more'n forty different shades and motives to it, and we can't tell how the picture looks from the other side till our work is done, and the frame laid down."

"That is so," says she. And then we both went to look at 'em, and Josiah went too; and such weavin' I never see before, nor never expect to again. One of 'em was Mrs. Penelope settin' a weavin' her web. A likely creeter she was. After her husband was

dragged off to war she would set and weave all day, and rip it all out at night, for she had promised to marry again when she had got her weavin' done; and hated to. I have heerd Thomas J. read about her, and always took right to her. We had jest finished lookin' at her, and I was a goin' to tackle some of the pictures, when a slimmish sort of a girl, by the side of us says to another one, in reply to a question :

"Yes, I have jest come from there; it is the greatest exhibition of Antique art ever seen in this country. Pottery, crockery ware, marbles, and jewelry, twenty-three hundred years old, some of it."

Josiah hunched me, and give me a wink; as excited and agitated a wink as I ever see wunk. And says I, "What is the matter Josiah, you scare me."

Says he in a loud excitable whisper :

"Now is my time, Samantha. You have wanted me to buy sunthin' for Tirzah Ann to remember the Sentinal by, and I can probable git some things here cheap as dirt, if they are as old as that, and they'll be jest as good for her as new; they'll last till she gits sick of 'em. I will see old Antique, and try to make a dicker with him."

Says I, "If I had a only girl by my first wife, and was as well off as *you* be, I wouldn't try to git second hand jewelry or old crockery for 'em, because I could git 'em for little or nothin'."

But he was sot on it, and so we went in and looked round, tryin' to find sunthin' that would suit her.

There was lots and lots of things, but I couldn't see a article that I thought she would want and told him so; there was some big platters with humbly faces painted on 'em, and bowls and vases and jars. One little bowl was marked "Anno Jubilee 1600," and Josiah says, "Don't you s'pose that would do, Samantha? S'posen Ann has used it, she haint hurt it, and it would be handy to feed the—"

Says I, "Josiah Allen, it don't look half so well as bowls she has got by her now."

"Well," says he, "I could git it cheap, its bein' so awful old, and I believe it would be as good for her, as a new one."

"Well," says I, "before you decide, less look round a little more."

It does beat all how many things was marked Anno Domina; Josiah said he wondered what under the sun Ann wanted of so much jewelry and stuff, and he thought it looked extravagant in her.

Says he with a dreamy look "Mebby Ann would have left sunthin' to our girl, if she had known she was named after her—as it were."

Says I, "Josiah Allen don't try to git off on that track." Says I, "It is bad enough to buy second-hand-ed jewelry without plottin' round tryin' to git it for nothin'."

So finally he picked out a ring of carved stone, sardonic, I think I heerd it called, and says he: "this will be just as good for Tirzah Ann as sunthin'

that would cost a dollar or ten shillin'," says he "I will give old Antique ten cents for it, and not try to beat him down. Do you s'pose the old man would ask any more for it?" says he, addressin' a middle aged, iron grey man a standin' near us. "He dug 'em out of old graves and ruins, I hear; they can't be worth much to him."

"You can learn the price from Signor Alessandro Castellani."

"Who?" says Josiah.

"The gentleman who owns the collection, the head of the Italian Commission. There he is a comin' this way now." He was a good lookin' chap, with a animated eager look to his face. And when he got up to us Josiah says to him, "How much is that little sardonic ring?"

Says he, in a pleasant way though sort o' foreign in axent. "That ring sir, is eight hundred dollars."

My pardner stood with his head bent forward, and his arms hangin' down straight, in deep dumb founder. Finally he spoke, and says he in low agitated axents, "How much do you call the hull lot of old stuff worth?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars," says he.

Says Josiah, "I thought five dollars would buy the hull. I guess we had better be goin' Samantha." After we got out, I says "I guess, Josiah Allen, you wish you had heerd to me."

"Dummit! who thought they were such fools?" says he.

Says I sternly, "Josiah Allen, it scares me to think you have got to be such a profane swearer," says I "you never swore such profane oaths in your hull life before, as you have sense you have been on your tower. What would your pasture say if he could hear you? And you call 'em fools," says I, "I guess they haint the only fools in the world!"

"Who said they *wuz*," says he. And then he spoke up and says he, "I guess I will go out and look at some mules, and steers."

"Well," says I more mildly, "Mebby you had better." And we agreed when it was time to go home, to meet at the Department of Public Comfort.

So Josiah went to look at the live stock, (he seemed to enjoy himself better when he was in that situation) and I wandered round through them wildernesses of entrancin' beauty, perfectly happy (as it were.) I had roamed round mebbly an hour, lookin' at the pictures and statutes that lined the walls on every side, not mindin' the crowd a mite, some of the time a laughin' and some of the time a cryin' (entirely unbeknown to me.) I was a standin' in Germany, enjoyin' myself dretfully, for the Germans are a affectionate, social race, and their pictures of home life are exceedin'ly interestin' and agreeable, to one who loves home as does she, whose name was once Smith. And then

there was pictures that would make you smile, such as "Buying the Cradle," and "The Disagreement." And there was lovely landscapes, and grand and inspirin' pictures. I had jest been a lookin' at "Christ Appearing to Mary Magdelane," a noble picture; our Saviour clad in white like Eternal Purity, and she rushing forward with outstretched arms and her face all lit up with joy and adoration. I had jest left this picture and was a lookin' at "Luther Intercepted," and thinkin' how sort o' lonesome the woods looked, and how sorry I was for Luther—when all of a sudden I heerd a awe-stricken whisper on the nigh side of me :

"There is the Emperor of Brazil! There is Dom Pedro!"

And lookin' up I see a tall man with greyish whiskers and mustache, come in in a quiet way with a little book in his hand, and go to lookin' at the pictures. For nearly three quarters of a moment I felt strange, curious, exceedingly so. But Principle showed me jest what to do, to do right, and Duty locked arms with me and bore me onwards, right up in front of that noblest of men, for I felt that I ort to make some move towards gettin' acquainted with him. I took it right to myself; he was a literary man; I was a literary woman; he was on a tower of investigation and principle; I too, was on such a tower; and I knew if I should go to Brazil to get

Brazil nuts or anything, if I should happen to go to his neighborhood to any doin's where he was, and he shouldn't make any move towards gettin' acquainted with me, I should feel hurt. I shouldn't be mad, but it would grieve me—work on my feelin's.



SAMANTHA MEETS DOM PEDRO.

And so thinks'es I, I wont stand on no ceremony but do as I would be done by, and scrape acquaintance with him.

I am very polite when I set out to be. Anybody to see me appear sometimes, would almost think I was born in a meetin' house. I have a very noble way to me sometimes, it comes natural, and I put on

now, the very best mean I had by me, and curchied nobly. And though I do say it that shouldn't, I can make as good lookin' a curchy as any woman of my age and size when I set out. Of course I can't put in all the little curious motions I could if I weighed less than two hundred, but I did well. And jest as I got through curchyien I spoke up in a very polite, but calm tone : "How do you do Mr. Pedro ?"

They call him Dom, a nickname for Dombey, I s'pose. But I always think it looks better for females to be sort o' reserved and dignified, and so I called him Mr. Pedro. And says I, "I will make you acquainted with Josiah Allen's wife."

He looked at me kinder searchin' like, and then when I had a full look at him, I could see that he looked well. Though, like myself, he couldn't be called handsome, he had a good look to his face. His eyes had that sort of a weary look, considerable sad, and considerable hopeful too, and very deep and searchin', jest as if they had looked a good deal at things that worried and perplexed him ; just as if they had looked at bigotry, and prejudice, and ignorance, and then seen, clear acrost 'em the sunlight of education, and freedom, and true religion a dawnin' on the land he loved. I don't know when I have seen a face that I liked better. And my admirin' and reverential emotions riz up so that I never spoke about the weather—or asked him whether he was enjoyin'

good health, or whether Miss Pedro and the rest of his folks was as well as could be expected, or anything—but I spoke right up and says I in tones tremblin' with emotion :

“I have been on towers before, Mr. Pedro, and have felt noble and grand on 'em, but never did I feel so lifted up on any tower as I do now. Never, never, did I meet a literary man that I feel such emotions towards, either on a tower or offon it.”

And as I went on I grew more and more agitated, and eloquent ; why, I felt so eloquent that I see there wasn't no use to try to stop myself, and I says in fearfully noble axents :

“When a man in a lofty station like yourn, instead of spendin' his days admirin' himself, works earnest, hard work to benefit the people God placed in his keepin'; studies day and night how to advance their interests, in every way, and raise them up and make them prosperous and happy; that man Mr. Pedro, raises himself from 35 to 40 cents in my estimation. And when that literary, and noble minded man gets down out of his high chair—soft as royalty and a people's devotion can make it—and sets off on a tower to collect information to still further benefit them, he raises himself still further up in my estimation, he still further endears himself to her whose name was formally Smith. For,” says I wipin' my heated forward, “I feel a sympathizin' feelin' for him; I too,

am literary, and a investigator in the cause of right, I too am on a tower."

He looked dretful sort o' earnest at me, and surprised. I s'pose it kind o' took him back, and almost skairt him to see a woman so awful eloquent. But I kep' right on, unbeknown to me. Says I "Some kings look down on the people as if they was only dust for their throne to rest on; while *they* set up on it, with their crown on, a playin' with their septer, and countin' over their riches and admirin' themselves. But," says I, "such feelin's felt towards the people makes the waves of angry passions rise up below, muddy waves of feelin', underminin' the throne, and tottlin' it right over. But when a ruler plants the foundations of his throne in Justice, and goodness, and the hearts of his people, they are firm foundations, and will stand a pretty good shakin' before tumblin' down."

Says I (still entirely unbeknown to me) "Some folks thinks it lifts 'em up and makes 'em higher and nobler, if they have somebody beneath 'em to look down on and feel contemptuous towards; but it haint Christ-like. And they who are the most like Him, the loftiest, truest souls, have the most generous and helpful spirit, the tenderest compassion for them who are accounted beneath them. They would much rather offend an equal, than to add, by a word or a look, to the burdens of those already burdened by a

sense of their poverty and inferiority. And that is one reason why I always liked the sun Mr. Pedro, why I always fairly took to him: because he is so great and noble and royal hearted, and with all his kingly and soarin' grandeur, has such awful tender streaks to him, so thoughtful and helpful to the little neglected cast off things of the earth. If he turns the cold shoulder to any one, it is to the high, the haughty, and the big feelin'. How different he appears how much more cold and icy his mean is to the loftiest mountain peaks, to what it is to the little cowslip blow and blue-eyed violet down by the swamp, or the low grasses growin' in fence corners and by the door-steps of the poor. How warm and almost tender he is to them, never twittin' them of their worthlessness and how much he has done for them, but smilin' right down on 'em, helpin' 'em to grow, and makin' no fuss about it. Not a mite afraid of losin' his dignity the sun haint, when he is bendin' himself down to lift up a myrtle blow, or encourage a skairt little dandelion, trampled down by the side of the road. He has got a big job of shinin' on his hands. He has took the job of lightin' the world, and he haint got no time or disposition to be exclusive and nurse his dignity, as little naters do, and he don't need to."

I knew by the expression of Mr. Pedro's face, that he mistrusted that I was comparin' him to the sun,

and bein' so modest—jest like all great naters—it was fairly distressin' to him. And givin' a glance round the room, at the noble pictures, and gorgeous doin's, he says :

“I congratulate you all Madam, on your great display. I see much to admire.”

That man is a perfect gentleman, if there ever was one. But I wasn't goin' to be outdone in politeness ; I wasn't goin' to have him feel uncomfortable because we had better doin's than he had to home. And so says I, “ Yes, we have got up a pretty fair show, but you mustn't think we have such doin's every day Mr. Pedro. Columbia has got her high heeled shoes on, as you may say, and is showin' off, tryin' to see what she can do. She has been keepin' house for a hundred years, and been a addin' to her house every year, and repairin' of it and gettin' housen stuff together, and now she is havin' a regular house warmin', to show off, what a housekeeper she is.”

Again he said with that courteous and polite look of hisen : that “ it was a grand, and instructive scene ; nothing like it had met his eyes in his own land. He didn't blame the nation for the pride they felt, it was deserved ; the display was grand, magnificent, and the country was prosperous ; in traveling through it he had been delighted and amazed.”

I thought then, he was so generous, and praised us up so, it would be polite for me to sort o' run

ourselves down, a very little. Principle wouldn't let me run far, and says I :

"Yes, our American Eagle has laid quite a pile of eggs and hatched out quite a quantity of likely growin' states and territories, and I don't know as she ort to be blamed too much if she does cackle pretty loud, and look as wise, and satisfied, and knowin' as a hen turkey."

And then thinkin' it would be very polite in me to turn the subject away from our national and personal glory, I spoke out in as friendly a tone as I had by me—for I truly felt as if the nation and I couldn't do too much, or say too much to show our admiration and appreciation for the smartest and sensiblest monarch we ever had amongst us. Says I in a real neighborly tone :

"How is your wife, Mr. Pedro? How glad I should be if you and she could come to Jonesville before you go down home, and make us a good visit ;" says I, "I would love to git acquainted with her and so would Josiah ; and I don't s'pose I shall ever git so far from home as Brazil, for Josiah and me don't visit much anyway, and South America seems to be sort o' out of our way. But"—says I, in that same friendly, and almost affectionate manner—"don't wait for us Mr. Pedro, if you and she can come now, or after you git home, come right up ; we shall be glad and proud to see you at any time." And

then I happened to think, what I had heerd about her enjoyment of poor health, and says I, "How is Theresy's lameness now, does she git any the better of it?"

He thanked me dretful polite, and said she "wasn't any better."

"Did she ever try any arneky?" says I, "I do believe if she should 'try that and yarrer, she would git help."

He said he didn't think she ever had.

"Well," says I, "I can recommend it to her, and I haint the only one. If she has any doubts of its bein' good, let her go right to Miss Archibald Gowdey and she'll convince her." Says I, "Miss Gowdey told me with her own mouth that her brother's wife's grandmother was bed rid with lameness and she took arneky and wormwood, half and half, and steeped 'em up in vinegar, and put in one or two red peppers to git up a circulation on the outside, and took boneset and yarrer on the inside, and in three weeks time she felt like a new critter—could have waltzed if it wasn't for her principles (she was a Methodist and wouldn't be catthed at it.) And I believe my soul if Miss Pedro should try it she would feel the good effects of it. And you tell her from me that if she haint brought up any herbs with her, or got any good vinegar by her, I'll furnish her in welcome and it shant cost her a cent. I have got a piller case full of

yarrer, and other herbs accordin', and as good a hogset of vinegar as ever made its own mother."

He felt well, Mr. Pedro did. He kinder laughed with his eyes, he took it so well in me, and he said he'd "mention it to the Empress."

"Well," says I, "so do ; she needn't be a mite afraid of takin' the boneset and yarrer, for we have used 'em in our own family. My Josiah is kinder spindlin', springs and falls, and I give it to him." Says I, "Josiah looked so bad when he began to take it last fall that I was awful afraid I shouldn't winter him through. He looked like a bean pole."

All of a sudden, jest as I said bean pole, a thought came to me that mortified me awfully. Comin' off so sudden as I had from his Theresy's sickness onto my Josiah's, bewailin' their two feeblenesses as I had, and dwellin' so on their two enjoyments of poor health, I didn't know but he would think I was a actin' some like Hamlet's ghost, I have heerd Thomas J. read about, "Movin' on towards a design."

And I wouldn't have him think so for the world, or git any false idees or false hopes and expectations into his head. Mr. Pedro is a sensible, smart, good-hearted feller; we are both literary, and investigatin', and our minds are congenial, very. But if my Josiah should die off, I never should marry again, never. Life nor death can't part two souls that are bound completely up in each other. No, when the

clay that wraps them two souls round drops away from one of 'em, it only makes 'em nearer to each other. And so in the name of Principle I mildly but firmly sort o' changed the conversation, and told him "Be sure and give my best respects to Miss Pedro, and tell her not to feel hurt at all if I don't call on her while we are here to the village, for we can't stay more than three days longer anyway, for we have got a settin' hen that must be seen to, and other important business that calls us home. And we have got sights and sights of things to see before we go, and so have you I know; so I wont detain you another minute, though I'd love to visit with you longer." And then I curchied again the best I knew how, and he bowed very pleasant and agreeable. I went and set down again for a few moments and Mr. Pedro walked round the room a little more, a lookin' at the pictures and talkin' with some of his mates, and they'd look at me every little while, dretful smilin'. They felt friendly to me I know, I had appeared well, I knew it and they knew it. There was a woman amongst 'em that a bystander standin' by me said was the Empress. But I knew better; I knew if it had been his wife, Mr. Pedro would have made me acquainted with her, and been glad of the chance.

I did not see Josiah when I entered into the Department of Public Comfort. But there were

enough there to be sociable; you wouldn't be apt to feel lonesome. Never! never was I so nearly crushed, never did I see such a crowd; our faces were all red, our bodies wet with perspiration and sweat; I can compare our situation to nothin' but red rossberrys when you make jam of 'em. It was truly a tegus time. And I sithed out to myself several times, "Is this a Department of Comfort Samantha? Tell me Josiah Allen's wife is this Comfort, or what is it?" I would thus question myself almost wildly as I made nearly frantic efforts to keep my breath in my body, and my body hull and sound on the outside of my breath. Finally, I got kinder wedged in so my back was to the wall, and I began to breath easier, and feel happy. But little as I thought it, a worse trial was in front of me.

There was a tall sepulchral lookin' chap standin' right by the side of me, and I s'pose seein' I had such a friendly and noble mean on me, he began to talk with me about the Sentinal and so 4th. And finally puttin' on a kind of a confidential, but important look, he says:

"Keep your composure mom, and don't be afraid of me, I am a lecturer mom."

He see by my mean that I wasn't skairt, and he went on and continued:

"Yes, I am a lecturer on spiritualism," and says he, "Do you believe in spirits mom?"

"Yes," says I "some." And I added in a cautious tone for I didn't like his looks a mite. "What spirits do you mean, and how many?"

"Why spirits," says he, "common spirits."

"Well" says I "I believe in the spirit of true Christianity, and the spirit of the age, and on bein' in good spirits all you can, and when you see meanness a goin' on, in bein' sort o' proud spirited; and I believe in spirits of turpentine, and—"

But he interrupted of me. "I see Madam you are ignorant of our glorious spirit manifestations. Oh what a time we had last night."

"What did they manifest," says I calmly, "and how many?"

"Why," says he, "Elizabeth Browning tipped the table over nobly last night. I never see Elizabeth do better. She would catch our hats off, and grab hold of our hands; I tell you Lib was lively last night. And George Washington! I never see George git friskier than he did. He would ontie us, jest as fast as anybody would tie us up; George would."

"Well," says I calmly, "the Bible says 'we shall be changed,' and truly I should think as much, though I can't say as the change would be for the better if George Washington haint found no better employment for his immortal soul than ontyin' tow strings. And truly the change in Mrs. Browning is great, if she feels like catchin' off men's hats, and grabbin' holt of their hands, and foolin' round."

Says he rollin up his eyes: "That unseen world, the land we come from so lately and will return to so soon, is very near to us; it is all round and about us; only a breath divides us from it. Who dare deny that we get tidings from it? Who dare deny that voices of warning, or greeting comes to us, exiles from that true fatherland, home of the soul?"

He was nearly eloquent, and says I in reasonable axents, "I haint denied it, only it seems to me that anything so sweet and solemn and holy would be revealed to us in some other way than through the legs of a pine table. It does seem to me that He who rides on the whirlwind and the clouds, and who has the winds and waves for His messengers, wouldn't find it necessary to tie a man up in a little bass-wood box in order to reveal His will to us. Howsumever, I don't say it haint so, I only tell my own idees; other folks have a right to theirn." But I told him I guessed I would be excused from goin' to see the spirits perform, as I didn't seem to have no drawins that way."

He acted surly, but I didn't care a mite; and jest that minute I see my pardner a tryin' to enter into the abode of Comfort. I will not try to paint my agony nor hisen, on our way to each other, and on our way out. Josiah groaned out that he had had enough Comfort to last him the hull of a long life; and I groaned back again that a very little more Comfort would have been the death of me. But we got out alive, which we felt was indeed a blessin'.



VARIOUS MATTERS.

THE next day was Sunday, and if it hadn't been we couldn't have gone anywhere. We was sick critters, me and Josiah both; a sort of a Collery Morbens. Some called it the Sentinal gripe. It was very fashionable to have it, though that didn't make a mite of difference with Josiah or me; we don't foller up the fashion so close as some do. Fashion or no fashion, it wasn't nothin' we wanted. Josiah felt better towards night, and went out for a little walk, and when he come back, says he:

"The 'Creation Searchèrs' got into a real scrape last night; was took up for vagrants and shet up in the Station House, the hull ten on 'em."

"How you talk!" says I.

"Yes, I met Sam Snyder jest now and he told me all about it. You see their spectacles blinded 'em so, not bein' used to 'em, that they got to wandérin' off, and got lost and couldn't find the way back, till it got

most midnight, and the policemen took 'em up, thinkin' they was either crazy or fools. It seems they'd all stand in a row, and tell him they was 'Creation Searchers,' thinkin' it would scare him; and he'd holler back to 'em, that he'd 'Creation Search' 'em, if they didn't move on. And then they'd tell him they was 'World Investigators;,' and he'd tell 'em,



IN TROUBLE.

he'd 'investigate' 'em with a club if they didn't start along. Then they'd try to scare him again. They would all stand still and tell him they was 'takin' moments of the Sentinal, and collectin' information;,' and he'd sass 'em right back, that he'd help 'em to 'information;,' and then he'd kick 'em. I s'pose they had a awful time, but he got help and shet 'em up."

Says I firmly,—“Them spectacles will be the ruination of ’em, Josiah.”

“I know it,” says he, “but they have got a reputation to keep up, and will wear ’em.”

The next mornin’, feelin’ sort o’ weak and mauger, we thought we would ride to the Sentinal; and jest as we stepped out into the street, a man from the Grand Imposition Hotel hailed a big covered wagon, and it stopped and he got in. It was jest as full as it could be, seeminly; but the driver said there was “sights of room,” so we got in.

I thought I had seen close times, and tight times, in days that was past and gone, but I found that I knew nothin’ about the words. Why, a tower two miles in length, like that, would have been my last tower. It wasn’t so much that I hadn’t a mite of room, and stood on nothin’, and was squeezed to that extent that a corset was as unnecessary as blinders on a blind man; but I expected the ruff would come onto me every minute, such a tramplin’ round on it. And there I was with my arms pinned to my sides as close as if I was broke in to and they was bandaged to me for splinters. Oh! the tegusness of that time! And my pardner, another mummy by my side, a sweatin’ more perspiration than I would have thought possible, and couldn’t git his hands to his face, to save him; and we a groanin’, and more men a clamberin’ up on the outside, and hangin’ on with one hand, and more wimmen dragged up to suffer on the

inside. Oh, never! never! did 10 cents buy such a terrible amount of bodily and mental agony as that 10 cents did.

But it passed away (the wagon) as all other sufferin' will, if you give it time. The little turnin' stile creaked round with us, and we started straight for Machinery Hall, for Josiah said he fairly hankered after seein' the big "Careless Enjun," and the great "Corrupt Gun." The minute we entered into that buildin' we had sunthin' to think about.

We went through the three avenues. Josiah thought they was forty miles in length, each one of 'em. I, myself, don't believe they was, though they was very, very lengthy, and piled completely full of usefulness, beauty and distraction. Every trade in the known world a goin right on there before our face and eyes, and we a walkin' along a seein' of 'em:—jewelers a jewelin'; rubber shoemakers a rubbin'; weavers, of all sorts and kinds, a weavin'; and bobbins a bobbin'; rock-crushers a crushin'; fanners a fannin'; lacers a lacin'; silk-worms a silkin'; butterfly-makers a butterflyin'; paper-makers a paperin'; printers, of all kinds, a printin'; and gas-makers a gassin'; elevators a elevatin'; steamers a steamin'; and pumpers a pumpin'; sewin' machines a sewin'; braiders a braidin'; and curlers a curlin'; rollers a rollin'; and gymnastickers a gymnastickin'; wrenchers a wrenchin'; chucks a chuckin'; drills a drillin' and gaugers a gaugin'; railroad signals, and frogs;

switches a switchin'; bridges; railroads; steamships; threshin' machines, all in full blast; and cataracks a catarackin'; and if there was anything else in the known world that wasn't a goin' on there, I would love to have somebody mention it.

The noise was truly distractin'; but if anybody could stand the wear and tear of their brains and ears, it was one of the most instructive and interestin' places the world ever afforded to man or woman. Why, if there hadn't been another thing in the hull buildin', that great "Careless Enjun" alone, was enough to run anybody's idees up into majestic heights and run 'em round and round into lofty circles and spears of thought, they hadn't never thought of runnin' into before. And there was everything else under the sun to see, and we see it; and everything under the sun to hear, and we heerd it. Though I can't be expected to describe upon it, for I had to keep such a eye onto myself to keep myself collected together. Why, the noise of my sewin' machine will make my head ache so sometimes, that I can't stand it; and then think of takin' the noise of seventy or eighty thunder-claps, and a span of big earthquakes, and forty or fifty sewin' societies (run by wimmen), and all the threshin' machines you can think of, and fifty or sixty big droves of lions and hyena's a roarin', and the same number of strong, healthy infants, under the influence of colic, and several hundred political meetin's and deestrick schools jest let out,

and several Niagara Falls; take the noise of all these put together and they don't give you any jest idee of the noise and distraction.

Why, there was such a awful buzz and clatter of machinery; big wheels a turnin' little wheels, and little wheels a turnin' big ones, and all a buzzin'; such a glitterin' of glass and gildin' and colors of all kinds, and a swarmin' of folks and chatterin' of voices, and rustlin' of dresses, and thumpin' of canes, stampin' of shoes and runnin' of children, and flutterin' of ribbins, and wavin' of hands, and bowin' of heads; that though beauty and instruction was on every side of me and I knew it, yet I couldn't take a realizin' sense of it. I had to keep askin' myself every few moments:—"Josiah Allen's wife, is it you? tell me frankly, whether it is or not; or is it some of the relation on your mother's side? or be you Josiah? or who be you?"

Jest as I was a thinkin' this, who should I meet face to face but Cousin Bean, and says she: "Have you seen the mummy from Egypt, three thousand years old?"

"Mummy who?" says I.

Says she,— "It is a Egyptian woman, a princess; she is dead," says she.

Says I,— "I thought so, from her age."

"She is embalmed," says Cousin Bean.

"What kind of balm?" says I, coolly.

She said she nor nobody else knew exactly what

kind of balm it was ; she said it had got lost thousands of years ago ; covered up with the dust of centuries.

I asked her if she knew whether she was any relation of Sphinx ; comin' from the same neighborhood, I didn't know but she might be.

She said she believed she was.

"Well," says I, "I'll go and see her then, for old Sphinx is a woman I have always respected ;" says I in a noble tone, "*there* is a woman who has minded her own business, and kep' her own secrets for thousands of years. Some say that a woman can't keep anything to herself for any length of time, and if she has got a secret, has got to git some other woman to help her keep it. But there *she* has stood and seen the old things become new, and the new, old ; the sun of knowledge go down, and the night of barbarism sweep its black shadders over her, and the sun rise up on her again, each one takin' thousands of years, and she a mindin' her own business, and keepin' her affairs to herself through it all ; foolin' the hull world, and not smilin' at it ; nations runnin' crazy with new idees, and risin' up and crashin' down on each other every few hundred years, and she lookin' on with the calmness and patience of eternity wrote down on her forward. It does me good to see one of my own sect stand so firm."

So we sot off to see it ; Josiah sayin' he would meet us at noon, down by the Japan House.

My first thought on seein' it was, "I don't believe

you was hung for your beauty, or would be, if you had lived another three thousand years," but then my very next thought was, "folks may look sort o' contemptuous at you, and, in the pride and glory of their butterfly existence, pass you by in a haughty way; but if your still lips could open once, they would shake the hull world with your knowledge of the mysterious past and the still more mysterious future, whose secrets you understand." And then (unbeknown to me) I reveried a little: thinks'es I, what scenes did them eyes look upon the last time they was opened in this world? What was the last words she heerd,—the last face that bent over her? And what strange and beautiful landscape is it that is spread out before her now? What faces does she see? What voices does she hear? I had quite a number of emotions while I stood there a reverin'—probable as many as twenty or thirty.

But about this time Cousin Bean says she: "Did you see Queen Victoria's pictures, that she has lent?"

I turned right round and faced her, and says I, in agitated tones,—“You don't tell me, Miss Bean, that the Widder Albert has got some pictures of her own, here, that she has lent to the Sentinal?”

“Yes,” says she, “she has got three or four, in the English Department of the Art Gallery.”

I turned right round and started for the Artemus Gallery, for I see I had missed 'em the day before, and after I had got into the English Department, a

good woman pinted 'em all out to me, at my request.

The first one I looked at, thinks'es I,—how curious that the Widder Albert should send a paintin' here, picturin' all out what I had thought about ever sense I had thought at all. Thinks'es I, I most know she has heerd how I always felt about it, and sent it over a purpose to accommodate me. It was the "Death of Wolfe." Oh! how often I had heerd Josiah sing (or what he called singin') about it; how

"Brave Wolfe drew up his men
In a line so pretty,
On the field of Abraham,
Before the city."

That was when we was first married, and he wantin' to treat me first-rate would set and sing to me even-ins, (or what he called singin') till he was hoarse as a owl, about "Lovely Sophronia Sleeps in Death," and "Lady Washington's Lament," and "Brave Wolfe." And I, bein' jest married, and naturally feelin' kind o' sentimental and curious, would set and cry onto my handkerchief till it was wet as sop.

Then there was the Widder Albert, herself, dressed up slicker than I ever was, or ever shall be; but I was glad to see it. There haint a envious hair in my head; if there was, I would pull it out by the roots, if I had to take the pinchers to it. It wouldn't have hurt my feelins if she had been dressed in pure gold, from head to foot. Store clothes can't be made too good for that woman.

But what was about as interestin' to me, as any of 'em, was the weddin' of the Widder Albert's oldest boy, Albert Wales. It was a noble, large picture. There they stood before the minister, as natteral as life; and lots of the most elegant dressed folks of both sects, and officers dressed in uniform, a standin' all round 'em; and the Widder's benign face a lookin' down on 'em like a benediction.

I see there was a man a standin' by this picture, keepin' his eye on it all the time, and a woman in front of me said to another one:

"He stands there a watchin' the Queen's pictures all the time, don't he?"

"Yes," says the other one, "so afraid they will git injured in some way."

Before I could say a word to 'em, they sailed off out of the room. But it all come to me in a minute, who he was. It was the Widder Albert's son-in-law, Loezy's husband. I remembered readin' that he was expected to the Sentinal; and here he was, a watchin' his mother-in-law's pictures. Thinks'es I, how awful clever that is in him; some men despise their mother-in-laws. And I declare, my admirin' feelins towards him, for treatin' his wife's ma so well, and the feelins I felt for that woman, so roused me up, that I walked right up to him and held out my right hand, and says I, in tones tremblin' with emotion:

"How do you do, Mr. Lorne? Little did I think I should have this honor and deep pleasure; little did I

think I should see one of the Widder Albert's own family here to-day."

He kinder glared at me, in a strange and almost shocked way, and says I, in polite axents:

"You don't know me, of course," and then I made a handsome curchy as I says, "but I am Josiah Allen's wife. Do tell me, how is your mother-in-law; how is the Widder Albert?" And then I wiped my heated forward, and says I,—“I am a very warm friend of hern. It takes more than the same blood to make folks related. Congenial spirits and kindred souls, are the truest relationship, and she is dretful near to me. Is the warm weather kinder wearin' on her? It uses *me* right up. “I have sweat more perspiration to-day, than any day sence I was on my tower. I have told my husband, Josiah, that if it kep' on, I didn't know but he would have to carry me home in a pail, (or pails.)

He spoke out and says he,—“Madam, you are mistaken, I—”

He looked awful sort o' surprised, and even angry. It probable surprised him to see such polite manners in a Yankey. I was a actin' well and friendly, and I knew it, and I kep' right on a appearin'. Says I:

“Josiah and I have worried about her, a sight. We read last spring, in the *World*, that she was enjoyin' real poor health, and we was afraid that this weather would go hard with her; for there haint another woman on the face of the earth, that I honor

and admire, more than I do the Widder Albert. She is jest about right, I think; handsome enough, and not too handsome, so's to be vain, and envied by other wimmen; smart enough, and not too smart, so's to be conceited and top-heavy; and sound principles, sound as anything can be sound. Her heart is in the right place, exactly, bounded on one side by sympathy and tenderness, and on the other by reason and common sense. Why shouldn't her husband have been a happy man, settin' in the centre of such a heart? Why shouldn't she have brought her children up well? She is a woman that has had her Rights, and has honored them and herself. And let any opposer and scoffer of Woman's Rights, take a telescope and look at the Widder Albert, and then look at her 4 fathers; let 'em see whether England has prospered best under her rain, or under their rain; let 'em see who has been the most God-fearin' and well-behaved; let 'em turn that telescope onto her public actions, and then onto theirs; and then let 'em look close and searchin' onto the private life of them 4 old fathers, and then onto hers, and see which looks the purest and prettiest.

“And after they have done, let 'em lay that telescope down, and say that wimmen don't know enough, and haint sound-minded enough to vote; jest let 'em say it if they dare! And wimmen, too; why! her example ort to stand up in life, before some vain, frivolous wimmen I could mention—wimmen that

don't believe in havin' a right—jest as plain as if it was worked on a canvas sampler, with a cross stitch, and hung up in their kitchens. A young woman, crowned with all the glory and honor the world could give, devotin' her life first to God, and then to the good of her people; carryin' her Right jest as stiddy and level as a Right ever was carried; faithful to all her duties, public and private; her brightest crown, the crown of true motherhood; no more truly the mother of princes, than mother of England. Why, the farm she had left to her by her uncle George, is so big that the sun don't never go down on it; larger in dimensions than we can hardly think on with our naked minds; and all over that enormous farm of hern, the flowers turn no more constant to that sun, and that sun is no more consolin' and inspirin' to them flowers, than is the thought of this kind, gracious lady to them that work her farm on shares. Why! her memory, the memory of a woman—who had a Right—will go down to future ages as one to be revered, and almost worshiped."

But if you'll believe it, after all my outlay of politeness, and good manners, that feller acted mad. What under the sun ailed him I don't know to this day, unless it was he couldn't git over it—my praising up his mother-in-law so. Some men are at such sword's pints with their mother-in-laws that they can't bear a word in their favor. But I wasn't goin' to encourage no such feelins in him, and I was determined to

be polite myself, to the last, so I says in conclusion :
“ Good-bye, Mr. Lorne, give my best respects to your mother-in-law.”

He give me a look witherin’ enough to wither me, if I had been easy withered, which I wasn’t. And that was the last words I said to him. Jest that minute Josiah come in, and I told him that I hadn’t no idee the Marquis of Lorne was such a feller.

Says Josiah, “ I don’t believe it was Mark, it was some tyke or other ; mebbly it was the Widder’s hired man.”

I wouldn’t contend with him, but I knew what I did know. I went to lookin’ at some of the other pictures. There was faces that was glad and happy, and some that had desolation wrote out on ’em. There was one picture, “ War Times” that made me feel very sad feelins ; an old man leanin’ on a rough stun fence, lookin’ over the lonely winter fields, and thinkin’ of his boys away on the field of death—the boys that made the old farm jubilant with their happy voices and gay young faces. You can see it all in the old-man’s face—the memory, the dread, and the heartache. And then there was another one “ La Rota,” by name that worked on my feelins dretfully. A mother standin’ before a foundlin’ hospital, jest about puttin’ her baby into the little turnin’ box in the winder that would turn him forever from his mother’s arms into the arms of charity, which are colder. After that one kiss on the baby face, she

would never see him, never know of his fate ; he would be as lost to her as if she had lost him in the crowd of heavenly childern ; though in that case she would know where he was : safe forever from sin and misery, and here—how could she tell what would be the baby's fate. Oh, how bad La Rota was a feelin' ; how I did pity her.

And then there was "The Prodigal," a comin' back in rags, and misery, and remorse, to the home he left in his pride and strength ; and to see that old father a waitin' to welcome him, and the feeble old mother bein' helped out by her sons and daughters—a forgivin' of him. Oh, what a idee that did give of the long sufferin' and patience of love.

Finally, my eyes fell onto a picture that affected me more than any I had seen as yet. The name on't was : "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord." They had gathered round the table for the first time since death had been there, and the minister was askin' a blessin'. A woman sat at the head of the table with her hands clasped close, as if to crush back her agony ; her face white and thin from watchin' and sorrow—jest as a certain person's would be if it was Josiah,—her eyes bent down, jest as if she *could not* look at that vacant chair. On one side of her with his face bent down in grief, was a young feller about the age of Thomas Jefferson ; on the other side, a girl about the age of Tirzah Ann, was kneelin' right down by the table a sobbin' as if her

heart would break. And as I looked at it the thought would come up, though I ordered it back, "What! what if it was Josiah?" And this thought roused up such feelins that I couldn't control 'em, and I turned round instinctively and locked arms with him, and we went into another room.

Presently, or about that time we found ourselves in the French Department. I laid out to pay a good deal of attention to France, whether they showed off in the Main Buildin' or Art Gallery, or anywhere; because, wherever I stood before their doins,—above all the beauty and grandeur of their display, I see with my mind's eye, that gallant form that left glory and happiness behind him to come with army and treasure to help a strugglin' land to freedom. I see that noble face—not middle-aged and brass-mounted as he looks on his monument, but young and eager-eyed—a standin' on the vessel's keel, (or keeler) a goin' at Liberty's call, into a New World, and the perils and hardships of a camp; and wavin' back a good bye to the gay pleasures of his youth, to rank, and all he loved best—his sweetheart and his native land.

I feel most skairt to say it, and don't know as I ort to, but somehow I feel a little different about Layfayette from what I do about our own glorious Washington. For G. W. was a fightin' for his own land, and there was most likely a little mite of selfishness mixed up with his noble emotions, (probable not more than one part in two or three hundred) but in

this noble young feller these wasn't a mite. He give all, and dared all, from pure love of Liberty, and sympathy for the oppressed. And so France's hull doins would have looked good to me anyway for his sake. But if they had stood up on their own merits alone they would have stood firm and solid as a hemlock post newly sot. They done well, clear from the ceilin' down. There was one picture, there was a great crowd before, and amongst the rest I see the "Creation Searchers" a standin' in a row, a gazin up at it with a dissatisfied though nearly wooden expression of countenance. The picture was "Rizpah Defendin' the bodies of Saul's childern from the Eagles;" it affected me terribly—I thought of Thomas Jefferson. The wild desolation of the spot, the great beams a risin' out of the rocks with the seven dead bodies a hangin' up in the air—left there to die of hunger and agony, — with the slow death of agonizin' horrer wrote out on their dead faces and their stiffened forms. And beneath them standin' with her yeller dress and blue drapery a floatin' back from her, is Rizpah, fightin' back a huge vulture that with terrible open mouth and claws is contendin' with her for the bodies of her sons. They were slain to avert the famine, and there is in her face the strength of the martyr, and the energy of despair. How that woman, so strong, so heroic by nature must have loved her two boys! It was a horrible, scareful picture but fearfully impressive. When I look at anything very beautiful, or very

grand and impressive, my emotions lift me clear up above speech. I s'pose the higher we go up the less talkin' there is done. Why if anybody could feel sociable and talkative when they first look at that picture, I believe they could swear, they wouldn't be none too good for it. But jest at that minute when I was feelin' so awful horrified, and lifted up, and curious, and sublime and everything, I heerd a voice sayin' in a pert lively tone, but very scorfin'.

"That haint true to nater at all."

"No," says Solomon Cypher in a complainin', fault-fandin' way, "there's nothin' natteral about it at all. Why!" says he strikin' himself a eloquent blow in the pit of his stomach—"why didn't they hang the scare-crows nearer to the cornfield?"

"And I never," says Cornelius Cork, a holdin' his glasses on with both hands—for his nose bein' but small, they would fall off—"I never see a crow that looked like that; it haint shaped right for a crow."

"The perspective of the picture haint the right size," says Shakespeare Bobbet.

"The tone is too low down," says Solomon Cypher; "the cheerful obscure is too big and takes up too much room."

"Cheerful obscure," says I in witherin' tones, as I looked round at 'em.

"Don't you think we know what we are a talkin' about Josiah Allen's wife?" says Solomon Cypher.

"I wont say that you don't," says I "for it wouldn't

be good manners." I wouldn't stay another minute where they was, and I hurried Josiah out tellin' him Miss Bean would be a waitin' for us at the Japan house. I told Josiah on our way that them "Creation Searchers" fairly sickened me, a runnin' things down, and pretendin' not to admire 'em, and lookin' wooden, and findin' fault.

"Well," says Josiah, "they say they have got a reputation for wisdom to keep up, and they will do it."

"They are keepin' up the reputation of natteral fools," says I warmly.

"Well," says Josiah with that same triumphant look to his mean he always wore when we talked on this subject, "if there haint anything in it Samantha, why does so many do it?"

He had got the better of me for once, and he knew it. I knew well there was hundreds of folks that got up on big reputation in jest that way, so I wouldn't multiply another word with him, for I couldn't.

Josiah said he wanted to look at a mowin' machine, and as I hadn't been to the Woman's Pavilion only to take a cursory view of it, I thought now was my time, and so I went through it with a proud and happy heart. Yes, I can truly say without lyin' that my emotions as I went through that buildin' was larger in size and heftier in weight than any emotions I had enjoyed sense I had been to the Sentinal. Feelin' such feelins for my sect as I felt, holdin' their honor and prosperity, and success nearer to my

heart, than to any earthly object, (exceptin' Josiah) I suppose if anybody could have looked inside of my mind as I wandered through them rooms, they would have seen a sight they never would have forgot the longest day they ever lived; I s'pose it would have skairt 'em most to death if they wasn't used to seein' emotions performin'. Oh! such proud and lofty feelins as I did enjoy a seein' the work of my sect from all over the length and breadth of the world. The wonderful, useful inventions of the sect, showin' the power and solid heft of her brains; the beautiful works of art showin' her creative artist soul, and provin' plain the healthy and vigorous state of her imagination. The wonderful wood carvin', and dainty fancy needle work, and embroideries of all kinds you can imagine, showin' the stiddy, patient, persistent powers of her hands and fingers; and what was fur more interestin' to me of all, was the silent exhibit at the south entrance, showin' what sort of a heart she has within her, a record of eight hundred and twenty-two large noble sized charities, organized and carried on by the sect which a certain person once Smith, is proud to say she belongs to.

Oh! I can truly say that I felt perfectly beautiful, a goin' through them noble halls, a seein' everything and more too, (as it were) from doll's shoes, and pictures of poseys, and squirrels, and five little pigs, up to the Vision of St. Christopher, and a big statute of Eve standin' with her arm over her face, hidin' the

shame in it. There was Injun basket work, perfectly beautiful, and settin' by the side of it weavin' her baskets sot as dignified and good appearin' a woman, (though dark complexioned) as any nation of the world sent to the Sentinal. I bought a little basket of her right there on the spot, for I liked her looks, and she handed me out her card:

Margaret Kesiah, Obkine Injun of Canada.

And there was napkins, the linen of which was wove by my friend, the Widder Albert; and as I looked at 'em, I thought gently to myself: how many wimmen who haint got a Right, and don't want one, could spin linen equal to this? And then amongst every other way to honor and glorify my sect that could be thought of, there was a female woman all carved out of butter. I had thought in my proud spirited hantiness of soul that I could make as handsome butter balls, and flower 'em off as nobby as any other woman of the age. But as I looked at that beautiful roll of butter all flattened out into such a lovely face, I said to myself in firm axents, though mild: "Samantha, you have boasted your last boast over butter balls."

There was some bright happy pictures, and some that wasn't. One was of a sick child and it's mother out in the desert alone with the empty water jug standin' by 'em. The mother holdin' the feeble little hands, and weepin' over him. Her heart was a desert, and she was in a desert, which made it hard for her,

and hard for me too, and I was jest puttin' my hand into my pocket after my white cotton handkerchief, when somebody kinder hunched me in the side, and lookin' round, there was that very female lecturer I see at New York village. Says she: "Come out where it is more quiet, Josiah Allen's wife; I want to have a little talk with you."

She looked perfectly full of talk, but says I: "I haint only jest commenced lookin' round at the splendid doins in this buildin';" says I, "I don't want to stir out of this house for 13 or 14 hours."

Says she, "You can come again, but I *must* have a talk with you."

Says I, "Feelin' as I do, wont you excuse me mom?"

But she wouldn't excuse me, and seein' she was fairly sufferin' to talk, I led the way to a rendezvoo where I promised Josiah to be, not knowin' how long she would talk when she got at it, for—though I am very close mouthed myself—I know well the failins of my sect in that respect. The very moment we sot down on the pleasant and secluded bench I took her to, she begun:

"What do you think of men meetin' here to celebrate National Independance and the right of self-government, when they hold half of their own race in political bondage?"

Says I, firmly, "I think it is a mean trick in 'em."

Says she, bitterly: "Can't you say sunthin' more than that?"

"Yes," says I, "I can, and will; it is mean as pusly, and meaner."

Says she, "What do you think of their meetin' here and glorifyin' the sentiment up to the heavens in words, 'true government consists in the consent of the governed, and tramplin' it practically down to the dust under their feet? What do you think of this great ado over grantin' the makin' of our laws to the Irishman jest out of prison, whom they dislike and despise—and denyin' these rights to intelligent, native-born citizens, whom they love and respect? What do you think of their taxin' the christian and earnest souled woman, worth half a million, and leave it to men, not worth the shoes they wear to the pole, the ignorant, and the vicious, to vote how that money shall be used; she, by the work of her hands or brains, earnin' property to be used in this way, in makin' and enforcin' laws she despises and believes to be ruinous, and unjust in the sight of God and man. What do you think of this?" says she.

Says I, with a calm but firm dignity: "I think pusly is no meaner."

"Oh!" says she, turnin' her nose in the direction of the Main Buildin' and shakin' her brown lisle thread fist at it, "how I despise men! Oh, how sick I be of 'em!" And she went on for a long length of time, a callin' 'em every name I ever heerd men called by, and lots I never heerd on, from brutal whelps, and roarin' tyrants, down to lyin' sneakin' snipes; and for

every new and awful name she'd give 'em, I'd think to myself: why, my Josiah is a man, and Father Smith was a man, and lots of other relatives, and 4 fathers on my father's side. And so says I:

"Sister, what is the use of your runnin' men so?" says I, mildly, "it is only a tirin' yourself; you never will catch 'em, and put the halter of truth onto 'em, while you are a runnin' 'em so fearfully; it makes 'em skittish and baulky." Says I, "Men are handy in a number of ways, and for all you seem to despise 'em so, you would be glad to holler to some man if your horse should run away, or your house git a fire, or the ship go to sinkin', or anything."

Says she, "Men are the most despiseable creeters that ever trod shoe leather."

"Well," says I, calmly, "take wimmen as a race, mom, and they don't cherish such a deadly aversion to the other sect as you seem to make out they do; quite the reverse and opposite. Why, I have seen wimmen act so, a follerin' of 'em up, pursuin' of 'em, clingin' to 'em, smilin' almost vacantly at 'em; I have seen 'em act and behave till it was more sickenin' than thoroughwort to my moral stomach. Says I, "I cherish no such blind and almost foolish affection for 'em as a sect, (one, I almost worship) but I have a firm, reasonable, meetin'-house esteem for 'em, as a race. A calm, firm regard, unmoved and stiddy as a settin' hen; I see their faults, plainly, very—as my Josiah will testify and make oath to; and I also see

their goodnesses, their strength, their nobilities, and their generousities—which last named are as much more generous than ourn, as their strength is stronger.

Says I, "Pause a moment, mom, in your almost wild career of runnin' men down, to think what they have done; look round the world with your mind's eye, and see their work on land and sea. See the nations they have founded; see the cities stand where there used to be a wilderness; see the deserts they have made to blossom like a rosy; see the victories they have got over time and space,—talkin' from one end of the world to the other in a minute, and travellin' almost as quick, through mountains and under the water, and every thing. See how old ocean herself—who used to roar defiance at 'em—was made by 'em to bile herself up into steam to git the victory over herself. And in spite of the thunder that tried to scare 'em out, see how they have drawd the lightnin' out of the heavens to be their servant. Look there," says I, pintin' my forefinger eloquently towards the main Halls: Machinery, Agricultural—and so 4th—"see the works of that sect you are runnin' so fearfully; see their time-conquerin', labor-savin' inventions, see—"

"I won't see," says she, firmly, and bitterly. "I won't go near any of their old machines; I'll stand by my sect, I'll stick to the Woman's Pavilion. I haint been nigh Machinery Hall, nor the Main Buildin', nor the Art Gallery, nor I won't neither."

"I have," says I, in triumphant, joyful tones, "I have been lost in 'em repeatedly, and expect to be again. I have been distracted and melted down in 'em, and have been made almost perfectly happy, for the time bein', to see the wonderful fruits of men's intellects; the labor of strong heads and hearts; to see the works of men's genius, and enterprise, and darin'; the useful, the beautiful and grand, the heroic and sublime. Why I have been so lifted up that I didn't know but I should go right up through the ruff, (over 200 pounds in all). I have been elevated and inspired as I don't expect to be elevated and lifted up again for the next 100 years. And lookin' round on what I see, and thinkin' what I thought, it made me so proud and happy, that it was a sweet thought to me that my Josiah was a man."

"Oh shaw!" says she, "you had better be a lookin' at the Woman's Pavilion, than lookin' on what them snipes have done."

Says I, "Do you take me for a natteral fool mom? Do you s'pose I am such a fool or such a lunny, that every time I have looked at the Woman's Pavilion, and gloried over the works of her hands and brains, I haint felt jest so—only more so?" Says I, "That buildin' stands there to-day as a solid and hefty proof that wimmen are sunthin' more than the delicate, and helpless zephyrs and seraphines, that they have been falsely pointed out to be. Says I, "It is a great scientific fact, that if men go to canterin' blindly

down that old pathway of wimmen's weakness and unfitness for labor and endurance and inability to meet financikal troubles and discouragements again, they must come bunt up ag'inst that buildin' and recognize it as a solid fact, and pause before it respectfully, ponderin' what it means, or else fall. They can't step over it, their legs haint long enough."

And says I, "It is earnest thought and work that has filled it, and that is what wimmen want to do—to do more, and say less. No stream can rise higher than its fountain; a universe full of laws tō elevate wimmen can't help her, unless she helps herself. Sufferagin' will do a good deal, but it haint a goin' to fill up a empty soul, or a vacant frivolous mind. There are thoughts that have got to turn right square round and travel another road; there is tattin' and bobinet lace to be soared over; there is shoulder blades that has got to be put to the wheel. Every flag on the buildin' seems to float out like good deeds and noble eloquent thoughts, while the gabriel ends stand firm under 'em, like the firm, solid motives and principles that great and good deeds have got to wave out from, in order to amount to anything."

"But," says she, "the mean snipes won't let us vote."

Says I calmly, "That's so; they haint willin' all on 'em, to give us the right of sufferagin' jest at present, and as I have said, and say now, it is mean as pusly in 'em. But it don't look so poor in them as it does in the wimmen that oppose it, a fightin' ag'inst their

own best interests. It seems to me that any conscientious, intelligent woman, who took any thought for herself and her sect, would want a Right to—"

Here she hollered right out interruptin' me; says she: "Less vote! less take a hammer and go at the men, and make them let us vote this minute."

Says I, "I'd love to convince men of the truth, but it haint no use to take a hammer and try to knock unwelcome truths into anybody's head, male or female. The idee may be good, and the hammer may be a moral, well meanin' hammer; but you see the dander rises up in the head that is bein' hit, and makes a impenetrable wall, through which the idee can't go; that is a great philosophical fact, that can't be sailed round, or climbed over. And it is another deep scientific principle, that you can't git two persons to think any more of each other or think any nearer alike by knockin' their heads together. Nobody can git any water by breakin' up a chunk of ice with a axe; not a drop; you have got to thaw it out gradual; jest like men's and wimmen's prejudices in the cause of Wimmen's Rights. Public sentiment is the warm fire that is a goin' to melt this cold hard ice of injustice that we are contendin' ag'inst; laws haint good for much if public opinion don't stand behind 'em pushin' 'em onward to victory."

"I wont wait a minute," says she, I will vote."

But I argued with her; says I: "Sister, you are well meanin', no doubt, but you ort to remember that

the battle haint always to the swift." Says I, "It wont harm none of us to foller Nater's ways a little more close; and Nater is a female that—if she is ruther slow motioned—generally has her way in the end to an uncommon degree. You don't catch her gittin' mad, wild, impatient, tearin' open a kernel of corn, or grain of wheat, or anything, and growin' a stalk out of it sudden and at once. No! jest like all patient toilers for the Right, she plants the seed, and then lets it take time to swell out, and git full to bustin' with its own convictions and desires to grow, till it gits so sick of the dark ground where it is hid, and longs so for the light and the free air above it, that it can't be kep' back a minute longer, but soars right up of its own free will and accord, towards the high heavens and the blessed sunlight. But if seeds haint good for nothin', they wont come up; all the sunshine and rain on earth can't make 'em grow, nor cultivators, nor horse rakes, nor nothin'.

And so with principles. Lots of folks spend most of their days a plantin' seeds that wont come up. What is worthless wont amount to nothin'—in accordance with that great mathematical fact, that scientific folks like me apply to lots of things, and find that it comes right every time—that ort from ort leaves nothin', and nothin' to carry. But if the idee is true and has got life in it, no matter how dark the mould that covers it, it is morally bound to sprout—positively bound to, and can't be hindered. Don't you know,

when a big forest has been cut down, berry bushes will spring right up, seem to have stood all ready to spring up for the refreshin' of men and wimmen jest as quick as the shadders of the tall trees had got offen 'em; curious, but so it is. Who knows how many centuries them seeds have laid there a waitin' their time to grow, gittin' sick of the shadders mebbly, but jest a waitin' with considerable patience after all.

And thinkin' of these things mom, ort to make us considerable patient too, willin' to work, and willin' to wait; knowin' that gittin' mad and actin' haint a goin' to help us a mite; knowin' that the seeds of good and right, planted with tears and prayers, are bound to spring up triumphant; knowin' that the laughin' and cold sneers of the multitude haint a goin' to frost bite 'em; knowin' that the tears of weakness, and weariness, and loneliness, fallin' from human eyes over the hoe handle in plantin' time, only moistens the sod, and kinder loosens it up first-rate. And that even the ashes of persecution, and all the blood that falls in righteous cause, only nourishes the snowy flowers and golden grain of the future. Mebbly it is our mission to clear away trees and stumps—sort o' wood choppers, or sawyers—I don't care a mite what I am called. We may never see the seed spring up; we may not be here when it breaks through the dark mould triumphant; but somebody will see it; happy skies will bend over it; happy hearts will hail it; and if Freedom, Truth, and Justice is remembered,

what matters it if Josiah Allen's wife is forgotten."

Says she, "I *will* hammer 'em."

I declare for't I had forgot where I was, and who I was, and who she was, and who Josiah was—I was carried away such a distance by my emotions. But her remark soared up like a brass pin or a tack nail, and pierced my wrapped mood. I see I hadn't convinced her, her eyes looked wild and glarin'.

"Well," says I, "if you do you will probable have the worst of it, besides injurin' the hammer."

Jest at that very minute I see Josiah a comin', and I watched that beloved and approachin' form for mebbly half or two thirds of a minute, and when I looked round again she was gone, and I was glad on't; I never liked her looks. And in a few minutes Miss Bean come too, and says she: "Don't you want to go and see some relicks?"

Says I, "I haint particular either way. Bein' a respectable married woman with a livin' pardner of my own, I shant make no move either way, I shant run towards 'em or from 'em. Havin' lived a vegetable widow for so many years, I s'pose *you* feel different about relicks."

Says she, "I mean relicks from Jerusalem and other old places, made out of wood from Mount Olive, and the cross, and the Holy Sepulchre, and so 4th." And then she kinder whispered to me: "They do say that they have used up more than ten cords of stove-wood right here in the village of Filadelpy, a makin'

relics for Turks to sell—Turks right from Ireland.” Says she, “You are so awful patriotic you ort to see George Washington’s clothes, and old Independence Hall, and Liberty bell.”

Says I in agitated axents: “Cousin Bean has George Washington got any clothes here to the Sentinal?”

“Yes,” says she, “they are in the United States Government Buildin’.”

I gripped holt of her hand, and says I, “Lead me there instantly!” and she led the way to the buildin’.

But though I see everything on my way and more too seeminly, I didn’t seem to sense anything as it should be sensed, till I stood before them relicks; and then, oh! what feelins I did feel as I see that coat and vest that George had buttoned up so many times over true patriotism, truthfulness, and honor. When I see the bed he had slept on, the little round table he had eat on, the wooden bottomed chair he had sot down on, the belluses he had blowed the fire with in cold storms and discouragements; and then to see the bed quilts worked by his own mother, and to think what powerful emotions, what burnin’ plans, what eager hopes, and what dark despairs they had covered up in 76. And then to see—a layin’ on the bed—the cane that Benjamin give to George, and to see George’s glasses and candle stick, and trunks and etcetery. Why, they all roused up my mind so, that I told Josiah I must see Independance Hall before I slept, or I wouldn’t answer for the consequences.

I was fearfully roused up in my mind, as much so as if my emotions had been all stirred up with that little hatchet that G. W. couldn't tell a lie with.

Leavin' Miss Bean, we started off for Independance Hall. What feelins I felt, as I stood in the room where our 4 fathers signed the papers givin' their children liberty; where them old fathers signed the deed without flinchin' a hair, though they well knew that it had got to be sealed red with their blood. To stand on that very floor—kinder checkered off—that they had stood on, to see them very chairs that they had sot in, and then to see their brave, heroic faces a lookin' down on me—I felt strange, curious. And there was that old bell that had rung out the old slavery and oppression, and rung in the new times of freedom and liberty. My emotions tuckered me out so that when I got to sleep that night, I was dreamin' that I was upon the top of that bell a swingin' over the land, soarin' right back and forth; a swingin' back into them times that tried men's and wimmen's souls, and then forth again into the glorious nineteenth century. I had a awful time of it, and so did Josiah, and I wouldn't go through it again for a dollar bill, and Josiah says he wouldn't.



ANOTHER DAY ON THE GROUNDS.

THE next mornin' we got onto the grounds early and took a short tower through the Main Buildin' when Josiah says to me all of a sudden :

"Less go and be elevated Samantha!"

Says I, "What do you mean, Josiah Allen?" I was skairt; I thought he was goin' the way of lunys.

"Why," says he "I mean less go and be elevated up in the elevator."

"Oh!" says I, "I thought you wanted me to go and git intoxicated with you."

I didn't blame Josiah, for I knew it was a principle implanted in his sect to see all they could see, but still I hung back; I didn't feel like it; somehow I didn't feel like bein' elevated; and knowin' what would be the strongest argument to bear onto him, I mentioned the expense, but he argued back again :

"Ten cents won't make or break us. Do less be elevated Samantha; come on, less."

So seein' he was determined on't, we went back again into the Main Buildin' and was elevated. And what a sight that was that was spread out below us. Never shall I forget it while memory sets up in her high chair. As I looked on it all, I couldn't think of but jest one thing, how the—the—D—D—David took the Master up on a high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms and glory of the world, and—Josiah hunched me jest then and says he: "Haint you glad I took you up here, Samantha?"

And then I told him what I was thinkin' of, and he didn't seem to like it; he wanted to know in a cross, surly tone "if I was a hingin' on him;" I told him I wasn't.

And then we traipsed around to see several other things, until I was tired completely out. I thought seein' so much would sort o' quiet Josiah down, but it only made him more rampant to see more; he wanted to see some wild beasts; he said he wanted to go to the bear pits.

Says I, "*I don't want to see any wild beasts.*"

"Well," says he, "you set down here and rest, and I will come back in half an hour or three quarters."

So he left me, and soon after, I thought I would saunter around the grounds all alone by myself, and while doin' so, I arrove at the same fountain I and Josiah had looked upon several days previous; where the beautiful girls was upholdin' the platter on which the water was a fallin'; and as my eyes fell upon it,

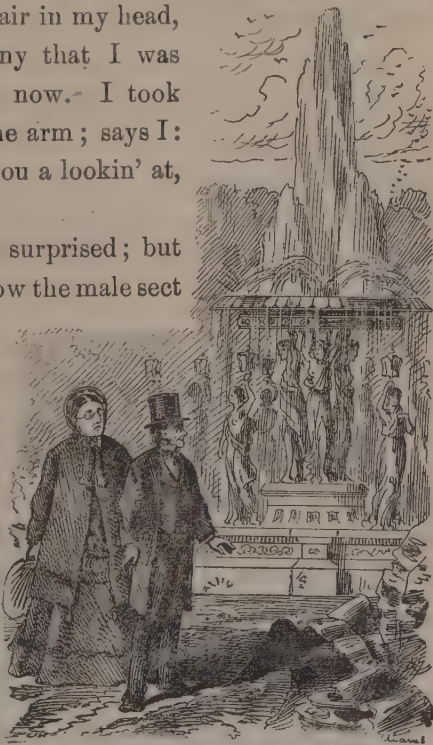
they also fell upon the form of my Josiah, a gazin' upon the female figgers in wrapped attention.

But as I have remarked once before (I believe,) I haint a jealous hair in my head, but I can't deny that I was dumbfounded now. I took him firmly by the arm; says I:

"What are you a lookin' at, Josiah Allen?"

He was awful surprised; but it's wonderful how the male sect will turn off any-

thing. Says he: "I was a admirin' the water, Samantha, how beautiful it biles up and then falls down into the platter." And he turned round to the fountain.



ADMIRIN' THE BEAUTIFUL WATER.

Says I, "Josiah Allen, are these the wild beasts, is this the bear pit you wanted to see?" And I added in dry tones: "You had better hereafter remain near your pardner." And I led him away. We sauntered along for some time, but Josiah was dretful uneasy. I never see him so restless; and anon, says he: "I feel to-day, somehow, Samantha, jest like meanderin'."

I see it was no use to restrain him, and says I :

Well, *you* can keep right on a meanderin', but *I* can't meander another step." Says I—wipin' my heated forward on my white cotton handkerchief—"I have meandered too much now for my own good, and I must go to some quiet spot, where I can rest both my limbs and the eyes of my spectacles, for they are both fearfully weary. I must have a little quiet, Josiah Allen."

Says he, "How will you git holt of any quiet here, Samantha?"

Says I, "I have heerd it is to be obtained down in the raven between this Hall and the Artemus Gallery;" so he said he would meet me there in a couple of hours, and started off. The raven (probable so called from ravens bein' found there in the past) is perfectly delightful. A brook goes laughin' through it; there is beautiful shady walks and bridges, easy benches are to be found under the great noble forest trees, and there is green grass, and ferns, and daisies, and a spring with a tin-dipper. It is a lovely place, and I sot down feelin' first-rate. Nobody's arms, not even the most trained nurses, can rest a tired baby so well as its mother's; nobody can rest the weary, and fatigued out like Nater. I hadn't been there more'n 2 minutes before I begun to feel rested off, and as it is my way to do, I begun to think deeply and allegore to myself. Thinks'es I, here I be in Pennsylvany; and then I went to thinkin' of Penn,—thought what

a noble, good man he was ; thinks'es I, no wonder the Pennsylvanyans have prospered ; no wonder the Sentinal stands firm, for they all stand on ground honestly bought from their true owners, by that noble Penn, and paid for.

And then I thought a sight about Penn ; how firm his scalp always stood, how peaceful his frontiers was, and I wondered if there would be so much Injun difficulty if the spirit of honesty, justice, and truth, that he showed to the Injuns, could be showed to 'em now. Anyway, as I sot there, I wished eloquently to myself, that when he ascended to the Heavens prepared for just men, his mantilly could have fell onto the men who make our laws, and could be wore now in Washington by them, and laid gracefully accrost the Injun Buro.

I was just a thinkin' this to myself when I see a dretful pleasant lookin' lady come and set down on a bench only a little ways from me. She had such a good look onto her that I says to a man who happened to be a goin' by where I sot, "Can you tell me who that lady is?" "Mrs. Ulysses Grant," says he. "Not she that was Julia Dent?" says I. "Yes," says he. I walked right up to her and says I—holdin' out my hand in a warm and affectionate manner :

"How do you do, Julia? I am highly tickled to see you ; how does the baby do—and how does Mr. Dent'ses folks do? Are they all so as to be about?" says I, "I am Josiah Allen's wife."

"Oh!" says she, "I have heerd my husband speak of you." And she shook hands with me, and made room on the bench for me to set down by her.

"Yes," says I, "I rescued him when he called for peace and couldn't find it; I had the honor of savin' him from pain and Betsey Bobbet." I thought I would explain it to her, though she didn't act jealous a mite. But it is always best to explain to wimmen jest what business you and her pardner have been talkin' about.' It may save some bad feelin' towards *you*, and some curtain lectures for *him*.

Says I, "I had a talk with your husband in the cause of Right, and advised the Nation promiscuously through him. But there was several other things I wanted to say, but I see he was gittin' hungry, and so, of course, fractious and worrysome, and I stopped in a minute, for I well know there is a time to advise men, and a time to refrain from it." Says I, "Wimmen who have had a man to deal with for any length of time, learn to take advantage of times and seasons."

I see by her looks she didn't want no tutorin' on that subject—she haint nobody's fool. Says she, "What did you want to speak to my husband about?"

Says I, "I wanted to talk to him more about the Injuns."

Says she, "My husband has honestly tried to do the best he could with 'em."

Says I, "I believe it Julia; I believe it from nearly the bottom of my heart."

Says she, "They are a low, dirty, degraded race."

Says I, "It haint reasonable to expect to git heightened virtues and principles from ignorance and superstition. Think of minds narrowed down to one thought, by a total lack of culture and objects of interest; think of their constant broodin' over the centuries of wrongs they think they have endured from the white race; and what wonder is it that this spirit flames out occasionally in deeds that make the world shudder. And then, people will shet their eyes to the causes that led to it, and lift up their hands in horrer, and cry out for extermination."

Says Julia, "It is Destiny; it is the wave of civilization and progress that is movin' on from the East to the West. The great resistless wave whose rush and might nothin' can withstand. Rushin' grandly onward, sweepin' down all obstacles in its path."

Says I, "Julia, that is a sublime idee of yourn, very sublime, and dretful comfortin' to the waves; but let me ask you in a friendly way, haint it a little tough on the obstacles?"

She said that it was, though she hadn't never looked at it so much in that light before.

"Yes," says I, "I know jest how it is; you liave looked at the idee with the eye of a wave. But that wont do, Julia; when we look at an idee we must look at it from more than one side; we must look at it with several pair of eyes in order to git the right light onto it;" says I, "I don't blame you for lookin'

at it, with the eye of a wave—a noble, sublime eye, full of power, and might, and glory, calm and stiddy as eternity. And then to be fair, we ort to look at it with the eye of a obstacle, pleadin', and frightened, and melancholly, with a prophecy of comin' doom. And when we s'posen the case, it wont do for us to s'posen ourselves waves all the hull time, we must, in order to be just, s'posen ourselves obstacles part of the time. And s'posen you was a obstacle, Julia, and your Ulysses was one, and s'posen I was one, and my Josiah was another one; this wouldn't hinder us from bein' faint when we hadn't nothin' to eat; and our legs from achin' when we had been drove clear from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and our hearts from greivin' when we was forced from our homes to let our enemies live there; and our eyes from rainin' floods of tears when they see our loved ones fallin' by our side for defendin' our homes from what we look upon as a invader. It wouldn't hinder our hearts from breakin' when we was drove off and denied the right even to weep over the graves where our hopes was a lyin' buried up with our beloved obstacles."

Julia was almost in tears, but she reminded me that they only used the land for low, triffin' pursuits; such as huntin' and other worthless amusements; that we put it to better use.

Says I, "Julia, I haint a denyin' of it, I haint said, and I haint a goin' to say that it wasn't necessary to plough up and smooth out their graveyards to make

race courses and base ball and crokay grounds for our nobler race; I haint denied it; I was only remindin' you, that it seemed to be uncommon tough on 'em; that is all. I think on 'em a sight;" says I, "how they used to own the hull of this continent; a friendly, peaceable set Columbus said they was; would have done anything for him, knelt right down and worshipped him, they was so glad to see him. It seems sort o' pitiful to me, to think they looked with such reverent admirin' eyes on the comin' race that was to destroy 'em; knelt down and kissed the white hands that was to strike 'em such fearful blows; thought they come right down from heaven; and how soon they didn't think so—how soon they thought they come from a different place. I s'pose they was a simple, well meanin', childlike lot, livin' so near to Nater, that they got nearer to her heart than we can ever think of gittin'. And the mountains and waters cling to their names yet; it seems as if they don't forget 'em; the Alleghany's seem to be a liftin' up their heads a lookin' for the Alleghanies and wonderin' what has become of 'em. The Deleware seems to be a rushin' along clear to the sea, a huntin' for the Delewares; and Huron and Erie git fairly mad, and storm and rage a hollerin' for the Hurons and Eries; and old Ontario, I never see her but what she seems to be a murmurin' and whisperin' sunthin' about the Ontarios; her blue waters have a sort of a mournful sound to me; a nevermore sounds in the wave as it

swashes up on the beach, as if it was a cryin' out to me, askin' me what we have done with 'em. Her great breast seems to be a heavin' up and sithin' for the fate of them whose canoes used to float on her bosom—them light canoes that have floated off further and further, till pretty soon the last one will float off into that ocian whose further shore we haint never seen."

Says Julia, "I will speak to my husband on the subject at once."

Says I, "So do; and choose the time when he is cleverer than common, jest as I would deal with my Josiah."

Then I told her, that I would be glad to stay right by her all the afternoon, I felt such a friendship for her but, says I, "you know Julia that even respect and admiration, when they come in conflict with love, have to stand back; and my companion I know is almost famishin' with hunger, and I have got the key to the satchel bag containin' our lunch;" and says I, "you know what ravages hunger makes in a man." She said she knew it well and that I was perfectly excusable. And I bid her good-bye and started on towards the place where I promised to meet my Josiah. I found him a watchin' the satchel bag, with a gloomy and fractious face, but after he eat, he looked well and happy again. His plan for the afternoon was to see all the live stock on the ground, all the iron work, the mineral annex, the

war-like preparations of the different nations, their ships and farmin' tools, the dairy, brewery, the model of Paris, the newspaper offices, the light-houses, cheese factory, wagon shops, wind mills and the different tarverns, and he sot right out.

The statement of his plan—added to my meanderins and outlay of eloquence—had wearied me nearly out, but I knew well where to go and git rested. I knew what could take me right up—though my heft was great—and waft me off into a land where weariness was never admitted through its gate, where pain and tiredness and care never climbed over its fence. I didn't know whether to go and be lifted up to this beautiful realm by the music in the glen, or the piano and organ concert in the Main Buildin'; but finally I chose the latter. And seatin' my body on a seat I peacefully left this weary world, and for about a half or three quarters of an hour I was a triumphant and blessed citizen of that other world which is so near to ours that we can be transported to it in half a moment, and so fur off that no one can ever find the path a leadin' to it, or tell how it is bounded, or how big it is, or who made it, or why it was made, or anything. But that it is a land of entrancin' beauty and delight, *that* we all know; and I don't know but I should have lingered in it all day, if a rollin' chair containin' a woman hadn't rolled right onto me as I sot on the end of the seat; and bein' roused up and brought down to the world again, thinks'es I, I will

take a short roll round the buildin' myself. So I becomed to a young feller whose chair a lady had jest got out of, and took her place; but the move wasn't



A SHORT ROLL.

a happyfyin' one to me; I got to thinkin'; thinks'es I who knows where he'll roll me off to—no knowin' but what all of a sudden he'll take a start and run with me clear out of sight.

I put in a appearance of calm, and I thought I'd try to stand it a little longer, for I knew he'd think strange my gittin' out so soon. But I couldn't seem to sense a thing I see; I kep' a thinkin' of Josiah and the peril he was in

mebby; I turned round and looked at the chap, and I mistrusted he looked sort o' wild out of his eye; and I told him in agitated axents that if he was willin', I'd pay him for the hull hour I bargained for, and git out

on the spot. He seemed willin', and I descended down out of the chair—and was glad of the chance.

Then I went and sot down on a bench by the noble fountain of Moses and Temperance, and I was episod-in' to myself what a hard time Mr. Moses did have in the wilderness, and how he made water flow out of a rock. And I wondered dreamily if he was here now if he wouldn't have to give a harder knock ag'inst rocky hearts and the rocks of selfishness and custom, before he made water flow instead of likker; when first I knew, Josiah come and sot right down by me, and says he: "You know I told you this mornin' Samantha, about the 'Creation Searchers' all wanderin' off last night a searchin' round and gittin' lost again, and how Shakespeare Bobbet estimated that they had travelled in the neighborhood of one hundred and forty miles, and that he thought his father and old Dagget would be bed rid for life; and how that Shakespeare had shipped 'em home this mornin' by car load—he goin' along to lift 'em round, and keep 'em together—all but Solomon Cypher, Cornelius Cork, and the Editor of the Auger."

"Yes," says I, "you told me of it, but what of it?"

"Well," says he, the three 'Creation Searchers' that was left are in jail."

"In jail, Josiah Allen?"

"Yes, in jail for playin' horse and disturbin' the peace. Sam Snyder has jest told me the particulars. They got to thinkin' I s'pose, how many scrapes they

had got into sense they was here as a body; how much money they had lost, and how much fun had been made of 'em; and they seemed to lose every mite of dignity, and every spec of decency they had got about 'em, and they all got drunk as fools—"

Says I warmly, "I *told* the Nation jest how it would be, and I told *you* Josiah, but you wouldn't believe me, neither on you, and now there is Solomon Cypher drunk as a fool; mebbby you'll hear to me another time, Josiah Allen."

Says Josiah with a gloomy look, "I don't see what you want to lay it all to *me* for; their sellin' likker here to the Sentimental wasn't *my* doin's."

"Well, you sort o' upholded the Nation in it; did they catch 'em here to the Sentinal, Josiah?"

"No, they got their likker here, and then they went down into the village a cuttin' up and actin' every step of the way; and when they catched 'em they was playin' horse right in front of the meetin' house. Cornelius and the Editor was horses and old Cypher they say had got holt of their galluses a drivin' 'em double; and he was a yellin' and cluckin' to 'em to git up, and they was a prancin' and a snortin', and the Editor of the Auger was pretendin' to be balky, and was a kickin' up and a whinnerin'; the likker had made three perfect fools of 'em. And what gauls me," says he with a deprested look, "is, that a relation of ourn by marriage should be in the scrape; it will make such talk; and we mixed up in it."

Says I calmly but firmly, "He must have a bail put onto him."

"I won't put it on," says he—and he added in a loud mad tone—"he won't git no bails put onto him by me, not a darned bail."

"Well," says I, "if you haint no pity by you, you can probable stop swearin' if you set out to. They are relations on *your* side Josiah Allen."



"THE SENTINAL LICENSED."

"Throw the Widder in my face again will you!" says he, "if she was fool enough to marry him, she may take care of him for all of me, and if she wants any bails put onto him, she may put 'em on herself."

Says I lookin' my pardner calmly in the eye. "Ort from ort leaves how many Josiah Allen?"

"Ort," says he, and snapped out, "what of it? What do you go a prancin' off into Rithmatic for, such a time as this?"

Says I mildly, for principle held my temper by the reins, a leadin' me along in the harness first-rate, "When you reckon up a row of orts and git 'em to amount to anything, or git anything from 'em to carry, then you can set the bride to doin' sunthin' and expect to have it done;" says I, "won't Sam Snyder succor him?"

"No he won't; he says he won't and there haint a Jonesvillian that will; you won't catch 'em at it."

"Well," says I firmly, with a mean that must have looked considerable like a certain persons at Smithfield when he was bein' set fire to; "if you nor nobody else won't go and help put a bail onto Solomon Cypher, *I* shall."

And then Josiah hollered up and asked me if I was a dumb fool, and twitted me how haughty and overbearin' Solomon had been to wimmen, how he had looked down on me and acted.

But says I calmly, "Josiah Allen, you have lived with me month after month, and year after year, and you don't seem to realize the size and heft of the principles I am a carryin' round with me, no more than if you never see me a performin' with 'em on a tower. Rememberance of injuries, ridicule, nor Josiah

can't put up no bars accrost the path of Right high enough to stop Samantha. She is determined and firm; she will be merciful and heap coals of fire on the head of the guilty Cypher, for the sake of duty, and that weepin' ort."

And then Josiah pretended not to understand my poetic and figgerative speech, and said that—Solomon bein' so bald—I'd have a chance to give him a good singein' and he hoped I'd blister his old skull good.

And I walked off with dignity, and wouldn't demean myself by sayin' another word. He had told me where the bride was, and I started off; and though memory (as well as Josiah) lunched me up to remember how haughty the "Creation Searchers" had all been as a body, and how rampant they had been that a woman shouldn't infringe on 'em, or come in contract with 'em, still the thought that they was moulderin' in jail made me feel for them and their weepin' brides.

The female elements in politics would be, as you may say, justice tempered down with mercy; justice kep' a sayin' to me, "Solomon Cypher is in jail and he ort to be, for truly he played horse and disturbed the peace;" but mercy whispered to me in the other ear: "If he is humbled down and willin' to do better, give him a chance."

Punishment if it means anything means jest that; it hadn't ort to be malicious enjoyment to the punishers; it ort to be for the reformin' of the criminals, and

makin' of 'em better. And that is why I never could believe that chokin' folks to death was the way to reform 'em, and make better citizens of 'em.

I found the bride a settin' like a statute of grief on a bench, a groanin' and weepin' and callin' wildly on Doodle, and sayin' if he was alive she wouldn't be in that pernickment—which I couldn't deny, and didn't try to. But I told her firmly that this was no time to indulge in her feelins, or call on Doodle, and if she wanted a bail put onto Solomon Cypher, we must hasten to his dungeon.

So we hurried onwards, and right in the path we met Gen. Hawley; and even then, in that curious time, I thought I never did see a handsomer, well meaniner face than hisen. And now it looked better than ever for it had pity onto it, which will make even humblyness look well. That man respects me deeply; he see the mission I was a performin' on, and the hefty principles I was a carryin' round with me on a tower, and now as he looked at my agitated face and then at the weepin' bride, he stopped and says in that honest good way of hisen, and with that dretful clever look to his eyes:

"Josiah Allen's wife, you are in trouble; can I help you in any way?"

"No," says I, "not *now* you can't." I put a awful meanin' axent onto that 'now,' and says he:

"Do I understand you to say Madam that at some future time I can? You know you can command me."

(A better dispositioned, accommodatiner, well meaner man, never walked afoot ; I knew that from the first on't.) But duty and justice hunched me up, one on each side, and says I sadly, "My advice wasn't took, the Sentinal was licenced, and Solomon Cypher is drunk as a fool."

He felt bad ; he sithed, to think after all I had said and done about it, the Sentinal was licenced, and some of my folks had got drunk. It mortified him dretfully I know, but I wouldn't say anything to make him feel any worse, and I only says, says I :

"The Nation wouldn't take my advice, and you see if it don't sup sorrow for it ; you see if it don't see worse effects from it than Solomon Cypher's gittin' drunk and playin' horse. And if you see me to the next Sentinal, Joseph, you jest tell me if I haint in the right on't."

But I hadn't no time to multiply any more words with him, for the bride groaned out agonizinly, and called on Doodle and his linement in such a heart-breakin' way, they was enough to draw tears from a soap stun.

But I will pass over my sufferins of mind, body and ears, only sayin' that they was truly tegus, till at last we stood before the recumbard form of Solomon Cypher a layin' stretched out on the floor in as uncomfortable a position as I ever sot my eyes on ; he looked almost exactly like a sick swine that Josiah had in the spring. But I hope to goodness the swine

won't never hear I said so, if it should, I should be ashamed and apologize to it, for that got sick on sweet whey, which is a far nobler sickness than likker sickness. And then the Lord had made that a brute by nater, and it hadn't gone to work and made itself so as Solomon had.

But oh! how the bride did weep and cry as she looked down on him, and how heartrendin' she did call on Doodle, sayin' if he had lived she wouldn't have been in that perdickement; it was a strange time,—curious.

And we left him after leavin' some money to have him let out jest as quick as he could walk. I didn't try to do anything for Cornelius Cork or the Editor of the Augur'ses case. I was completely tuckered out; and in the mornin' I was so lame that I couldn't hardly stand on my feet. My back was in a awful state; it wasn't so much a pain as I told Josiah, but there seemed to be a creek a runnin' down through my back, as curious a feelin' as I ever felt; and though we hadn't seen half or a fourth of what we wanted to see, I told Josiah that we must start for home that day; had it not been for the creek runnin' down my back we should have staid two days longer at least.

Josiah rubbed my back with linement before we started, almost tenderly; but right when he was rubbin' in the linement the most nobby he says to me: "This creek wouldn't never have been Samantha, if you hadn't helped put a bail onto anybody."

Says I, "When anybody is preformin' about a mission like mine, on a tower, and gits hurt; their noble honor, their happy conscience holds 'em up even if their own pardner tries to run 'em down."

Says I, "Mebby it is all for the best, our goin' home this mornin', fôr that hen is liable to come off now any minute, and I ort to be there."

He said he had been ready for a week, which indeed he had, for truly the price he had to pay for our two boards was enormous; I never see nor heerd of such costly boards before. So we started about half-past eight o'clock, calculatin' to git home the second day, for we was goin' home the shortest way, stayin' one night to a tarvern.

And the next night about sundown my Josiah and me arrove home from the Sentinal, and it seemed as if old Nater had been a lottin' on our comin' and fixed up for us and made a fuss, everything looked so uncommon beautiful and pleasant. There had been a little shower that afternoon, and the grass in the door yard looked green and fresh as anything. The sweet clover in the meadow made the air smell good enough to eat if you could have got holt of it; our bees was a comin' home loaded down with honey, and the robins in the maples and the trees over in the orchard sang jest as if they had been practicin' a piece a purpose to meet us with, it was perfectly beautiful. And the posy beds and the mornin' glories at the winders and the front porch, and the curtains at our

bed-room winder, and the door step, and everything, looked so good to me that I turned and says to my pardner with a happy look :

"Home is the best place on earth, haint it Josiah Allen?" says I, "towers are pleasant to go off on, but they are tuckerin, especially high towers of principle such as I have been off a performin' on."

But Josiah looked fractious and worrisky, and says he :

"What I want to know is, what we are goin' to have for supper; there haint no bread nor nothin', and I'd as lives eat bass-wood chips and shingles as to eat Betsey Slimpsey's cookin'.

But I says in tender tones, for I knew I could soothe him down instantly :

"How long will it take your pardner, Josiah Allen, to make a mess of cream biscuit, and broil some of that nice steak we jest got to Jonesville, and mash up some potatoes? And you know," says I in the same gentle axents, "there is good butter and cheese and honey and canned peaches and everything right in the sullen."

All the while I was speakin', my Josiah's face begun to look happier and happier, and more peaceful and resigned, and as I finished, and he got down to help me out, he looked me radiantly and affectionately in the face, and says he :

"It is jest as you say, Samantha; there's no place like home."

Says I, "I knew you would feel jest so; home when it is the home of the heart as well as the body, is almost a heaven below. And," I added in the same tones, or pretty nigh the same, "mebby you had better git me a little kindlin' wood Josiah, before you unharness."

He complied with my request and in about an hour's time we sot down to a supper good enough for a king, and Josiah said it was. He acted happy, very, and exceedinly clever; he had found everything right to the barn, and I also to the house, and we felt well. And though we had held firm, and wouldn't have took no rash means to git rid of our trouble, it did seem such a blessed relief to be at rest from David Doodle; it seemed so unutterably sweet not to have his linement throwed in our faces every moment.

Thomas J. wasn't comin' home till Saturday. We see him and Tirzah Ann as we come through Jonesville, and they said the last of the 'Creation Searchers' had got home, but their conduct had leaked out through the bride and the Editor of the Auger'ses wife, and they dassant go out in the street, any one of 'em, they had so much fun poked at 'em. Betsey come in at night; she had been to Miss Daggets to work, and she had a flour sack with some beans, and other provisions.

Says I in pityin' axents, "How do you do, Betsey?"

Well she said she enjoyed real poor health; she had got the shingles the worst kind, and a swelled neck,

and the newraligy, and the ganders, and says she, "Havin' to support a big family in this condition makes it hard for me."

"Don't your husband help you any, Betsey?" says I.

"Oh!" says she, "he is down with the horrors the hull time," says she, "my work days haint half so bad as the hard times I have nights," she said she didn't git no sleep at all hardly.

Says I, "Haint you most sorry Betsey that you ever tried to git married?"

She felt so bad and was so discouraged and down-hearted that she come out the plainest I ever see her, and says she:

"Josiah Allen's wife, I'll tell you the truth! If it wasn't for the name of bein' married, and the dignity I got by bein' in that state, I should be sorry as I could be; but," says she as she lifted her flour sack of provisions onto her tired shoulders previous to startin' home, "I wouldn't part with the dignity I got by bein' married, not for a ten cent bill, as bad as I want money, and as much as I need it."



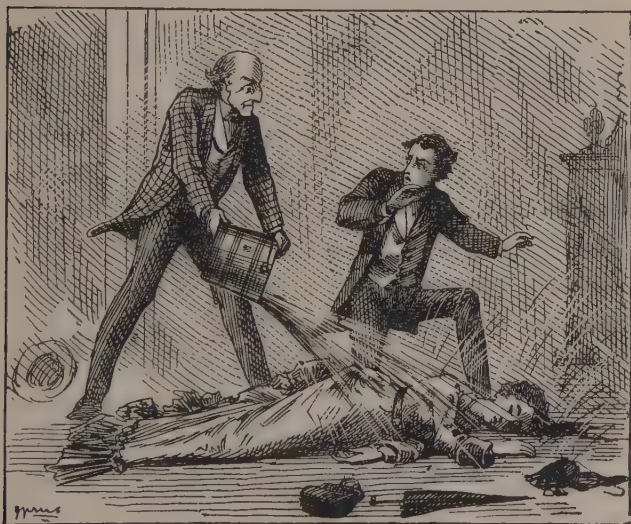
THE REUNION.

THE mornin' of the fourteenth of September dawned fair and peacefully. The sun rose up considerable early in the mornin', and looked down with a calm and serene face upon Jonesville and the earth. And not fur from the same time, I too, rose up and with as calm and serene a face as hisen, I went to work and got a excellent breakfast for my Josiah and me. It was the day we had looked forred to for a year. The deed that was to give our Tirzah Ann and her pardner a handsome home lay in security in the depths of my Josiah's vest pocket, and in the buttery was a big basket full of as good vittles as was ever baked by woman—enough to last 'em a week. The new carpets and housen stuff had been privately carried into the house, unbeknown to them; and that very afternoon was the time we was a goin' to make 'em almost perfectly happy. Oh! how serene and noble I felt as I poured out my dishwater and washed my breakfast dishes.

And as I washed and wiped I thought of the children; thought how well Thomas J. was a doin', and how Tirzah Ann and Whitfield had been prospered ever sense they took their bridal tower. I s'pose they had a dretful hard time then; I s'pose they suffered as much agony on that bridal tower, as any two bridals ever suffered in the same length of time. Tirzah Ann haint got over that tower to this day, and Whitfield looks mad every time he hears the word mentioned. They have both told me sense (in strict confidence) at two separate times, that if they was a goin' to be married twenty-five times a piece, they had gone off on their last tower.

You see the way on't was, Tirzah Ann—not bein' used to travellin'—got lost. Whitfield left her a minute on the platform to go back after her parasol, and she heerd 'em say "All aboard," and she thought she must git on that minute or die. He, seein' she was gone, thought she had went back after him, and he went searchin' after her. The train went on; he took the next train up, and she the next train down, and they passed each other; and then she took the next train up, and he the next train down, and they missed each other again. And so they kep' it up all the first day and night. Finally, the next mornin' the conductor—bein' a old gentleman, and good hearted—telegraphed to Whitfield that he would be to the upper depot at 10 o'clock, and told him to come on instantly and claim his property and pay charges, or it would

spile on his hands. I s'pose she did take on awfully, not bein' used to trouble; she fainted dead away when Whitfield come on and claimed her and paid charges; and the old gentleman bein' crazy with



BRINGIN' HER TO.

trouble deluged a mop-pail full of water onto her, and spilte every rag of her clothes, bunnet and all. Thirty dollars wouldn't have made her whole; I s'pose she looked like a banty hen after a rain storm.

When they got to Whitfield's cousins—where they expected to stay—they was away from home. Then they went to a second cousins; they was havin' a funeral. Then they went to a third cousins, and they had the tyfus. Then they went to the only tarvern in the place; they was all right there, only the whoopin'

cough; and they never havin' had it, took it, and come down in nine days—coughed and whooped awful.

They laid out to stay a fortnite on their tower, and they did; but they have both told me sense (in confidence, and I wouldn't want it told of from me,) that their sufferins durin' that time, can be imagined, but never described upon. The first cousin come home and sent for 'em, but she was of a jealous make, and kinder hinted that Tirzah Ann run away from Whitfield a purpose—didn't come right out and say it, but kep' a hintin'—made them feel as uncomfortable as if they was raked up on a coal. And then she would look at Tirzah Ann's clothes that was spilte—when she fainted away, and was fetched to by water—and kinder hint that she had fell into some creek. I s'pose she kep' Tirzah Ann on the tender-hooks the hull time, without sayin' a word they could resent or make her take back.

And then she and Whitfield was dressed up all the time, and wanted to act natteral, and couldn't—felt as if they must behave beautiful, and polite every minute. Why! I s'pose they got so sick of each other that they wished, both on 'em, that they had lived single, till they died of old age. And then on their way back they both had the blind headache, every step of the way, coughed their heads most off, and whooped—Tirzah Ann told me—as if they was two wild Injuns on a war path. Truly they had got enough of weddin' towers to last through a long life.

Somehow Thomas Jefferson always felt different about such things. I've heerd him and Tirzah Ann—before she was married—argue about it, time and again. He said he couldn't for his life see why folks felt as if they had got to go a caperin' off somewhere, the minute they was married—and to tell the plain truth, I, myself, never could see the necessity, when they both feel as strange as strange can be, to think of goin' off into a strange land to feel strange in.

It is curious enough and solemn enough to enter into a new life, untried, crowded full of possibilities for happiness or misery, if you face that future calmly and with bodily ease. It is a new life, not to be entered into highlariously, tired to death, and wild as two lunys, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, amidst the screechins of omnibus drivers and pop corn peddlers, but with calmness, meditation, and prayer. That is my idee; howsumever, everybody to their own.

And then another thing that made Tirzah Ann's, tower so awful tryin'; she had wore herself down almost to a skeleton and got irritable and nervous, a makin' tattin, and embroideries; for she felt she couldn't be married till she had got her nineteenth suit all trimmed off to the extreme of the fashion.

Thomas J. and Maggy (they think alike on most things) always felt different about that. I have heerd Maggy say that she never could understand why it was necessary for a girl to make up such a stupendus amount of clothin' to marry one man in—a man she

had seen every day from her youth up. She said that any civilized young woman who respected herself, would have enough clothin' by her all the time to be comfortable and meet any other emergency of life; and she couldn't understand why her marryin' to a mild dispositioned young man, should render it imperative to disable several dressmakers, make mothers lunatics with fine sewin', and work themselves down to a complete skeleton, makin' up as many garments as if they was goin' for life into a land where needles was unknown, and side thimbles was no more.

And to tell the truth I joined with her; I always thought that health and a good disposition would be more useful, and go further than tattin in the cares and emergencies of married life; and that girls would do better to spend some of their time a makin' weddin' garments for their souls, gettin' ready the white robes of patience and gentleness, and long sufferins. They'll need them, every rag on 'em if they are married any length of time. But everybody has their ways, and Tirzah Ann had hers, and truly she had the worst of it.

I finished washin' my dishes, and then I brought out my linen dress and cape, and my common bunnet, so's to have everything ready. Jest as I come out with 'em on my arm, Thomas J. come in, and says he:

"Wear your best shawl and bunnet this afternoon, won't you mother?"

Says I, "Why, Thomas Jefferson?"

Says he, "I didn't know but you would want to step into the Presbeteryun church this afternoon on your way down to Tirzah Ann's. There is a couple a goin' to be married there at two o'clock."

"Who be they Thomas J.?" says I.

Says he, "It is a couple that don't want to be gos-siped about; that think marriage is sunthin' too sacred and holy to be turned into a circus, with tinsel and folderols, and a big crowd of strangers a gazin' on—the woman dressed up for principal performer, and the man for a clown. A couple that wants jest them they love best—"

I dropped right down into a chair and put up my gingham apron over my eyes and bust right out a cryin', and I couldn't have helped it, if Josiah had stood over me with a meat-axe. I knew who it was that was goin' to be married and most probable set off for the west in the mornin'. Goin' way off west; my boy, my Thomas Jefferson.

He come up behind me and put his hand on my shoulder and said in a kind of a tremblin' voice—he thinks a sight of me, my boy does; and then he knows enough to know that a new life is a serious thing to set out on, even if love goes with 'em—says he:

"I thought you loved Maggy, mother."

Says I, out from under my apron, "You know I do, Thomas Jefferson, and you ort to know your mother well enough to know she is a cryin' for pleasure, pure enjoyment." I wasn't a goin' to put no dampers onto

my boy's happiness that day, not if he sot off the next minute for the Antipithes. He stood there for a moment with his hand on my shoulder, and then he bent down and kissed me, and that was every word he said. Then he went up stairs to git ready.

It seems he had jest told his father to the barn, and Josiah come in all broke down about his goin' off west. Maggy was my choice, and hisen, but the goin' west was where the cast-iron entered into our very souls. But when I see my companion's mean, I see where my duty lay, and I grasped holt of it. I knew he was completely unstrung, and I had got to string him up by my example, or he would crumple completely down on my hands. I see if I kep' my Josiah collected together, I must keep my own composure up, and be calm. But while holdin' up Duty and Josiah with a almost marble grip, what feelins I felt when we was on our way to the meetin' house. What feelins I felt when I see Thomas J. and Maggy standin' up in front of the altar, and Elder Colvin Kirk a marryin' of 'em.

Maggy was dressed up in a white mull dress, with some lace ruffles round her neck and wrists. Not a mite of jewelry on her from head to foot, only a little pearl cross and ring that Thomas J. had give her; the ruffle round her neck was fastened in front with some sweet white poseys,—and she looked as pretty as the poseys herself, and prettier. Thomas Jefferson had on his best suit of clothes, and oh! how good he did look

to me. And to think he was a goin' way off where I couldn't lay my eyes on him, or her either, ! Why, if I had leggo for a half a moment of Duty and Josiah, I should have groaned to that extent that it would have skairt 'em nearly to death.

But I held firm, and in the stoop of the meetin'-house I kissed 'em both and wished 'em well, with a almost marble composure. And with the same cast-iron command of myself, I got into the buggy and sot out for Tirzah Ann's; she, and Whitfield and—well, it haint no matter who, but they, and Thomas J. and Maggy follerin', and Judge Snow (he has been put in Judge and feels big about it they say) sayin' he would join us at supper. He was in the secret of the deed, and so was Thomas Jefferson and Maggy.

But as we started off, Josiah groaned to that extent that he skairt the old mare, and I almost commanded him to control himself and be calm. But though he made a great effort, it was in vain; he groaned nearly every step of the way, and when he wasn't a groanin' he was a sithin' fearful sithes. Oh! what a time I had.

Well, when we got to Tirzah Ann's, we (havin' the supper on our minds) told 'em we had a little business to tend to, and we wouldn't git out of the buggy jest then, so we drove on and left 'em there by the gate. Oh! how beautiful and fair the house did look on the inside and on the outside, and I says to Josiah: "I don't believe Josiah Allen, there is another so pretty a place in Jonesville as this is!"

He was a standin' out in the front portico as I said this, and says he : "Yes there is, Samantha ; this house that stands right here by it, is jest as pretty ;" and it was. There it stood, so peaceful and pretty, right by the side of this one, with green shady yards in front, and a handsome little lattice work gate all runnin' over with green vines and poseys openin' between the two. Oh ! how perfectly beautiful they did look, and I knew this thought goared Josiah and me at the same time,—what if Thomas J. could be the doctor here in Jonesville and live right here by Tirzah Ann. Oh, what bliss it would be ! Then I turned and went to unpackin' my vittles, and settin' the table. It looked splendid ; and after I got it all done I sent Josiah for the childern and—well, I sent him for all on 'em.

And I shant begin to tell how Whitfield and Tirzah Ann acted when they come into that bright cosy little home, and Josiah put the deed of it into their hands ; I dassant tell, for anybody would think they was lunys. I have seen tickled folks in my life, but never, never, did I see tickleder, that I know. Why, Whitfield looked fairly pale at first, and then his face flushed up as happy as a king. And Tirzah Ann cried a little, and then she laughed, and then she went to kissin' of us like a little fury ; she kissed her pa and me, and Whitfield and Thomas J. and Maggy, and—well, she kissed the hull on us more'n forty times I do believe.

And seein' 'em both so tickled, and feelin' so happy in their happiness, I do believe if it hadn't been for

the drawback of our boy's goin' west, Josiah and me would have broke down, and acted simple.

Judge Snow come jest as we was a settin' down to the table. He seemed to be in awful good spirits, kep' a jokin' all supper time, and thinks'es I to myself, "You must feel different from what I do, if you can face the idee of your child's goin' west with such highlarity and mirth." But truly, I wronged him; truly a shock was in store for us all; for as we got up from the supper table and went back into the settin'-room, he stood up and says he in a deep noble voice: (they say his voice sounds a good deal nobler, and deeper, sense he got to be a Judge,)

"Have you heerd that Doctor Bombus has had a dowery fall to him, and has give up docterin'?"

"No!" says I, and we all said "no!" we hadn't heerd on't.

"Yes," says he, "he has; he doctored a woman up in the town of Lyme and her husband settled 500 dollars a year on him for life."

"He cured her," says I, "what gratitude!"

"No," says he, "he didn't cure her, she died, but the widower give him the dowery, and he is goin' to give up docterin',"

The minute he said "give up docterin'," the thought come to me: what a chance for Thomas Jefferson! mebbly he wouldn't have to go west; and I felt as if there had been as many as seven flat-irons took offen my heart, and two or three cannon balls, and some

lead, and things. I looked at Josiah, and Josiah looked at me, and we both smiled; we couldn't help it. But better was a comin', for right while we was a smilin' the Judge spoke out again in a eloquent, sort of a low tone:

"Whereas Josiah Allen and Samantha his wife, has presented a deed of this house and lot to their daughter and her husband aforesaid, I, the party of the second part, I mean, I, Judge Snow, have purchased of Dr. Bombus his practice, and got a deed of the house and lot adjoinin' this for you Maggy, and you Thomas Jefferson, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

I s'pose bein' so agitated, he forgot where he was and thought he was a judgin', and then he handed the deed to Maggy, and blew his nose hard. As for me, nobody need to ask me how any of 'em behaved, for the minute I see what was a comin', I almost buried my face in my handkerchief, and sobbed and wept like a infant babe. But through my wrapped blissfulness of mood—for the ear of affection is keen—I could hear my Josiah a blowin' his nose, and I knew he too was in perfect rapture. Oh! Oh! what a time it was.

But I hadn't time to weep long in my pure blissfulness of spirit, for Judge Snow proposed we should all walk over and see the house, and he took right holt of my arm and locked arms with me (he meant well, Josiah was right there) and we led the way, and Thomas Jefferson and Maggy a follerin' as happy as



JUDGE SNOW'S SURPRISE

any two turtle doves I ever see, and then Whitfield and Tirzah Ann, and then Josiah and—well, who do you s'pose he was a waitin' on. What female do you s'pose he was a carryin' in his arms, and wouldn't let no one else touch it if he could help it, and kissin' her right before his lawful pardner too, and she enjoyin' of it? Who was it? I can't keep in a minute longer; it was the baby—Tirzah Ann's little infant babe. I have kep' still about it; I have held the baby back to surprise the reader and happyfy 'em. And so the hull procession of us walked over the grass, green as green velvet, under the pleasant shade trees, under the little vine covered gate, and so through the other yard jest as green and shady and pleasant, up into the house which was to be my boy's home.

Bimeby they all went over to Whitfield's house, to examine sunthin' or measure sunthin', for Judge Snow was rampant now about furnishin' the house right off, so they could git to housekeepin'. And Josiah and I and the baby went out and sot down under a big maple out in the yard. And we sot there happy as a king and queen, knowin' them we loved best was a goin' to be right here where we could lay our hands on 'em any time day or night. Come a visitin' 'em every day if we wanted to, spend the forenoon with one, and the afternoon with the other or anyway to make it agreeable. Oh what a happyfyin' time it was out there under the maple tree! The baby would kinder nod its head towards their house, and laugh

when Josiah would shake it up, jest as if she thought their house was the prettiest. Such a knowledgeable child! I never see the beat of it in my life.

We think, and we know—Josiah and me do—that there never was such a child before. It is only eleven weeks old but its intellect is sunthin' wonderful to study on. It understands everything that is goin' on jest as well as I do, and it does have such a cunnin' look to it, and so sensible. Its eyes are big, and a goin' to be a sort of grey brown; they have a unworldly, innocent look, sort o' deep and dreamy, jest as if it could tell if it was a mind to, a awful sight about the world it had come from so lately. Sometimes when there is foolish talk a goin' on round it, it will kinder curl up its little lip and wink at me with its big solemn eyes, till it fairly scares me to see such a little thing know so much more than any grown folks.

And then it is so ladylike in its appearance; has got such good manners, such composure, such almost cool dignity; it is jest as much at its ease before a minister as before a tin peddler, uses 'em both well, but not put out by 'em a mite; cool, and collected together all the time, jest like a little queen. And it don't seem to be a mite deceitful; it don't try to cover up its thoughts and idees, it is jest like lookin' through these clay bodies of oun and seein' a soul, to look at that babe.

I am one that loves reason and philosophy. I have acted well about it; some grandmothers will act so

foolish. I can't bear to see foolishness in grandparents, and Josiah can't neither. Now when it was half a day old, Sister Minkley thought it looked like Whitfield; I, myself, thought it looked more like a monkey. I didn't say so, I wouldn't for the world. I looked at it jest as I do at a little hard green bud that appears first on a rose bush; there haint no beauty to speak of in it; it is hard lookin' and it is green lookin,' and curious. But you set a awful sight of store by that little hard lookin' thing, for you know the possibilities of handsomeness that are folded up in it,—the dainty rosiness, the freshness, the sweetness. And so with the baby; when I thought of the possibilities of beauty wrapped up in it—the smiles, the pinky dimpled cheeks, the curly gold hair, the innocent baby laugh, the pretty broken talk, the angelical purity, and the confidin' confidence—why, when I thought of all this, there wasn't a dry eye in my head, and my heart sung for joy (though it don't understand a single note).

When the baby was four days old, Josiah thought it knew him; when it was a week old he thought it was a tryin' to talk to him, and said it laughed jest as quick as he went near the cradle.

Says I, "Josiah Allen, it is wind!"

"Wind!" he hollered, "mebby you think it is wind that makes *you* know me, and set considerable store by me." He almost took my head off, and I see by his mean that it wouldn't do to say any more.

But when it was two weeks old, I think, myself, that the baby knew us—Josiah and me; it looked up to us somehow different from what it did to its Grandpa and Grandma Minkley, though it used *them* well. We are there to see the baby almost every day and we take a sight of comfort with it, for we see and realize jest what a child it is, and bein' founded on firm reason and solid truth, we are not afraid to express our opinions to anybody freely, without money and without price. But as I remarked more formally, we don't act foolish about it at all.

Its name is Samantha Jo, after me, and Josiah. You know they call girls Jo and Josie a sight lately; its name is agreeable to Josiah and me, very. Josiah is goin' to give it a cow for the Samantha, and I am goin' to give it a set of silver spoons for the Jo. If it had been a boy, we was a layin' out to call it Josiah Sam,—Sam for Samantha."

There is a dark veil that drops down between us and future events; you can't lift up that curtain, or tear it offen its hooks, for it is as high up as Eternity, and solid down to the ground, as solid can be. You can't peek round it, or tear a hole in it; tea-grounds haint a goin' to help you; planchettes and cards can't hist it up a mite; you have got to set down before the curtain that hides the future from you, and wait patiently till it is rolled up by the hand that put it there; but I am a episodin.'

And so we sot there under the maples—Josiah and

me and the baby. And once in a while, a maple leaf would come a flutterin' down like a great crimson posey, and the baby would laugh and stretch out its little dimpled hands and try to catch it, and the sunshine would throw golden rings on her little white gown and hands and arms, and she would try to lay holt of 'em and couldn't, jest as natteral as if she was



UNDER THE MAPLES.

bigger. And then the baby would laugh, and Josiah would laugh, and the old maple tree as the settin' sun shone through it seemed to be all lit up with the general enjoyment. That old maple tree acted sensible, and I knew it. What if her leaves was a flutterin' down gradual; what if the fall of the year was a comin' on? She didn't mourn over it no more than

I mourned as I sot there, over all the days and years, the delights and the sorrows, that had slipped away from me somehow, and floated off out of my life unbeknown to me.

She knew—that old maple did—that it was only for a time. That another summer was a comin', when God would give back to her all she had lost, and more. Knowin' that the very loss of what she had loved and cherished most, that even what some foolish ones called decay and death, would be changed by His divine hand into deeper growth, diviner beauty.

Oh, how chirk and happy my companion did look in his face; and oh, how sort o' lifted up, and yet dretful serene and happyfied *I* felt in the inside of my mind. It was a beautiful time, very.

And never did I see my pardner wear a more contented and happy look on his face when he sot down to a extra good dinner, than he did as he says to me, —after lookin' at the baby in perfect silence from a half to three-quarters of a minute:

“Heaven bless every little girl and boy in the land, for the sake of little Samantha Jo!”

And I felt so handsome and uncommon happy in my mind, and so wrapped up in Josiah, that I spoke right up and says:

“Yes, and all the old boys and girls too; amen!”

THE END.



